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AFRICAN GAME TRAILS*

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AFRICAN WANDERINGS OF AN AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST

By Theodore Roosevelt

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION

II.—ON AN EAST AFRICAN RANCH—LION-HUNTING ON THE KAPITI PLAINS

THE house at which we were staying stood on the beautiful Kitanga hills. They were so named after an Englishman, to whom the natives had given the name of Kitanga; some years ago, as we were told, he had been killed by a lion near where the ranch-house now stood; and we were shown his grave in the little Machakos graveyard. The house was one story high, clean and comfortable, with a veranda running round three sides; and on the veranda were lion skins and the skull of a rhinoceros. From the house we looked over hills and wide lonely plains; the green valley below, with its flat-topped acacias, was very lovely; and in the evening we could see, scores of miles away, the snowy summit of mighty Kilimanjaro turn crimson in the setting sun. The twilights were not long; and when night fell, stars new to northern eyes flashed glorious in the sky. Above the horizon hung the Southern Cross, and directly opposite in the heavens was our old familiar friend the Wain, the Great Bear, upside down and pointing to a North Star so low that behind a hill we could not see it. It is a dry country, and we saw it in the second year of a drought; yet I believe it to be a country of high promise for settlers of white race. In many ways it reminds one rather curiously of the great plains of the West, where they slope upward to the foothills of the Rockies. It is a white man's country. Although under the equator, the altitude is so high that the nights are cool, and the region as a whole is very healthy. I saw many children, of the Boer immigrants, of English settlers, even of American missionaries, and they looked sound and well. Of course, there was no real identity in any feature; but again and again the general landscape struck me by its likeness to the cattle country I knew so well. As my horse shuffled forward, under the bright, hot sunlight, across the endless flats or gently rolling slopes of brown and withered grass, I might have been on the plains anywhere, from Texas to Montana; the hills were just like our Western buttes; the half-dry watercourses were fringed with trees, just as if they had been the Sandy, or the Dry, or the Beaver, or the Cottonwood, or any of the multitude of creeks that repeat these and similar names, again and again, from the Panhandle to the Saskatchewan. Moreover a Westerner, far better than an Easterner,

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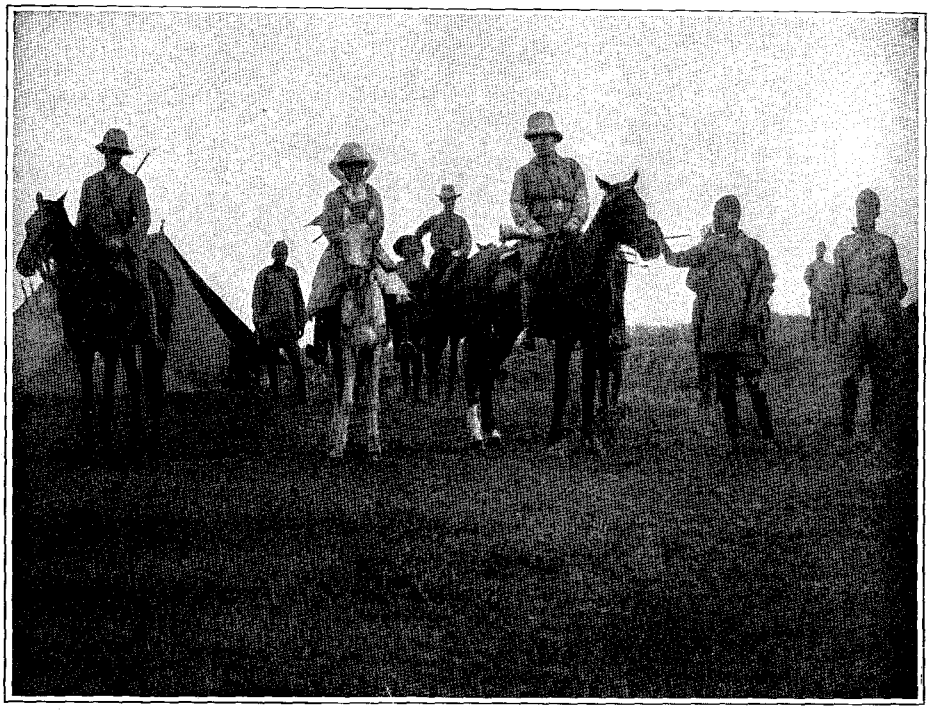

The start for the first day's lion hunting.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

could see the possibilities of the country. There should be storage reservoirs in the hills and along the rivers—in my judgment built by the government, and paid for by the water-users in the shape of water-rents—and irrigation ditches; with the water stored and used there would be an excellent opening for small farmers, for the settlers, the actual home-makers, who, above all others, should be encouraged to come into a white man's country like this of the highlands of East Africa. Even as it is, many settlers do well; it is hard to realize that right under the equator the conditions are such that wheat, potatoes, strawberries, apples, all flourish. No new country is a place for weaklings; but the right kind of man, the settler who makes a success in similar parts of our own West, can do well in East Africa; while a man with money can undoubtedly do very well indeed; and incidentally both men will be leading their lives under conditions peculiarly attractive to a certain kind of spirit. It means hard work, of course; but success generally does imply hard work.

The plains were generally covered only with the thick grass on which the great herds of game fed; here and there small thorn-trees grew upon them, but usually so small and scattered as to give no shelter or cover. By the occasional watercourses the trees grew more thickly, and also on the hills and in the valleys between. Most of the trees were mimosas, or of similar kind, usually thorny; but there were giant cactus-like Euphorbias, shaped like candelabras, and named accordingly; and on the higher hills fig-trees, wild olives, and many others whose names I do not know, but some of which were stately and beautiful. Many of the mimosas were in bloom, and covered with sweet-smelling yellow blossoms. There were many flowers. On the dry plains there were bushes of the color and size of our own sagebrush, covered with flowers like morning-glories. There were also wild sweet-peas, on which the ostriches fed; as they did on another plant with a lilac flower of a faint heliotrope fragrance. Among the hills there were masses of singularly fragrant flowers like pink jessamines, growing on bushes sometimes fifteen feet high or over. There were white

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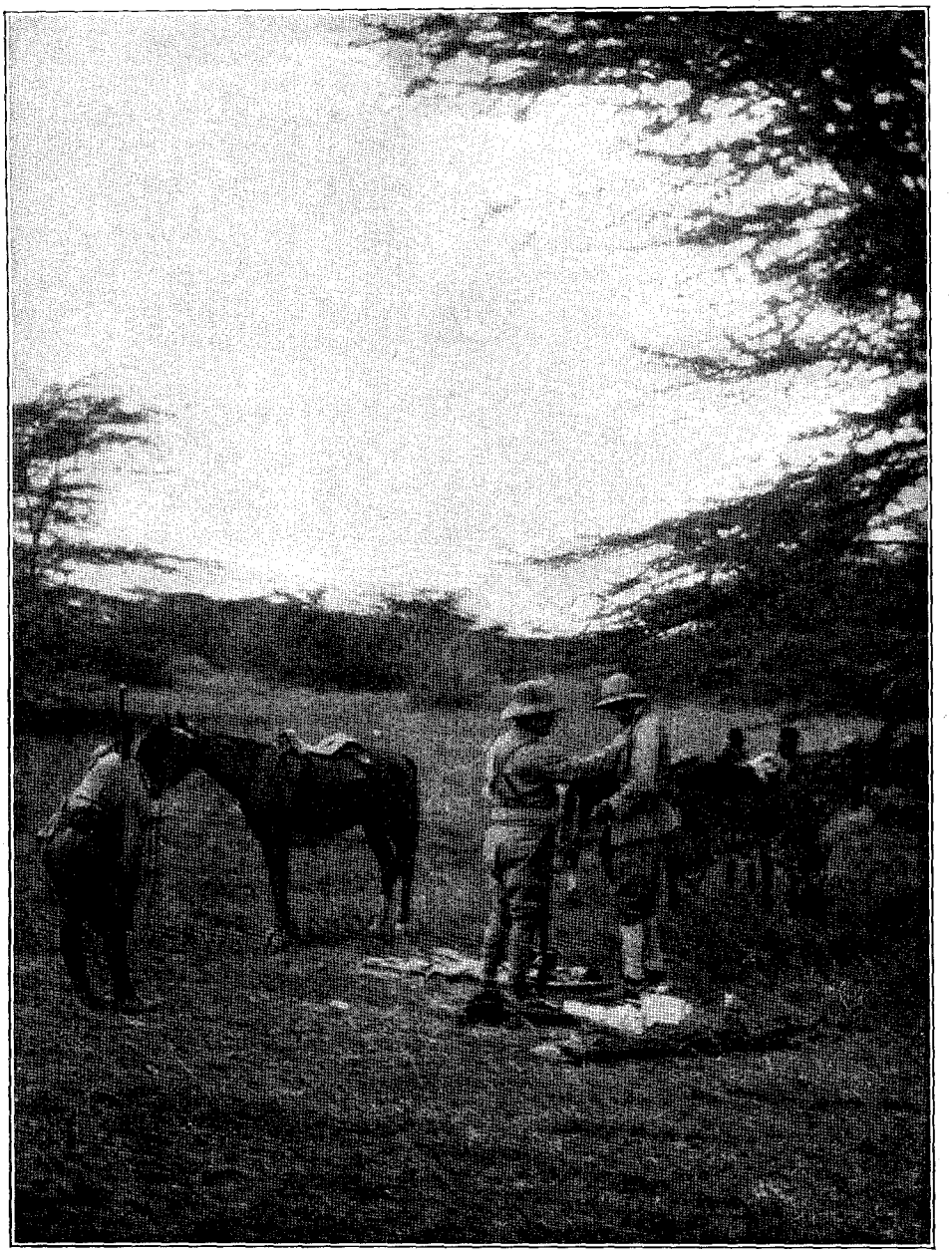

Mr. Roosevelt and Medlicott at the spot where we nooned on the first (unsuccessful) day of lion hunting in the Lucania Donga.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

flowers that smelt like narcissus, blue flowers, red lilies, orange tiger-lilies, and many others of many kinds and colors, while here and there in the pools of the rare rivers grew the sweet-scented purple lotus-lily.

There was an infinite variety of birds, small and large, dull-colored and of the most brilliant plumage. For the most part they either had no names at all or names that meant nothing to us. There were glossy starlings of many kinds; and scores of species of weaver finches, some brilliantly

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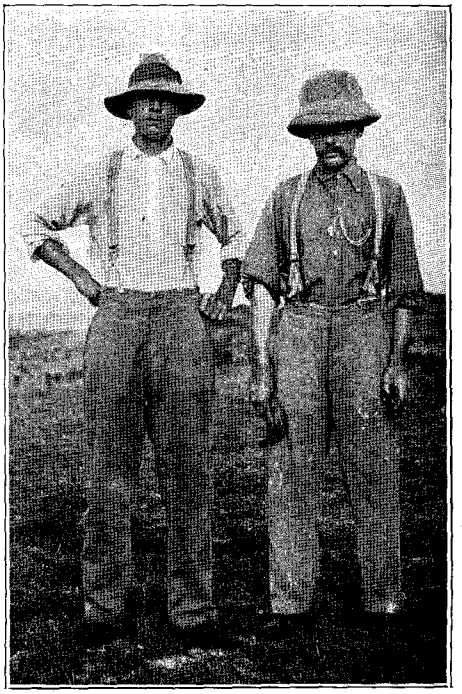
One of the native beaters and gun-bearers.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

colored, others remarkable because of the elaborate nests they built by communities among the trees. There were many kinds of shrikes, some of them big, parti-colored birds, almost like magpies, and with a kestrel-like habit of hovering in the air over one spot; others very small and prettily colored. There was a little red-billed finch with its outer tail feathers several times the length of its head and body. There was a little emerald cuckoo, and a tiny thing, a barbet, that looked exactly like a kingfisher four inches long. Eared owls flew up from the reeds and grass. There were big, restless, wonderfully colored plantain-eaters in the woods; and hornbills, with strange swollen beaks. A truelark, colored like our meadow-lark (to which it is in no way related) sang from bushes; but the clapper-lark made its curious clapping sounds (apparently with its wings, like a ruffed grouse) while it zigzagged in the air. Little pipits sang overhead like our Missouri sky-larks. There were night-jars; and doves of various kinds, one of which uttered a series of notes slightly resembling the call of our whippoorwill or chuckwills widow. The beautiful little sunbirds were the most gorgeous of all. Then there were bustards, great and small, and snake-eating secretary birds, on the plains; and francolins, and African spur fowl with brilliant naked throats, and sand grouse that flew in packs uttering guttural notes. The wealth of bird life was bewildering. There was not much bird music, judged by the standards of a temperate climate; but the bulbuls, and one or two warblers, sang very sweetly. The naturalists caught shrews and mice in their traps; mole rats with velvety fur, which burrowed like our pocket gophers; rats that lived in holes like those of our kangaroo rat; and one mouse that was striped like our striped gopher. There were conies among the rocks on the hills; they looked like squat, heavy woodchucks, but their teeth were somewhat like those of a wee rhinoceros, and they had little hoof-like nails instead of claws. There were civets and wildcats and things like a small mongoose. But the most interesting mammal we saw was a brilliantly colored yellow and blue, or yellow and slate, bat, which we put up one day while beating through a ravine.



Klopper and Prinsloo, the two Boers working on Sir Alfred's ranch.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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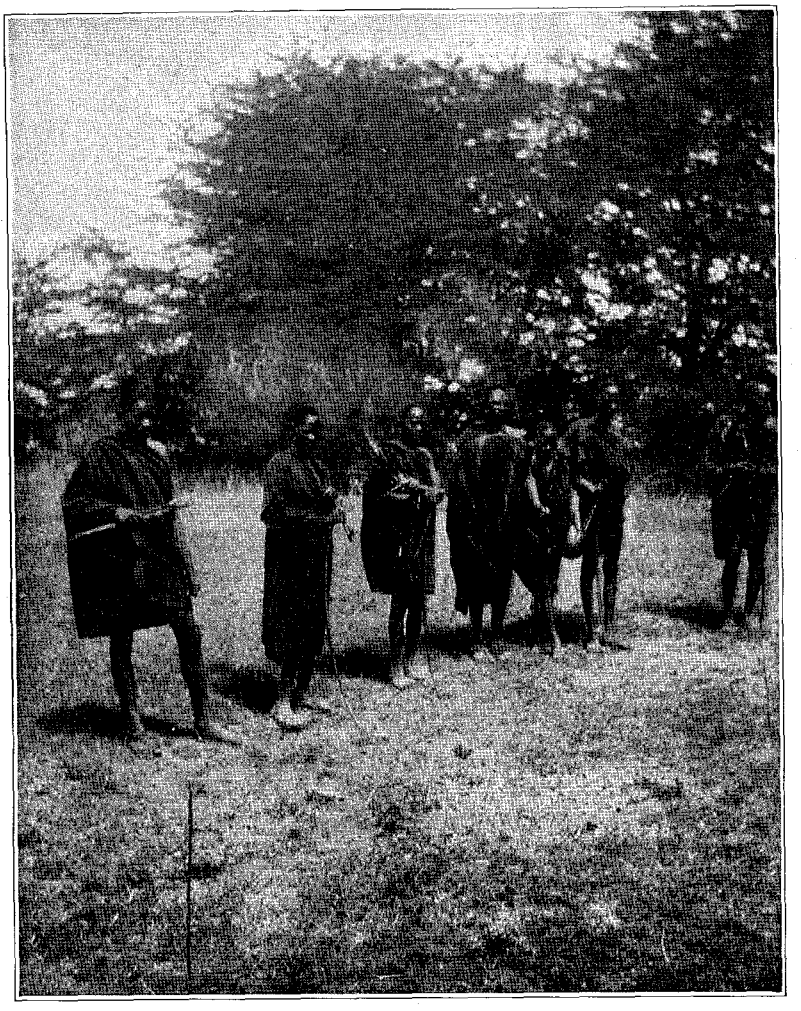
It had been hanging from a mimosa twig, and it flew well in the strong sunlight, looking like some huge, parti-colored butterfly.

It was a settled country, this in which we did our first hunting, and for this reason all the more interesting. The growth and development of East and Middle Africa are phenomena of such absorbing interest, that I was delighted at the chance to see the parts where settlement has already begun before plunging into the absolute wilderness. There was much to remind one of conditions in Montana and Wyoming thirty years ago; the ranches planted down among the hills and on the plains still teeming with game, the spirit of daring adventure everywhere visible, the hope and the heartbreaking disappointment, the successes and the failures. But the problem offered by the natives bore no resemblance to that once offered by the presence of our tribes of horse Indians, few in numbers and incredibly formidable in war. The natives of East Africa are numerous, many of them are agricultural—of pastoral people after their own fashion, and even the bravest of them, the warlike Masai, are in no way formidable as our Indians were formidable



Clifford Hill's Kukuyu ostrich boys as they beat the tall grass for lion on the third day of lion hunting at Killima (Hill) Ugami, when we got two large and one small one. The boys had their bows and arrows for protection.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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Heads of first two big lions shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

when they went on the war-path. The ranch country I first visited was in what was once the domain of the Wakamba, and in most of it the tribes still dwell. They are in most ways primitive savages, with an imperfect and feeble social, and therefore military, organization; they live in small communities under their local chiefs; they file their teeth, and though they wear blankets in the neighborhoods of the whites, these blankets are often cast aside; even when the blanket is worn, it is often in such fashion as merely to accentuate the otherwise absolute nakedness of both sexes. Yet these savages are cattle-keepers and cattle-raisers, and the women do a good deal of simple agricultural work; unfortunately, they are wastefully destructive of the forests. The settlers evidently much prefer to rely upon the natives for unskilled labor rather than see coolies from Hindoostan brought into the country. The chief of each little village is recognized as the official headman by the British official, is given support, and is required to help the authorities keep peace and stamp out cattle disease—the two most important functions of government so far as the Wakamba themselves are concerned. All the little tribes have their herds of black, brown, and white

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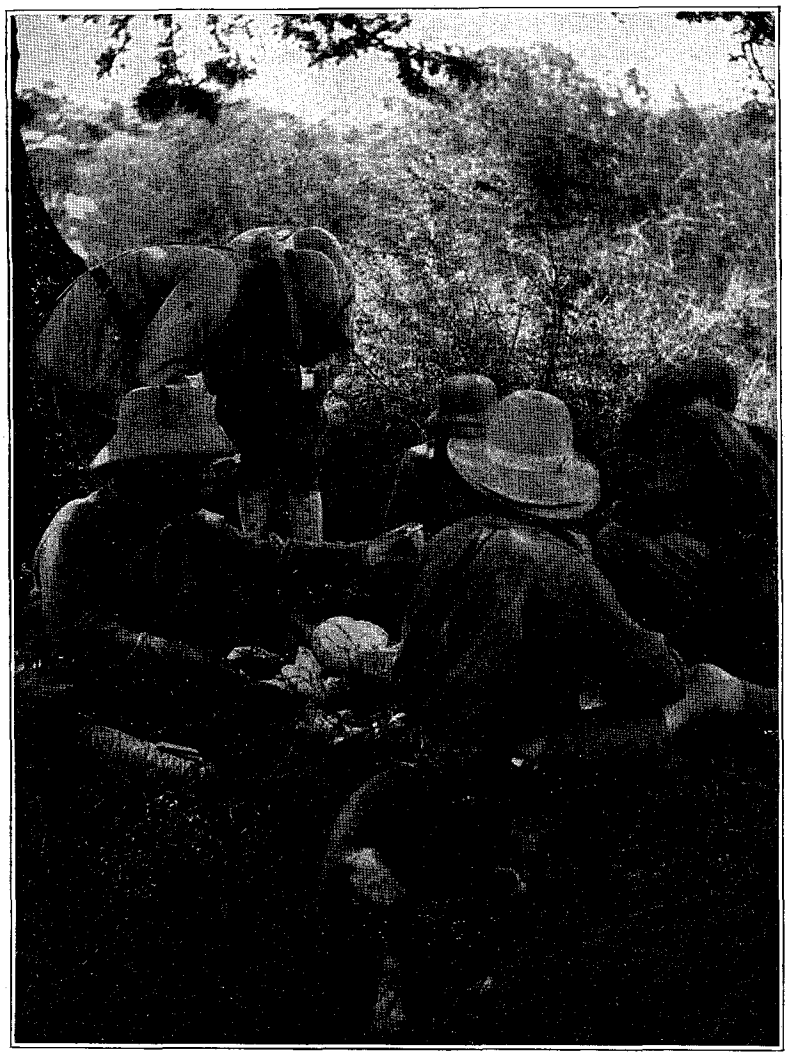

Noon at Ugami. Sir Alfred Pease bending over behind Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

goats, of mottled sheep, and especially of small humped cattle. The cattle form their pride and joy. During the day each herd is accompanied by the herdsmen, and at night it is driven within its boma, or circular fence of thorn-bushes. Except for the milk, which they keep in their foul, smoky calabashes, the natives really make no use of their cattle; they do not know how to work them, and they never eat them even in time of starvation. When there is prolonged drought and consequent failure of crops, the foolish creatures die by the hundreds when they might readily be saved if they were willing to eat the herds which they persist in treating as ornaments rather than as made for use.

Many of the natives work for the settlers, as cattle-keepers, as ostrich-keepers, or, after a fashion, as laborers. At Sir Alfred Pease's ranch, as at most of the other farms of the neighborhood, we found little Wakamba settlements. Untold ages separated employers and employed; yet those that I saw seemed to get on well together. The Wakamba are as yet not sufficiently advanced to warrant their sharing in the smallest degree in the common government; the "just consent of the governed" in their case, if taken literally, would mean idleness, famine,

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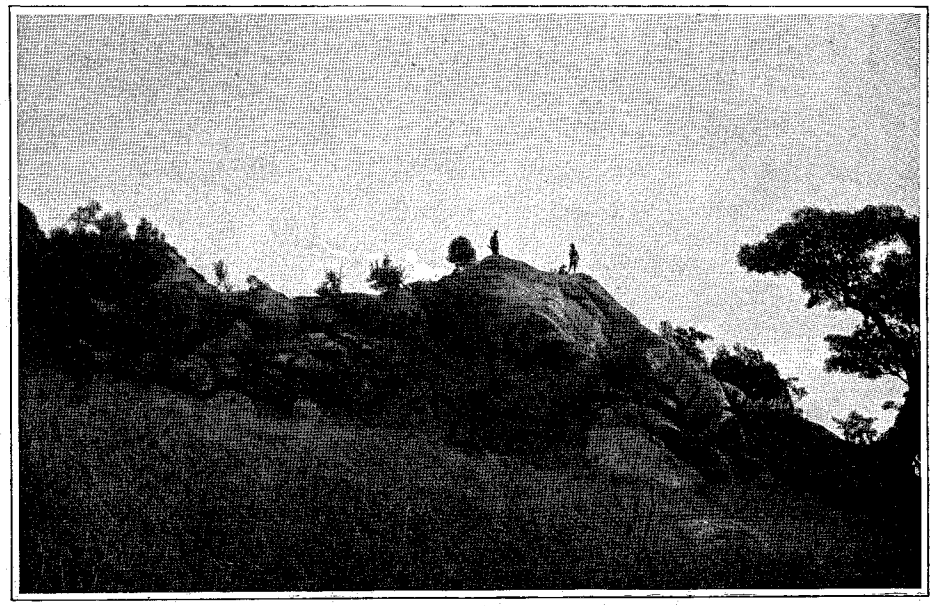
and endless internecine warfare. They can not govern themselves from within; therefore they must be governed from without; and their need is met in highest fashion by firm and just control, of the kind that on the whole they are now getting. At Kitanga the natives on the place sometimes worked about the house; and they took care of the stock. The elders looked after the mild little humped cattle—bulls, steers, and cows; and the children, often the merest toddlers, took naturally to guarding the parties of pretty little calves, during the day-time, when they were separated from their mothers. It was an ostrich-farm, too; and in the morning and evening we would meet the great birds, as they went to their grazing-grounds or returned to the ostrich boma, mincing along with their usual air of foolish stateliness, convoyed by two or three boys, each with a red blanket, a throwing stick, copper wire round his legs and arms, and perhaps a feather stuck in his hair.



View of rock where we lunched on the day we got the first four lions.
From a photograph by Lady Pease.

There were a number of ranches in the neighborhood—using "neighborhood" in the large Western sense, for they were many miles apart. The Hills, Clifford and Harold, were Africanders; they knew the country, and were working hard and doing well; and in the midst of their work they spared the time to do their full part in ensuring a successful hunt to me, an entire stranger. All the settlers I met treated me with the same large and thoughtful courtesy—and what fine fellows they were! And their wives even finer. At Bondoni was Percival, a tall sinewy man, a fine rider and shot; like so many other men whom I met, he wore merely a helmet, a flannel shirt, short breeches or trunks, and puttees and boots, leaving the knee entirely bare. I shall not soon forget seeing him one day, as he walked beside his twelve-ox team, cracking his long whip, while in the big wagon sat pretty Mrs. Percival with a puppy, and a little cheetah cub, which we had found and presented to her and which she was taming. They all—Sir Alfred, the Hills, every one—behaved as if each was my host and felt it peculiarly incumbent on him to give me a good time; and among these hosts one who did very much for me was Captain Arthur Slatter. I was his guest at Kilimakin, where he was running an ostrich-farm; he had lost his right hand, yet he was an exceedingly good game shot, both with his light and his heavy rifles.

At Kitanga, Sir Alfred's place, two Boers were working, Messrs. Prinsloo and Klopper. We forgathered, of course, as I too was of Dutch ancestry; they were strong,

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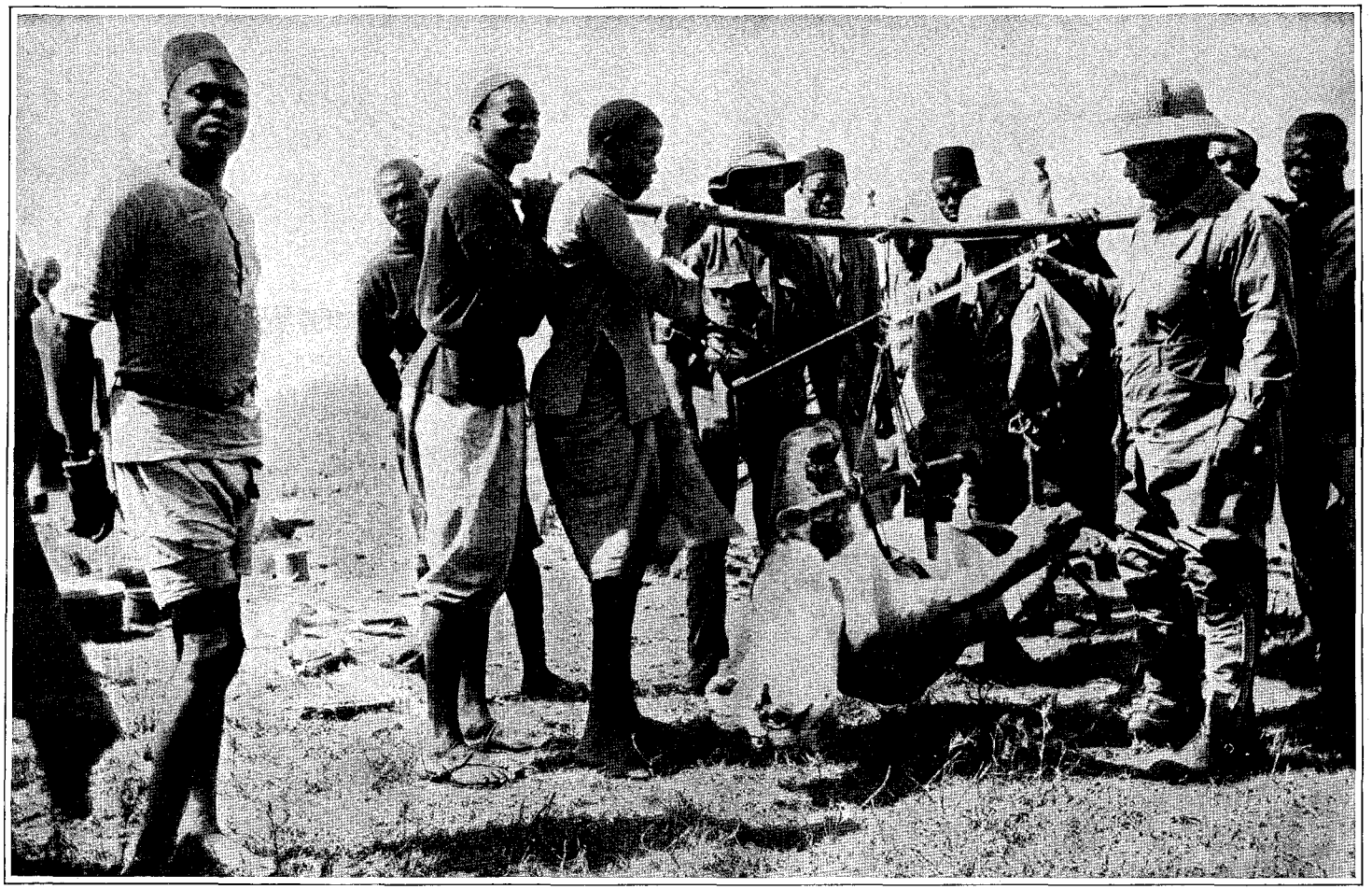

R. J. Cuninghame. Sir Alfred Pease. Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt weighing a lioness (shot by him) which the porters brought in entire amid great rejoicings and chantings.

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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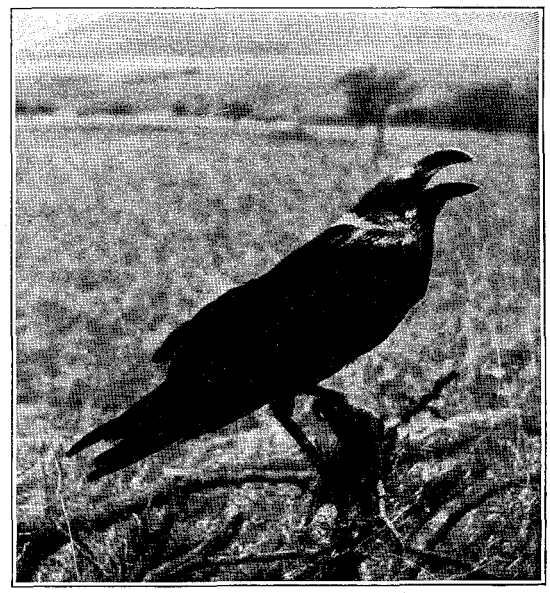
Sir Alfred with cheetah cub, Botha
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

upstanding men, good mechanics, good masons, and Prinsloo spoke English well. I afterward stopped at the farm of Klopper's father, and at the farm of another Boer named Loijs; and I met other Boers while out hunting—Erasmus, Botha, Joubert, Meyer. They were descendants of the Voortrekkers with the same names who led the hard-fighting farmers northward from the Cape seventy years ago; and were kinsfolk of the men who since then have made these names honorably known throughout the world. There must of course be many Boers who have gone backward under the stress of a hard and semi-savage life; just as in our communities of the frontier, the backwoods, and the lonely mountains there are shiftless "poor whites" and "mean whites" mingled with the sturdy men and women who have laid deep the foundations of our national greatness. But personally I happened not to come across these shiftless "mean white" Boers. Those that I met, both men and women, were of as good a type as any one could wish for in his own countrymen or could admire in another nationality. They fulfilled the three prime requisites for any race: they worked hard, they could fight hard at need, and they had plenty of children. These are the three essential qualities in any and every nation; they are by no means all-sufficient in themselves, and there is need that many others should be added to them; but the lack of any one of them is fatal, and cannot be made good by the presence of any other set of attributes.

It was pleasant to see the good terms on which Boer and Briton met. Many of the English settlers whose guest I was, or with whom I hunted—the Hills, Captain Slatter, Heatley, Judd—had fought through the South African war; and so had all the Boers I met. The latter had been for the most part members of various particularly hard-fighting commandos; when the war closed they felt very bitterly, and wished to avoid living under the British flag. Some moved West and some East; those I met were among the many hundreds, indeed thousands, who travelled northward—a few overland, most of them by water—to German East Africa. But in the part in which they happened to settle they were decimated by fever, and their stock perished of cattle sickness; and most of them had again moved northward, and once more found themselves under the



Vulture raven or white-necked raven.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

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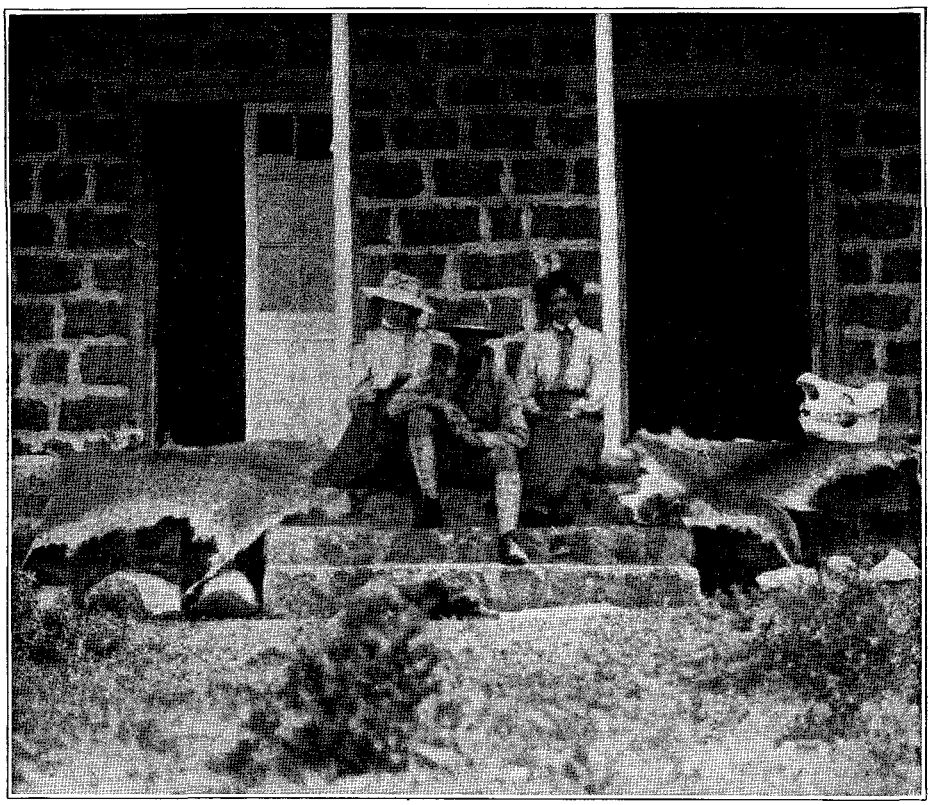

Sir Alfred, Lady, and Miss Pease, on ranch steps with rhino and lion skulls and lion skins.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

British flag. They were being treated precisely on an equality with the British settlers; and every well-wisher to his kind, and above all every well-wisher to Africa, must hope that the men who in South Africa fought so valiantly against one another, each for the right as he saw it, will speedily grow into a companionship of mutual respect, regard, and consideration such as that which, for our inestimable good fortune, now knits closely together in our own land the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray and their descendants. There could be no better and manlier people than those, both English and Dutch, who are at this moment engaged in the great and difficult task of adding East Africa to the domain of civilization; their work is bound to be hard enough anyhow; and it would be a lamentable calamity to render it more difficult by keeping alive a bitterness which has lost all point and justification, or by failing to recognize the fundamental virtues, the fundamental characteristics, in which the men of the two stocks are in reality so much alike.

Messrs. Klopper and Loijs, whose farms I visited, were doing well; the latter, with three of his sons, took me out with pride to show me the dam which they had built across a dry watercourse, so as to make a storage reservoir when the rains came. The houses were of stone, and clean and comfortable; the floors were covered with the skins of buck and zebra; the chairs were home-made, as was most of the other furniture; the "rust bunks," or couches, strongly and gracefully shaped, and filled with plaited raw hide, were so attractive that I ordered one to take home. There were neatly kept little flower-gardens, suffering much from the drought; there were ovens and out-buildings; cattle-sheds for the humped oxen and the herds of pretty cows and calves; the biltong was drying in smoke-houses; there were patches of ground

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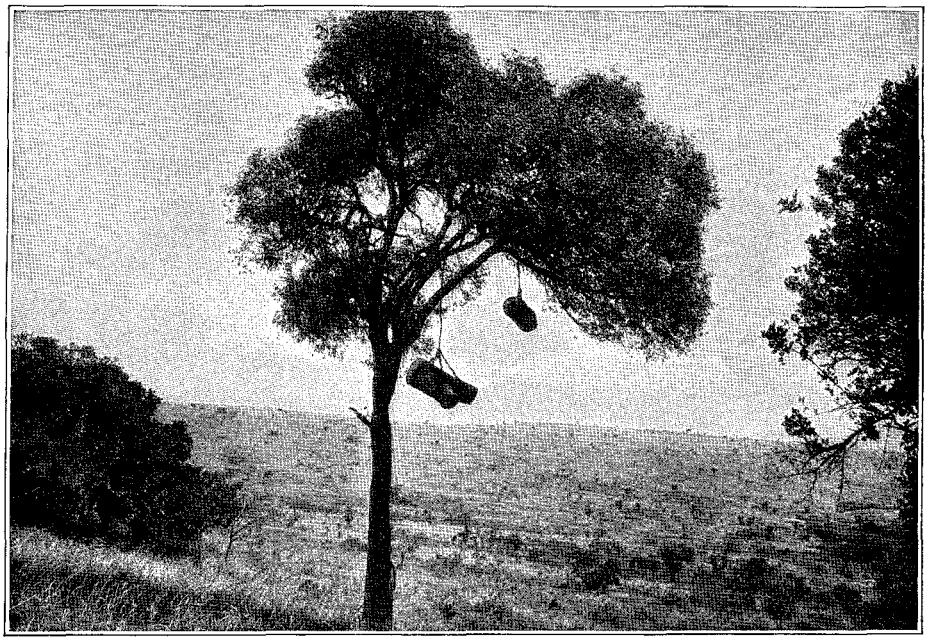

Tree with Wakamba beehives, Kitanga.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

in cultivation, for corn and vegetables; and the wild velt came up to the door-sills, and the wild game grazed quietly on all sides within sight of the houses. It was a very good kind of pioneer life; and there could be no better pioneer settlers than Boers such as I saw.

The older men wore full beards, and were spare and sinewy. The young men were generally smooth-faced or moustached, strongly built, and rather shy. The elder women were stout, cordial, motherly housewives; the younger were often really pretty. At their houses I was received with hearty hospitality, and given coffee or fresh milk, while we conversed through the medium of the sons or daughters who knew a little English. They all knew that I was of Dutch origin, and were much interested when I repeated to them the only Dutch I knew, a nursery song which, as I told them, had been handed down to me by my own forefathers, and which in return I had repeated, so many, many times, to my children when they were little. It runs as follows, by the way; but I have no idea how the words are spelled, as I have no written copy; it is supposed to be sung by the father, who holds the little boy or little girl on his knee, and tosses him or her up in the air when he comes to the last line:

Trippe, troppa tronjes,
De yaarken's en de bonjes,
De kuje's en de klaver,
De paard's en de hafer
De entje's en de watter-plash!
So groot mein kleine (here insert the
little boy's or little girl's name) was!

My pronunciation caused trouble at first; but I think they understood me the more readily because doubtless their own usual tongue was in some sort a dialect; and some of them already knew the song, while they were all pleased and amused at my remembering and repeating it; and we were speedily on a most friendly footing.

The essential identity of interest between the Boer and British settlers was shown by their attitude toward the district commissioner, Mr. Humphrey, who was just leaving for his biennial holiday, and who dined with us in our tent on his way out. From both Boer farmer and English settler—and from the American missionaries also—I heard praise of Humphrey, as a strong man, not in the least afraid of either settler or native, but bound to do justice to both, and, what was quite as important, *sympathizing with*

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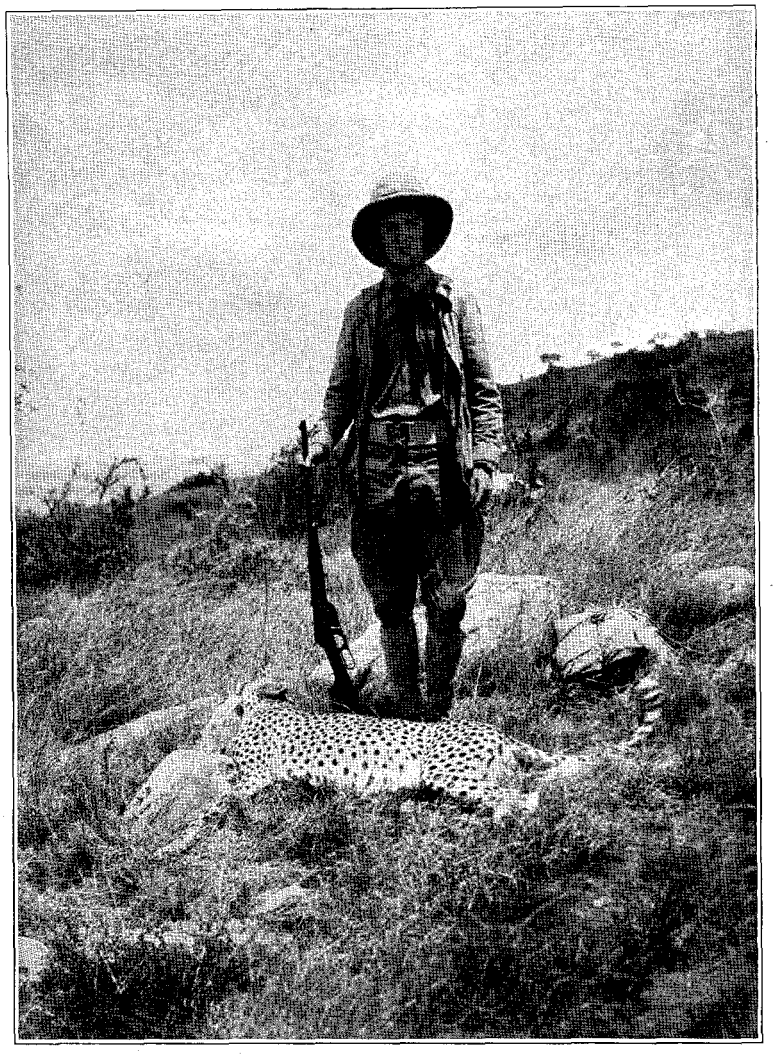
the settlers, and knowing and understanding their needs. A new country in which white pioneer settlers are struggling with the iron difficulties and hardships of frontier life is above all others that in which the officials should be men having both knowledge and sympathy with the other men over whom they are placed and for whom they should work.



Kermit Roosevelt and cheetah shot by him.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

My host and hostess, Sir Alfred and Lady Pease, were on the best of terms with all their neighbors, and their friendly interest was returned; now it was the wife of a Boer farmer who sent over a basket of flowers, now a box of apples from an English settler on the hills; now Prinsloo the Boer stopped to dinner; now the MacMillans—American friends, of whose farm and my stay thereon I shall speak later—rode over from their house on the Mua Hills, with their guest, Selous, to take lunch. This, by the way, was after I had shot my first lions, and I was much pleased to be able to show Selous the trophies.

My gentle-voiced hostess and her daughter had seen many strange lands and strange

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happenings; as was natural with a husband and father of such adventure-loving nature. They took a keen interest, untinged by the slightest nervousness, in every kind of wild creature from lions and leopards down. The game was in sight from the veranda of the house almost every hour of the day. Early one morning, in the mist, three hartebeests came right up to the wire fence, two score yards from the house itself; and the black-and-white striped zebra, and ruddy hartebeest, grazed or rested through the long afternoons in plain view, on the hill-sides opposite.

It is hard for one who has not himself seen it to realize the immense quantities of game to be found on the Kapiti Plains and Athi Plains and the hills that bound them. The common game of the plains, the animals of which I saw most while at Kitanga and in the neighborhood, were the zebra, wildebeest, hartebeest, Grant's gazelle, and "Tommies" or Thompson's gazelle; the zebra, and the hartebeest, usually known by the Swahili name of kongoni, being by far the most plentiful. Then there were impalla, mountain reedbuck, duyker, steinbuck, and diminutive dikdik. As we travelled and hunted we were hardly ever out of sight of game; and on Pease's farm itself there were many thousand head; and so there were on Slatter's. If wealthy men who desire sport of the most varied and interesting kind would purchase farms like these they could get, for much less money, many times the interest and enjoyment a deer-forest or grouse-moor can afford.

Unless there was something special on, like a lion- or rhinoceros-hunt, I usually rode off followed only by my sais and gun-bearers. I cannot describe the beauty and the unceasing interest of these rides, through the teeming herds of game. It was like retracing the steps of time for sixty or seventy years, and being back in the days of Cornwallis Harris and Gordon Cumming, in the palmy times of the giant fauna of South Africa big game. On Pease's own farm one day I passed through scores of herds of the beautiful and wonderful wild creatures I have spoken of above; all told there were several thousands of them. With the exception of the wildebeest, most of them were not shy, and I could have taken scores of shots at a distance of a couple of hundred yards or thereabout. Of course, I did not shoot at anything unless we were out of meat or needed the skin for the collection;

The third male lion shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

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"Ben" worrying the second big lion before it died, and when we were afraid it could yet charge.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

and when we took the skin we almost always took the meat too, for the porters, although they had their rations of rice, depended for much of their well-being on our success with the rifle.

These rides through the wild, lovely country, with only my silent black followers, had a peculiar charm. When the sky was overcast it was cool and pleasant, for it is a high country; as soon as the sun appeared the vertical tropic rays made the air quiver above the scorched land. As we passed down a hill-side we brushed through aromatic shrubs and the hot, pleasant fragrance enveloped us. When we came to a nearly dry watercourse, there would be beds of rushes, beautiful lilies and lush green plants with staring flowers; and great fig-trees, or flat-topped mimosas. In many of these trees there were sure to be native beehives; these were sections of hollow logs hung from the branches; they formed striking and characteristic features of the landscape. Wherever there was any moisture there were flowers, brilliant of hue and many of them sweet of smell; and birds of numerous kinds abounded. When we left the hills and the wooded watercourses we might ride hour after hour across the barren desolation of the flats, while herds of zebra and hartebeests stared at us through the heat haze. Then the zebra, with shrill, barking neighs, would file off across the horizon, or the high-withered hartebeests, snorting and bucking, would rush off in a confused mass, as unreasoning panic succeeded foolish confidence. If I shot at anything, vultures of several kinds, and the tall, hideous marabout storks, gathered before the skinners were through with their work; they usually stayed at a wary distance, but the handsome ravens, glossy-hued with white napes, big-billed, long-winged, and short-tailed, came round more familiarly.

I rarely had to take the trouble to stalk

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anything; the shooting was necessarily at rather long range, but by manœuvring a little, and never walking straight toward a beast, I was usually able to get whatever the naturalists wished. Sometimes I shot fairly well, and sometimes badly. On one day, for instance, the entry in my diary ran: "Missed steinbuck, pig, impalla and Grant; awful." On another day it ran in part as follows: "Out with Heller. Hartebeest, 250 yards, facing me; shot through face, broke neck. Zebra, very large, quartering, 160 yards, between neck and shoulder. Buck Grant, 220 yards, walking, behind shoulder. Steinbuck, 180 yards, standing, behind shoulder." Generally each head of game bagged cost me a goodly number of bullets; but only twice did I wound animals which I failed to get; in the other cases the extra cartridges represented either misses at animals which got clean away untouched, or else a running fusillade at wounded animals which I eventually got. I am a very strong believer in making sure, and, therefore, in shooting at a wounded animal as long as there is the least chance of its getting off. The expenditure of a few cartridges is of no consequence whatever compared to the escape of a single head of game which should have been bagged. Shooting at long range necessitates much running. Some of my successful shots at Grant's gazelle and kongoni were made at 300, 350, and 400 yards; but at such distances my proportion of misses was very large indeed—and there were altogether too many even at shorter ranges.

The so-called grass antelopes, the steinbuck and duyker, were the ones at which I shot worst; they were quite plentiful, and they got up close, seeking to escape observation by hiding until the last moment; but they were small, and when they did go they rushed half hidden through the grass and in and out among the bushes at such a speed, and with such jumps and twists and turns, that I found it well-nigh impossible to hit them with the rifle. The few I got were shot when they happened to stand still.

On the steep, rocky, bush-clad hills there were little klipspringers and the mountain reedbuck or Chanler's reedbuck, a very pretty little creature. Usually we found the reedbuck and their fawns in small parties, and the bucks by themselves; but we saw too few to enable us to tell whether this represented their normal habits. They fed on the grass, the hill plants, and the tips of certain of the shrubs, and were true mountaineers in their love of the rocks and rough ground, to which they fled in frantic haste when alarmed. They were shy and elusive little things, but not wary in the sense that some of the larger antelopes are wary. I shot two does with three bullets, all of which hit. Then I tried hard for a buck; at last, late one evening, I got up to one feeding on a steep hillside, and actually took ten shots to kill him, hitting him no less than seven times.

Occasionally we drove a ravine or a range of hills by means of beaters. On such occasions all kinds of things were put up. Most of the beaters, especially if they were wild savages impressed for the purpose from some neighboring tribe, carried throwing-sticks, with which they were very expert; as indeed were some of the colonials, like the Hills. Hares, looking and behaving much like small jack-rabbits, were plentiful both on the plains and in the ravines, and dozens of these were knocked over; while on several occasions I saw francolins and spurfowl cut down on the wing by a throwing-stick hurled from some unusually dexterous hand.

The beats, with the noise and laughter of the good-humored, excitable savages, and the alert interest as to what would turn up next, were great fun; but the days I enjoyed most were those spent alone with my horse and gun-bearers. We might be off by dawn, and see the tropic sun flame splendid over the brink of the world; strange creatures rustled through the bush or fled dimly through the long grass, before the light grew bright; and the air was fresh and sweet as it blew in our faces. When the still heat of noon drew near I would stop under a tree, with my water canteen and my lunch. The men lay in the shade, and the hobbled pony grazed close by, while I either dozed or else watched through my telescope the herds of game standing or lying drowsily in the distance. As the shadows lengthened I would again mount, and finally ride homeward as the red sunset paled to amber and opal, and all the vast, mysterious African landscape grew to wonderful beauty in the dying twilight.

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LION-HUNTING ON THE KAPITI PLAINS

THE dangerous game of Africa are the lion, buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, and leopard. The hunter who follows any of these animals always does so at a certain risk to life or limb; a risk which it is his business to minimize by coolness, caution, good judgment, and straight shooting. The leopard is in point of pluck and ferocity more than the equal of the other four; but his small size always renders it likely that he will merely maul, and not kill, a man. My friend, Carl Akely, of Chicago, actually killed bare-handed a leopard which sprang on him. He had already wounded the beast twice, crippling it in one front and one hind paw, whereupon it charged, followed him as he tried to dodge the charge, and struck him full just as he turned. It bit him in one arm, biting again and again as it worked up the arm from the wrist to the elbow; but Akely threw it, holding its throat with the other hand, and flinging its body to one side. It luckily fell on its side with its two wounded legs uppermost, so that it could not tear him. He fell forward with it and crushed in its chest with his knees until he distinctly felt one of its ribs crack; this, said Akely, was the first moment when he felt he might conquer. Redoubling his efforts, with knees and hand, he actually choked and crushed the life out of it, although his arm was badly bitten. A leopard will charge at least as readily as one of the big beasts, and is rather more apt to get his charge home, but the risk is less to life than to limb.

There are other animals often or occasionally dangerous to human life which are, nevertheless, not dangerous to the hunter. Crocodiles are far greater pests, and far more often man-eaters, than lions or leopards; but their shooting is not accompanied by the smallest element of risk. Poisonous snakes are fruitful sources of accident, but they are actuated only by fear, and the anger born of fear. The hippopotamus sometimes destroys boats and kills those in them; but again there is no risk in hunting him. Finally, the hyena, too cowardly ever to be a source of danger to the hunter, is sometimes a dreadful curse to the weak and helpless. The hyena is a beast of unusual strength, and of enormous power in his jaws and teeth, and thrice over would he be dreaded were fang and sinew driven by a beast with the cruel courage of the leopard. But though the creature's foul and evil ferocity has no such backing as that yielded by the angry daring of the spotted cat, it is yet fraught with a terror all its own; for on occasion the hyena takes to man-eating after his own fashion. Carrion-feeder though it is, in certain places it will enter native huts and carry away children or even sleeping adults; and where famine or disease has worked havoc among a people, the hideous spotted beasts become bolder and prey on the survivors. For some years past Uganda has been scourged by the sleeping sickness, which has ravaged it as in the Middle Ages the Black Death ravaged Europe. Hundreds of thousands of natives have died. Every effort has been made by the Government officials to cope with the disease; and among other things sleeping-sickness camps have been established, where those stricken by the dread malady can be isolated and cease to be possible sources of infection to their fellows. Recovery among those stricken is so rare as to be almost unknown, but the disease is often slow, and months may elapse during which the diseased man is still able to live his life much as usual. In the big camps of doomed men and women thus established there were, therefore, many persons carrying on their avocations much as in an ordinary native village. But the hyenas speedily found that in many of the huts the inmates were a helpless prey. In 1908 and throughout the early part of 1909 they grew constantly bolder, haunting these sleeping-sickness camps, and each night entering them, bursting into the huts and carrying off and eating the dying people. To guard against them each little group of huts was inclosed by a thick hedge; but after a while the hyenas learned to break through the hedges, and continued their ravages; so that every night armed sentries had to patrol the camps, and every night they could be heard firing at the marauders.

The men thus preyed on were sick to death, and for the most part helpless. But occasionally men in full vigor were attacked. One of Pease's native hunters had been seized by a hyena as he slept beside the camp fire, and part of his face torn off. Selous informed me that a friend of his, Major R. T. Coryndon, then administrator

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of Northwestern Rhodesia, was attacked by a hyena but two or three years ago. At the time Major Coryndon was lying, wrapped in a blanket, beside his wagon. A hyena, stealthily approaching through the night, seized him by the hand, and dragged him out of bed; but as he struggled and called out, the beast left him and ran off into the darkness. In spite of his torn hand the major was determined to get his assailant, which he felt sure would soon return. Accordingly, he went back to his bed, drew his cocked rifle beside him, pointing toward his feet, and feigned sleep. When all was still once more, a dim form loomed up through the uncertain light, toward the foot of the bed; it was the ravenous beast returning for his prey; and the major shot and killed it where it stood.

A few months ago a hyena entered the outskirts of Nairobi, crept into a hut, and seized and killed a native man. At Nairobi the wild creatures are always at the threshold of the town, and often cross it. At Governor Jackson's table, at Government House, I met Mr. and Mrs. Sandiford. Mr. Sandiford is managing the railroad. A few months previously, while he was sitting, with his family, in his own house in Nairobi, he happened to ask his daughter to look for something in one of the bedrooms. She returned in a minute, quietly remarking, "Father, there's a leopard under the bed." So there was; and it was then remembered that the house-cat had been showing a marked and alert distrust of the room in question—very probably the leopard had gotten into the house while trying to catch her or one of the dogs. A neighbor with a rifle was summoned, and shot the leopard.

Hyenas not infrequently kill mules and donkeys, tearing open their bellies, and eating them while they are still alive. Yet when themselves assailed they usually behave with abject cowardice. The Hills had a large Airedale terrier, an energetic dog of much courage. Not long before our visit this dog put up a hyena from a bushy ravine, in broad daylight, ran after it, overtook it, and flew at it. The hyena made no effective fight, although the dog—not a third its weight—bit it severely, and delayed its flight so that it was killed. During the first few weeks of our trip I not infrequently heard hyenas after nightfall, but saw none. Kermit, however, put one out of a ravine or dry creek-bed—a donga, as it is locally called—and though the brute had a long start he galloped after it and succeeded in running it down. The chase was a long one, for twice the hyena got in such rocky country that he almost distanced his pursuer; but at last, after covering nearly ten miles, Kermit ran into it in the open, shooting it from the saddle as it shambled along at a canter growling with rage and terror. I would not have recognized the cry of the hyenas from what I had read, and I did not hear them laugh. Pease said that he had only once heard them really laugh. On that occasion he was watching for lions outside a Somali zareba. Suddenly a leopard leaped clear over the zareba, close beside him, and in a few seconds came flying back again, over the high thorn fence, with a sheep in its mouth; but no sooner had it landed than the hyenas rushed at it and took away the sheep; and then their cackling and shrieking sounded exactly like the most unpleasant kind of laughter. The normal death of very old lions, as they grow starved and feeble—unless they are previously killed in an encounter with dangerous game like buffalo—is to be killed and eaten by hyenas; but of course a lion in full vigor pays no heed to hyenas, unless it is to kill one if it gets in the way.

During the last few decades, in Africa, hundreds of white hunters, and thousands of native hunters, have been killed or wounded by lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos. All are dangerous game; each species has to its grewsome credit a long list of mighty hunters slain or disabled. Among those most competent to express judgment there is the widest difference of opinion as to the comparative danger in hunting the several kinds of animals. Probably no other hunter who has ever lived has combined Selous's experience with his skill as a hunter and his power of accurate observation and narration. He has killed between three and four hundred lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinos, and he ranks the lion as much the most dangerous, and the rhino as much the least, while he puts the buffalo and elephant in between, and practically on a par. Governor Jackson has killed between eighty and ninety of the four animals; and he puts the buffalo un-

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questionably first in point of formidable capacity as a foe, the elephant equally unquestionably second, the lion third, and the rhino last. Drummond, who wrote a capital book on South African game, who was for years a professional hunter like Selous, who had fine opportunities for observation, but who was a much less accurate observer than Selous, put the rhino as unquestionably the most dangerous, with the lion as second, and the buffalo and elephant nearly on a level. Samuel Baker, a good observer, but with less experience of African game than any one of the above, put the elephant first, the rhino second, the buffalo seemingly third, and the lion last. The experts of greatest experience thus absolutely disagree among themselves; and there is the same wide divergence of view among good hunters and trained observers whose opportunities have been less. Mr. Abel Chapman, for instance, regards both the elephant and the rhino as more dangerous than the lion; and most of the hunters I met in East Africa seemed inclined to rank the buffalo as more dangerous than any other animal. A man who has shot but a dozen or a score of these various animals, all put together, is not entitled to express any but the most tentative opinion as to their relative prowess and ferocity; yet on the whole it seems to me that the weight of opinion among those best fitted to judge is that the lion is the most formidable opponent of the hunter, under ordinary conditions. But we must ever keep in mind the fact that the surrounding conditions, the geographical locality, and the wide individual variation of temper within the ranks of each species, must all be taken into account. Under certain circumstances, a lion may be easily killed, whereas a rhino would be a dangerous foe. Under other conditions the rhino could be attacked with impunity, and the lion only with the utmost hazard; and one bull buffalo might flee and one bull elephant charge, and yet the next couple met with might show an exact reversal of behavior.

At any rate, during the last three or four years, in German and British East Africa and Uganda, over fifty white men have been killed or mauled and hurt by lions, buffaloes, elephants, and rhinos; and the lions have the largest list of victims to their credit. In Nairobi churchyard I was shown the graves of seven men who had been killed by lions, and of one who had been killed by a rhino. The first man to meet us on the African shore was Mr. Campbell, Governor Jackson's A.D.C., and only a year previously he had been badly mauled by a lion. We met one gentleman who had been crippled for life by a lioness. He had marked her into some patches of brush, and coming up, tried to put her out of one thick clump. Failing, he thought she might have gone into another thicket, and walked toward it; instantly that his back was turned, the lioness, who had really been in the first clump of brush, raced out after him, threw him down, and bit him again and again before she was driven off. One night we camped at the very spot where, a score of years before, a strange tragedy had happened. It was in the early days of the opening of the country, and an expedition was going toward Uganda; one of the officials in charge was sleeping in a tent with the flap open. There was an askari on duty; yet a lion crept up, entered the tent, and seized and dragged forth the man. He struggled and made outcry; there was a rush of people, and the lion dropped his prey and bounded off. The man's wounds were dressed, and he was put back to bed in his own tent; but an hour or two after the camp again grew still, the lion returned, bent on the victim of whom he had been robbed; he re-entered the tent, seized the unfortunate wounded man with his great fangs, and this time made off with him into the surrounding darkness, killed and ate him. Not far from the scene of this tragedy, another had occurred. An English officer named Stewart, while endeavoring to kill his first lion, was himself set on and slain. At yet another place we were shown where two settlers, Messrs. Lucas and Goldfinch, had been one killed and one crippled by a lion they had been hunting. They had been following the chase on horseback, and being men of bold nature, and having killed several lions, had become too daring. They hunted the lion into a small piece of brush and rode too near it. It came out at a run and was on them before their horses could get under way. Goldfinch was knocked over and badly bitten and clawed; Lucas went to his assistance, and was in his turn knocked over, and the lion then lay on him and bit him to death. Goldfinch, in spite of his

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own severe wounds, crawled over and shot the great beast as it lay on his friend.

Most of the settlers with whom I was hunting had met with various adventures in connection with lions. Sir Alfred had shot many in different parts of Africa; some had charged fiercely, but he always stopped them. Captain Slatter had killed a big male with a mane a few months previously. He was hunting it in company with Mr. Humphrey, the District Commissioner of whom I have already spoken, and it gave them some exciting moments, for when hit it charged savagely. Humphrey had a shotgun loaded with buckshot, Slatter his rifle. When wounded, the lion charged straight home, hit Slatter, knocking him flat and rolling him over and over in the sand, and then went after the native gun-bearer, who was running away—the worst possible course to follow with a charging lion. The mechanism of Slatter's rifle was choked by the sand, and as he rose to his feet he saw the lion overtake the fleeing man, rise on his hind legs like a rearing horse—not springing—and strike down the fugitive. Humphrey fired into him with buckshot, which merely went through the skin; and some minutes elapsed before Slatter was able to get his rifle in shape to kill the lion, which, fortunately, had begun to feel the effect of his wounds, and was too sick to resume hostilities of its own accord. The gun-bearer was badly but not fatally injured. Before this, Slatter, while on a lion-hunt, had been set afoot by one of the animals he was after, which had killed his horse. It was at night and the horse was tethered within six yards of his sleeping master. The latter was aroused by the horse galloping off, and he heard it staggering on for some sixty yards before it fell. He and his friend followed it with lanterns and drove off the lion, but the horse was dead. The tracks and the marks on the horse showed what had happened. The lion had sprung clean on the horse's back, his fore claws dug into the horse's shoulders, his hind claws cutting into its haunches, while the great fangs bit at the neck. The horse struggled off at a heavy run, carrying its fearsome burden. After going some sixty yards the lion's teeth went through the spinal cord, and the ride was over. Neither animal had made a sound, and the lion's feet did not touch the earth until the horse fell.

While a magistrate in the Transvaal, Pease had under him as game officer a Boer hunter, a fine fellow, who underwent an extraordinary experience. He had been off some distance with his Kaffir boys, to hunt a lion. On his way home the hunter was hunted. It was after nightfall. He had reached a region where lions had not been seen for a long time, and where an attack by them was unknown. He was riding along a trail in the darkness, his big boarhound trotting ahead, his native "boys" some distance behind. He heard a rustle in the bushes alongside the path, but paid no heed, thinking it was a reedbuck. Immediately afterward two lions came out in the path behind and raced after him. One sprang on him, tore him out of the saddle, and trotted off holding him in its mouth, while the other continued after the frightened horse. The lion had him by the right shoulder, and yet with his left hand he wrenched his knife out of his belt and twice stabbed it. The second stab went to the heart and the beast let go of him, stood a moment, and fell dead. Meanwhile, the dog had followed the other lion, which now, having abandoned the chase of the horse, and with the dog still at his heels, came trotting back to look for the man. Crippled though he was, the hunter managed to climb a small tree; and though the lion might have gotten him out of it, the dog interfered. Whenever the lion came toward the tree the dog worried him, and kept him off until, at the shouts and torches of the approaching Kaffir boys, he sullenly retired, and the hunter was rescued.

Percival had a narrow escape from a lion, which nearly got him, though probably under a misunderstanding. He was riding through a wet spot of ground, where the grass was four feet high, when his horse burst suddenly into a run and the next moment a lion had galloped almost alongside of him. Probably the lion thought it was a zebra, for when Percival, leaning over, yelled in his face, the lion stopped short. But he at once came on again, and nearly caught the horse. However, they were now out of the tall grass, and the lion gradually drew up when they reached the open country.

The two Hills, Clifford and Harold, were running an ostrich farm. The lions sometimes killed their ostriches and stock; and

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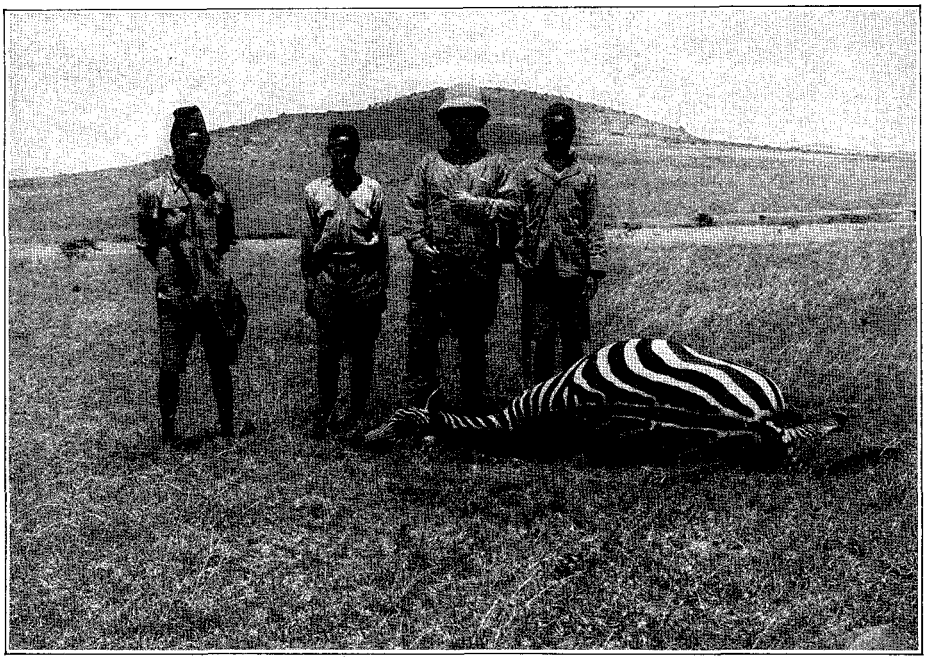
the Hills in return had killed several lions. The Hills were fine fellows; Africanders, as their forefathers for three generations had been, and frontiersmen of the best kind. From the first moment they and I became fast friends, for we instinctively understood one another, and found that we felt alike on all the big questions, and looked



A zebra shot by Mr. Roosevelt.
From a photograph by Edmund Heller.

at life, and especially the life of effort led by the pioneer settler, from the same standpoint. They reminded me, at every moment, of those Western ranchmen and homemakers with whom I have always felt a special sense of companionship and with whose ideals and aspirations I have always felt a special sympathy. A couple of months before my visit, Harold Hill had met with a rather unpleasant adventure. He was walking home across the lonely plains, in the broad daylight, never dreaming that lions might be abroad, and was unarmed. When still some miles from his house, while plodding along, he glanced up and saw three lions in the trail only fifty yards off, staring fixedly at him. It happened to be a place where the grass was rather tall, and lions are always bold where there is the slightest cover; whereas, unless angered, they are cautious on bare ground. He halted, and then walked slowly to one side; and then slowly forward toward his house. The lions followed him with their eyes, and when he had passed they rose and slouched after him. They were not pleasant followers, but to hurry would have been fatal; and he walked slowly on along the road, while for a mile he kept catching glimpses of the tawny bodies of the beasts as they trod stealthily forward through the sunburned grass, alongside or a little behind him. Then the grass grew short, and the lions halted and continued to gaze after him until he disappeared over a rise.

Everywhere throughout the country we were crossing were signs that the lion was lord and that his reign was cruel. There were many lions, for the game on which they feed was extraordinarily abundant. They occasionally took the ostriches or stock of the settlers, or ravaged the herds and flocks of the natives, but not often; for their favorite food was yielded by the swarming herds of kongoni and zebras, on which they could prey at will. Later we found that they did not molest the buffalo, even where they lived in the same reed-

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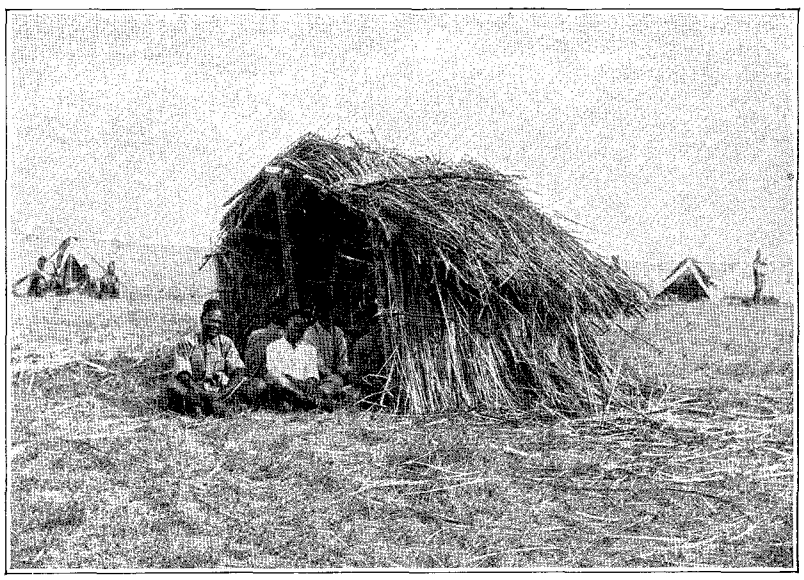
beds; and this though elsewhere they habitually prey on the buffalo. But where zebras and hartebeests could be obtained without effort, it was evidently not worth their while to challenge such formidable quarry. Every "kill" I saw was a kongoni or a zebra; probably I came across fifty of each. One zebra kill, which was not more than twenty-four hours old (after the lapse of that time the vultures and marabouts, not to speak of the hyenas and jackals, leave only the bare bones), showed just what had occurred.



Some of the naturalists' porters and skinners.
From a photograph by J. Alden Loring.

The bones were all in place, and the skin still on the lower legs and head. The animal was lying on its belly, the legs spread out, the neck vertebra crushed; evidently the lion had sprung clean on it, bearing it down by his weight while he bit through the back of the neck, and the zebra's legs had spread out as the body yielded under the lion. One fresh kongoni kill showed no marks on the haunches, but a broken neck and claw marks on the face and withers; in this case the lion's hind legs had remained on the ground, while with his fore paws he grasped the kongoni's head and shoulders, holding it until the teeth splintered the neck bone.

One or two of our efforts to get lions failed, of course; the ravines we beat did not contain them, or we failed to make them leave some particularly difficult kill—for lions lie close. But Sir Alfred knew just the right place to go to, and was bound to get us lions—and he did.

One day we started from the ranch house in good season for an all-day lion hunt. Besides Kermit and myself, there was a fellow guest, a very good fellow, Medlicott, and not only our host, but our hostess and her daughter; and we were joined by Percival at lunch, which we took under a great fig-tree, at the foot of a high, rocky hill. Percival had with him a little mongrel bull-dog, and a Masai "boy," a fine, bold-looking savage, with a handsome head-dress and the usual formidable spear; master, man, and dog evidently all looked upon any form of encounter with lions simply in the light of a spree.

After lunch we began to beat down a long donga, or dry watercourse—a creek, as we should call it in the Western plains country. The watercourse, with low, steep banks, wound in curves, and here and there were patches of brush, which might contain anything in the shape of lion, cheetah, hyena, or wild dog. Soon we came upon lion spoor in the sandy bed; first the footprints of a big male, then those of a lioness. We walked cautiously along each side of the donga, the horses following close behind so

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Mrs. Percival with cheetah cub which we found and gave her.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

that if the lion were missed we could gallop after him and round him up on the plain. The dogs—for besides the little bull, we had a large brindled mongrel named Ben, whose courage belied his looks—began to show signs of scenting the lion; and we beat out each patch of brush, the natives shouting and throwing in stones, while we stood with the rifles where we could best command any probable exit. After a couple of false alarms the dogs drew toward one patch, their hair bristling, and showing such eager excitement that it was evident something big was inside; and in a moment one of the boys called, "simba" (lion), and pointed with his finger. It was just across the little ravine, there about four yards wide and as many feet deep; and I shifted my position, peering eagerly into the bushes for some moments before I caught a glimpse of tawny hide; as it moved, there was a call to me to "shoot," for at that distance, if the lion charged, there would be scant time to stop it; and I fired into what I saw. There was a commotion in the bushes, and Kermit fired; and immediately afterward there broke out on the other side, not the hoped-for big lion, but two cubs the size of mastiffs. Each was badly wounded and we finished them off; even if unwounded, they were too big to take alive.

This was a great disappointment, and as it was well on in the afternoon, and we had beaten the country most apt to harbor our game, it seemed unlikely that we would have another chance. Percival was on foot and a long way from his house, so he started for it; and the rest of us also began to jog homeward. But Sir Alfred, although he said nothing, intended to have another try. After going a mile or two he started off to the left at a brisk canter; and we, the other riders, followed, leaving behind our gun-bearers, saises, and porters. A couple of miles away was another donga, another shallow watercourse with occasional big brush patches along the winding bed; and toward this we cantered. Almost as soon as we reached it our leader found the spoor of two big lions; and with every sense acock, we dismounted and approached the first patch of tall bushes. We shouted and threw in stones, but nothing came out; and another small patch showed the same result. Then we mounted our horses again, and rode toward another patch a quarter of a mile off. I was mounted on Tranquillity, the stout and quiet sorrel.

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This patch of tall, thick brush stood on the hither bank—that is, on our side of the watercourse. We rode up to it and shouted loudly. The response was immediate, in the shape of loud gruntings, and crashings through the thick brush. We were off our horses in an instant, I throwing the reins over the head of mine; and without delay, the good old fellow began placidly grazing, quite unmoved by the ominous sounds immediately in front.

I sprang to one side; and for a second or two we waited uncertain whether we should see the lions charging out ten yards distant, or running away. Fortunately, they adopted the latter course. Right in front of me, thirty yards off, there appeared, from behind the bushes which had first screened him from my eyes, the tawny, galloping form of a big maneless lion. Crack! the Winchester spoke; and as the soft-nosed bullet ploughed forward through his flank the lion swerved so that I missed him with the second shot; but my third bullet went through the spine and forward into his chest. Down he came, sixty yards off, his hind quarters dragging, his head up, his ears back, his jaws open and lips drawn up in a prodigious snarl, as he endeavored to turn to face us. His back was broken; but of this we could not at the moment be sure, and if it had merely been grazed, he might have recovered, and then, even though dying, his charge might have done mischief. So Kermit, Sir Alfred, and I fired, almost together, into his chest. His head sank, and he died.

This lion had come out on the left of the bushes; the other, to the right of them, had not been hit, and we saw him galloping off across the plain, six or eight hundred yards away. A couple more shots missed, and we mounted our horses to try to ride him down. The plain sloped gently upward for three-quarters of a mile to a low crest or divide, and long before we got near him he disappeared over this. Sir Alfred and Kermit were tearing along in front and to the right, and Miss Pease close behind; while Tranquillity carried me, as fast as he could, on the left, with Medlicott near me. On topping the divide Sir Alfred and Kermit missed the lion, which had swung to the left, and they raced ahead too far to the right. Medlicott and I, however, saw the lion, loping along close behind some kongoni; and this enabled me to get up to him as quickly as the lighter men on the faster horses. The going was now slightly downhill, and the sorrel took me along very well, while Medlicott, whose horse was slow, bore to the right and joined the other two men. We gained rapidly, and, finding out

Percival and his oxen starting off for the giraffes.
From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

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this, the lion suddenly halted and came to bay in a slight hollow, where the grass was rather long. The plain seemed flat, and we could see the lion well from horseback; but, especially when he lay down, it was most difficult to make him out on foot, and impossible to do so when kneeling.

We were about a hundred and fifty yards from the lion, Sir Alfred, Kermit, Medlicott, and Miss Pease off to one side, and slightly above him on the slope, while I was on the level, nearly equidistant from him and them. Kermit and I tried shooting from the horses; but at such a distance this was not effective. Then Kermit got off, but his horse would not let him shoot; and when I got off I could not make out the animal through the grass with sufficient distinctness to enable me to take aim. Old Ben the dog had arrived, and, barking loudly, was strolling about near the lion; which paid him not the slightest attention. At this moment my black sais, Simba, came running up to me and took hold of the bridle; he had seen the chase from the line of march and had cut across to join me. There was no other sais or gun-bearer anywhere near, and his action was plucky, for he was the only man afoot, with the lion at bay. Lady Pease had also ridden up and was an interested spectator only some fifty yards behind me.

Now, an elderly man with a varied past which includes rheumatism does not vault lightly into the saddle; as his sons, for instance, can; and I had already made up my mind that in the event of the lion's charging it would be wise for me to trust to straight powder rather than to try to scramble into the saddle and get under way in time. The arrival of my two companions settled matters. I was not sure of the speed of Lady Pease's horse; and Simba was on foot and it was of course out of the question for me to leave him. So I said, "Good, Simba, now we'll see this thing through," and gentle-mannered Simba smiled a shy appreciation of my tone, though he could not understand the words. I could still not see the lion when I knelt, but he was now standing up, looking first at one group of horses and then at the other, his tail lashing to and fro, his head held low, and his lips dropped over his mouth in peculiar fashion, while his harsh and savage growling rolled thunderously over the plain. Seeing Simba and me on foot, he turned toward us, his tail lashing quicker and quicker. Resting my elbow on Simba's bent shoulder, I took steady aim and pressed the trigger; the bullet went in between the neck and shoulder, and the lion fell over on his side, one foreleg in the air. He recovered in a moment and stood up, evidently very sick, and once more faced me, growling hoarsely. I think he was on the eve of charging. I fired again at once, and this bullet broke his back just behind the shoulders; and with the next I killed him outright, after we had gathered round him.

These were two good-sized maneless lions; and very proud of them I was. I think Sir Alfred was at least as proud, especially because we had performed the feat alone, without any professional hunters being present. "We were all amateurs, only gentleman riders up," said Sir Alfred. It was late before we got the lions skinned. Then we set off toward the ranch, two porters carrying each lion skin, strapped to a pole; and two others carrying the cub skins. Night fell long before we were near the ranch; but the brilliant tropic moon lighted the trail. The stalwart savages who carried the bloody lion skins swung along at a faster walk as the sun went down and the moon rose higher; and they began to chant in unison, one uttering a single word or sentence, and the others joining in a deep-toned, musical chorus. The men on a safari, and indeed African natives generally, are always excited over the death of a lion, and the hunting tribes then chant their rough hunting songs, or victory songs, until the monotonous, rhythmical repetitions make them grow almost frenzied. The ride home through the moonlight, the vast barren landscape shining like silver on either hand, was one to be remembered; and above all, the sight of our trophies and of their wild bearers.

Three days later we had another successful lion hunt. Our camp was pitched at a water hole in a little stream called Potha, by a hill of the same name. Pease, Medlicott, and both the Hills were with us, and Heller came too; for he liked, when possible, to be with the hunters so that he could at once care for any beast that was shot. As the safari was stationary, we took fifty or sixty porters as beaters. It was thirteen hours before we got into camp

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that evening. The Hills had with them as beaters and water-carriers half a dozen of the Wakamba who were working on their farm. It was interesting to watch these naked savages, with their filed teeth, their heads shaved in curious patterns, and carrying for arms little bows and arrows.

Before lunch we beat a long, low hill. Harold Hill was with me; Medlicott and Kermit were together. We placed ourselves, one couple on each side of a narrow neck, two-thirds of the way along the crest of the hill; and soon after we were in position we heard the distant shouts of the beaters as they came toward us, covering the crest and the tops of the slopes on both sides. It was rather disconcerting to find how much better Hill's eyes were than mine. He saw everything first, and it usually took some time before he could make me see it. In this first drive nothing came my way except some mountain reedbuck does, at which I did not shoot. But a fine male cheetah came to Kermit, and he bowled it over in good style as it ran.

Then the beaters halted, and waited before resuming their march until the guns had gone clear round and established themselves at the base of the farther end of the hill. This time Kermit, who was a couple of hundred yards from me, killed a reedbuck and a steinbuck. Suddenly Hill said, "Lion," and endeavored to point it out to me, as it crept cautiously among the rocks on the steep hill-side, a hundred and fifty yards away. At first I could not see it; finally I thought I did and fired, but, as it proved, at a place just above him. However, it made him start up, and I immediately put the next bullet behind his shoulders; it was a fatal shot; but, growling, he struggled down the hill, and I fired again and killed him. It was not much of a trophy, however, turning out to be a half-grown male.

We lunched under a tree, and then arranged for another beat. There was a long, wide valley, or rather a slight depression in the ground—for it was only three or four feet below the general level—in which the grass grew tall, as the soil was quite wet. It was the scene of Percival's adventure with the lion that chased him. Hill and I stationed ourselves on one side of this valley or depression, toward the upper end; Pease took Kermit to the opposite side; and we waited, our horses some distance behind us. The beaters were put in at the lower end, formed a line across the valley, and beat slowly toward us, making a great noise.

They were still some distance off when Hill saw three lions, which had slunk stealthily off ahead of them through the grass. I have called the grass tall, but this was only by comparison with the short grass of the dry plains. In the depression or valley it was some three feet high. In such grass a lion, which is marvellously adept at hiding, can easily conceal itself, not merely when lying down, but when advancing at a crouching gait. If it stands erect, however, it can be seen.

There were two lions near us, one directly in our front, a hundred and ten yards off. Some seconds passed before Hill could make me realize that the dim yellow smear in the yellow-brown grass was a lion; and then I found such difficulty in getting a bead on it that I overshot. However, the bullet must have passed very close—indeed, I think it just grazed him—for he jumped up and faced us, growling savagely. Then, his head lowered, he threw his tail straight into the air and began to charge. The first few steps he took at a trot, and before he could start into a gallop I put the soft-nosed Winchester bullet in between the neck and shoulder. Down he went with a roar; the wound was fatal, but I was taking no chances, and I put two more bullets in him. Then we walked toward where Hill had already seen another lion—the lioness, as it proved. Again he had some difficulty in making me see her; but he succeeded, and I walked toward her through the long grass, repressing the zeal of my two gun-bearers, who were stanch, but who showed a tendency to walk a little ahead of me on each side, instead of a little behind. I walked toward her because I could not kneel to shoot in grass so tall; and when shooting off-hand I like to be fairly close, so as to be sure that my bullets go in the right place. At sixty yards I could make her out clearly, snarling at me as she faced me; and I shot her full in the chest. She at once performed a series of extraordinary antics, tumbling about on her head, just as if she were throwing somersaults, first to one side and then to the other. I fired again, but managed to shoot between the somersaults, so to speak, and missed her. The shot seemed to bring her to herself, and away

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she tore; but instead of charging us she charged the line of beaters. She was dying fast, however, and in her weakness failed to catch any one; and she sank down into the long grass. Hill and I advanced to look her up, our rifles at full cock, and the gun-bearers close behind. It is ticklish work to follow a wounded lion in tall grass, and we walked carefully, every sense on the alert. We passed Heller, who had been with the beaters. He spoke to us with an amused smile. His only weapon was a pair of field-glasses, but he always took things as they came, with entire coolness, and to be close to a wounded lioness when she charged merely interested him. A beater came running up and pointed toward where he had seen her, and we walked toward the place. At thirty yards distance Hill pointed, and eagerly peering, I made out the form of the lioness showing indistinctly through the grass. She was half crouching, half sitting, her head bent down; but she still had strength to do mischief. She saw us, but before she could turn I sent a bullet through her shoulders; down she went, and was dead when we walked up. A cub had been seen, and another full-grown lion, but they had slunk off and we got neither.

This was a full-grown, but young, lioness of average size; her cubs must have been several months old. We took her entire to camp to weigh; she weighed two hundred and eighty-three pounds. The first lion, which we had difficulty in finding, as there were no identifying marks in the plain of tall grass, was a good-sized male, weighing about four hundred pounds, but not yet full-grown; although he was probably the father of the cubs.

We were a long way from camp, and, after beating in vain for the other lion, we started back; it was after nightfall before we saw the camp fires. It was two hours later before the porters appeared, bearing on poles the skin of the dead lion, and the lioness entire. The moon was nearly full, and it was interesting to see them come swinging down the trail in the bright silver light, chanting in deep tones, over and over again, a line or phrase that sounded like:

"Zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai; zon-zon-boulé ma ja guntai."

Occasionally they would interrupt it by the repetition in unison, at short intervals, of a guttural ejaculation, sounding like "huz-lem." They marched into camp, then up and down the lines, before the rows of small fires; then, accompanied by all the rest of the porters, they paraded up to the big fire where I was standing. Here they stopped and ended the ceremony by a minute or two's vigorous dancing amid singing and wild shouting. The firelight gleamed and flickered across the grim dead beasts, and the shining eyes and black features of the excited savages, while all around the moon flooded the landscape with her white light.

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"A CHARMED LIFE"

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

SHE loved him so much that when he went away to a little war in which his country was interested she could not understand, nor quite forgive.

As the correspondent of a newspaper, Chesterton had looked on at other wars; when the yellow races met, when the infidel Turk spanked the Christian Greek; and once he had watched from inside a British square, where he was greatly alarmed lest he should be trampled upon by terrified camels. This had happened before he and she had met. After they met, she told him that what chances he had chosen to take before he came into her life fell outside of her jurisdiction. But now that his life belonged to her, this talk of his standing up to be shot at was wicked. It was worse than wicked; it was absurd.

When the *Maine* sank in Havana harbor and the word "war" was appearing hourly in hysterical extras, Miss Armitage explained her position.

"You mustn't think," she said, "that I am one of those silly girls who would beg you not to go to war."

At the moment of speaking her cheek happened to be resting against his, and his arm was about her, so, he humbly bent his head and kissed her, and whispered very proudly and softly, "No, dearest."

At which she withdrew from him frowning.

"No! I'm not a bit like those girls," she proclaimed. "I merely tell you *you can't go!* My gracious!" she cried, helplessly. She knew the words fell short of expressing her distress, but her education had not supplied her with exclamations of greater violence.

"My goodness!" she cried. "How can you frighten me so? It's not like you," she reproached him. "You are so unselfish, so noble. You are always thinking of other people. How can you talk of going to war—to be killed—to me? And now, now that you have made me love you so?"

The hands, that when she talked, seemed to him like swallows darting and flashing in the sunlight, clutched his sleeve. The fingers, that he would rather kiss than the lips of any other woman that ever lived, clung to his arm. Their clasp reminded him of that of a drowning child he had once lifted from the surf.

"If you should die," whispered Miss Armitage. "What would I do. What would I do!"

"But my dearest," cried the young man. "My dearest *one!* I've *got* to go. It's our own war. Everybody else will go," he pleaded. "Every man you know, and they're going to fight, too. I am going only to look on. That's bad enough, isn't it, without sitting at home? You should be sorry I'm not going to fight."

"Sorry!" exclaimed the girl. "If you love me——"

"If I love you," shouted the young man. His voice suggested that he was about to shake her. "How dare you?"

She abandoned that position and attacked him from one more logical.

"But why punish me?" she protested. "Do *I* want the war? Do *I* want to free Cuba? No! I want you, and if you go, you are the one who is sure to be killed. You are so big—and so brave, and you will be rushing in wherever the fighting is, and then—then you will die." She raised her eyes and looked at him as though seeing him from a great distance. "And," she added fatefully, "I will die too, or may be, I will have to live, to live without you for years, for many miserable years."

Fearfully, with great caution, as though in his joy in her he might crush her in his hands, the young man drew her to him and held her close. After a silence he whispered. "But, you know that nothing can happen to me. Not now, that God has let me love you. He could not be so cruel. He would not have given me such happiness to take it from me. A man who loves you, as I love you, cannot come to any harm. And the man *you* love is immortal, immune. He holds a charmed life. So long as you love him, he must live."

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The eyes of the girl smiled up at him through her tears. She lifted her lips to his. "Then you will never die!" she said.

She held him away from her. "Listen!" she whispered. "What you say is true. It must be true, because you are always right. I will love you so that nothing shall harm you. My love will be a charm. It will hang around your neck and protect you, and keep you, and bring you back to me. When you are in danger my love will save you. For, while it lives, I live. When it dies——"

Chesterton kissed her quickly.

"What happens then," he said, "doesn't matter."

The war game had run its happy-go-lucky course briefly and brilliantly, with "glory enough for all," even for Chesterton. For, in no previous campaign had good fortune so persistently stood smiling at his elbow. At each moment of the war that was critical, picturesque, dramatic, by some lucky accident he found himself among those present. He could not lose. Even when his press boat broke down at Cardenas, a Yankee cruiser and two Spanish gunboats, apparently for his sole benefit, engaged in an impromptu duel within range of his megaphone. When his horse went lame, the column with which he had wished to advance passed forward to the front unmolested, while the rear guard to which he had been forced to join his fortune, fought its way through the stifling underbrush.

Between his news despatches, when he was not singing the praises of his fellow countrymen, or copying lists of their killed and wounded, he wrote to Miss Armitage. His letters were scrawled on yellow copy paper and consisted of repetitions of the three words, "I love you," rearranged, illuminated and intensified.

Each letter began much in the same way. "The war is still going on. You can read about it in the papers. What I want you to know is that I love you as no man ever—" And so on for many pages.

From her only one of the letters she wrote reached him. It was picked up in the sand at Siboney after the medical corps, in an effort to wipe out the yellow fever, had set fire to the post office tent.

She had written it some weeks before from her summer home at Newport, and in it she said: "When you went to the front, I thought no woman could love more than I did then. But, now I know. At least I know one girl who can. She cannot write it. She can never tell you. You must just believe.

"Each day I hear from you, for as soon as the paper comes, I take it down to the rocks and read your cables, and I look south across the ocean to Cuba, and try to see you in all that fighting and heat and fever. But I am not afraid. For each morning I wake to find I love you more; that it has grown stronger, more wonderful, more hard to bear. And I know the charm I gave you grows with it, and is more powerful, and that it will bring you back to me wearing new honors, 'bearing your sheaves with you.'

"As though I cared for your new honors. I want *you*, *you*, *you*—only *you*."

When Santiago surrendered and the invading army settled down to arrange terms of peace, and imbibe fever, and General Miles moved to Porto Rico, Chesterton moved with him.

In that pretty little island a command of regulars under a general of the regular army had, in a night attack, driven back the Spaniards from Adhuntas. The next afternoon as the column was in line of march, and the men were shaking themselves into their accoutrements, a dusty, sweating volunteer staff officer rode down the main street of Adhuntas, and with the authority of a field marshal, held up his hand.

"General Miles' compliments, sir," he panted, "and peace is declared!"

Different men received the news each in a different fashion. Some whirled their hats in the air and cheered. Those who saw promotion and the new insignia on their straps vanish, swore deeply. Chesterton fell upon his saddle bags and began to distribute his possessions among the enlisted men. After he had remobilized, his effects consisted of a change of clothes, his camera, water bottle, and his medicine case. In his present state of health and spirits he could not believe he stood in need of the medicine case, but it was a gift of Miss Armitage, and carried with it a promise from him that he always would carry it. He had "packed" it throughout the campaign, and for others, it had proved of value.

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"I take it you are leaving us," said an officer enviously.

"I am leaving you so quick," cried Chesterton laughing, "that you won't even see the dust. There's a transport starts from Mayaguez at six to-morrow morning, and, if I don't catch it, this pony will die on the wharf."

"The road to Mayaguez is not healthy for Americans," said the general in command. "I don't think I ought to let you go. The enemy does not know peace is on yet, and there are a lot of guerillas——"

Chesterton shook his head in pitying wonder.

"Not let me go!" he exclaimed. "Why, General, you haven't enough men in your command to stop me, and as for the Spaniards and guerillas—! I'm homesick," cried the young man. "I'm so damned homesick that I am liable to die of it before that transport gets me to Sandy Hook."

"If you are shot up by an outpost," growled the general, "you will be worse off than homesick. It's forty miles to Mayaguez. Better wait till daylight. Where's the sense of dying, after the fighting's over?"

"If I don't catch that transport I sure *will* die," laughed Chesterton.

His head was bent and he was tugging at his saddle girths. Apparently the effort brought a deeper shadow to his tan, "but nothing else can kill me! I have a charm, general," he exclaimed.

"We hadn't noticed it," said the general.

The staff officers, according to regulations, laughed.

"It's not that kind of a charm," said Chesterton. "Good-bye, general."

The road was hardly more than a trail, but the moon made it as light as day, and cast across it black tracings of the swinging vines and creepers; while high in the air it turned the polished surface of the palms into glittering silver. As he plunged into the cool depths of the forest Chesterton threw up his arms and thanked God that he was moving toward her. The luck that had accompanied him throughout the campaign had held until the end. Had he been forced to wait for a transport, each hour would have meant a month of torment, an arid, wasted blank place in his life. As it was, with each eager stride of El Capitan, his little Porto Rican pony, he was brought closer to her. He was so happy that as he galloped through the dark shadows of the jungle or out into the brilliant moonlight he shouted aloud and sang; and again as he urged El Capitan to greater bursts of speed, he explained in joyous, breathless phrases why it was that he urged him on.

"For she is wonderful and most beautiful," he cried, "the most glorious girl in all the world! And, if I kept her waiting, even for a moment, El Capitan, I would be unworthy—and I might lose her! So you see we ride for a great prize!"

The Spanish column that, the night before, had been driven from Adhuntas, now in ignorance of peace, occupied both sides of the valley through which ran the road to Mayaguez, and in ambush by the road itself had placed an outpost of two men. One was a sharpshooter of the picked corps of the Guardia Civile, and one a sergeant of the regiment that lay hidden in the heights. If the Americans advanced toward Mayaguez, these men were to wait until the head of the column drew abreast of them, when they were to fire. The report of their rifles would be the signal for those in the hill above to wipe out the memory of Adhuntas.

Chesterton had been riding at a gallop, but, as he reached the place where the men lay in ambush, he pulled El Capitan to a walk, and took advantage of his first breathing spell to light his pipe. He had already filled it, and was now fumbling in his pocket for his match box. The match box was of wood such as one can buy filled to the brim with matches, for one penny. But, it was a most precious possession. In the early days of his interest in Miss Armitage, as they were once setting forth upon a motor trip, she had handed it to him.

"Why," he asked.

"You always forget to bring any," she said simply, "and have to borrow some."

The other men in the car, knowing this to be a just reproof, laughed sardonically, and at the laugh the girl had looked up in surprise. Chesterton, seeing the look, understood that her act, trifling as it was, had been sincere, had been inspired simply by thought of his comfort. And he asked himself why young Miss Armitage should consider his comfort, and why the fact that she did consider it, should make him so extremely happy. And he decided it must be because she loved him, and he loved her.

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Having arrived at that conclusion, he had asked her to marry him, and upon the match box had marked the date and the hour. Since then she had given him many pretty presents, marked with her initials, marked with his crest, with strange cabalistic mottoes that meant nothing to anyone save themselves. But the wooden match box was still the most valued of his possessions.

As he rode into the valley the rays of the moon fell fully upon him, and exposed him to the outpost as pitilessly as though he had been held in the circle of a searchlight.

The bronzed Mausers pushed cautiously through the screen of vines. There was a pause, and the rifle of the sergeant wavered. When he spoke his tone was one of disappointment.

"He is a scout, riding alone," he said.

"He is an officer," returned the sharpshooter, excitedly. "The others follow. We should fire now and give the signal."

"He is no officer, he is a scout," repeated the sergeant. "They have sent him ahead to study the trail and to seek us. He may be a league in advance. If we shoot *him*, we only warn the others."

Chesterton was within fifty yards. After an excited and anxious search he had found the match box in the wrong pocket. The eyes of the sharpshooter frowned along the barrel of his rifle. With his chin pressed against the stock he whispered swiftly from the corner of his lips, "He is an officer! I am aiming where the strap crosses his heart. You aim at his belt. We fire together."

The heat of the tropic night and the strenuous gallop had covered El Capitan with a lather of sweat. The reins upon his neck dripped with it. The gauntlets with which Chesterton held them were wet. As he raised the match box it slipped from his fingers and fell noiselessly in the trail. With an exclamation he dropped to the road and to his knees, and groping in the dust, began an eager search.

The sergeant caught at the rifle of the sharpshooter, and pressed it down.

"Look!" he whispered. "He *is* a scout. He is searching the trail for the tracks of our ponies. If you fire they will hear it a league away."

"But, if he finds our trail, and returns—"

The sergeant shook his head. "I let him pass forward," he said grimly. "He will never return."

Chesterton pounced upon the half buried match box, and in a panic lest he might again lose it, thrust it inside his tunic.

"Little do you know, El Capitan," he exclaimed breathlessly, as he scrambled back into the saddle and lifted the pony into a gallop, "what a narrow escape I had. I almost lost it."

Toward midnight they came to a wooden bridge swinging above a ravine in which a mountain stream, forty feet below, splashed over half-hidden rocks, and the stepping stones of the ford. Even before the campaign began the bridge had outlived its usefulness, and the unwonted burden of artillery, the vibrations of marching men had so shaken it that it swayed like a house of cards. Threatened by its own weight, at the mercy of the first tropic storm, it hung a death trap for the one who first added to its burden.

No sooner had El Capitan struck it squarely with his four hoofs, than he reared, and whirling, sprang back to the solid earth. The suddenness of his retreat had all but thrown Chesterton, but he regained his seat, and digging the pony roughly with his spurs, pulled his head again toward the bridge.

"What are you shying at, now?" he panted. "That's a perfectly good bridge."

For a minute horse and man struggled for the mastery, the horse spinning in short circles, the man pulling, tugging, urging him with knees and spurs. The first round ended in a draw. There were two more rounds with the advantage slightly in favor of El Capitan, for he did not approach the bridge.

The night was warm and the exertion violent. Chesterton, puzzled and annoyed paused to regain his breath and his temper. Below him, in the ravine, the shallow waters of the ford called to him, suggesting a pleasant compromise. He turned his eyes downward and saw hanging over the water what appeared to be a white bird upon the lower limb of a dead tree. He knew it to be an orchid, an especially rare orchid, and he knew also that the orchid was the favorite flower of Miss Armitage. In a moment he was on his feet, and with the reins over his arm, was slipping down the bank dragging El Capitan behind him.

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He ripped from the dead tree the bark to which the orchid was clinging, and with wet moss and grass packed it in his leather camera case. The camera he abandoned on the path. He always could buy another camera; he could not again carry a white orchid, plucked in the heart of the tropics on the night peace was declared, to the girl he left behind him. Followed by El Capitan, nosing and snuffing gratefully at the cool waters, he waded the ford, and with his camera case swinging from his shoulder, galloped up the opposite bank and back into the trail.

A minute later, the bridge, unable to recover from the death blow struck by El Capitan, went whirling into the ravine and was broken upon the rocks below. Hearing the crash behind him, Chesterton guessed that in the jungle a tree had fallen.

They had started at six in the afternoon and had covered twenty of the forty miles that lay between Adhuntas and Mayaguez, when, just at the outskirts of the tiny village of Caguan, El Capitan stumbled, and when he arose painfully, he again fell forward.

Caguan was a little church, a little vine-covered inn, a dozen one-story adobe houses shining in the moonlight like white-washed sepulchres. They faced a grass grown plaza, in the centre of which stood a great wooden cross. At one corner of the village was a corral, and in it many ponies. At the sight Chesterton gave a cry of relief. A light showed through the closed shutters of the inn, and when he beat with his whip upon the door, from the adobe houses other lights shone, and white clad figures appeared in the moonlight. The landlord of the inn was a Spaniard, fat and prosperous looking, but for the moment his face was eloquent with such distress and misery that the heart of the young man who was at peace with all the world, went instantly out to him. The Spaniard was less sympathetic. When he saw the khaki suit and the campaign hat he scowled, and ungraciously would have closed the door. Chesterton, apologizing pushed it open. His pony, he explained, had gone lame, and he must have another, and at once. The landlord shrugged his shoulders. These were war times, he said, and the American officer could take what he liked. They in Caguan were non-combatants and could not protest. Chesterton hastened to reassure him. The war, he announced, was over, and were it not, he was no officer to issue requisitions. He intended to pay for the pony. He unbuckled his belt and poured upon the table a handful of Spanish *doubloons*. The landlord lowered the candle and silently counted the gold pieces, and then calling to him two of his fellow villagers crossed the tiny plaza, and entered the corral.

"The American pig," he whispered, "wishes to buy a pony. He tells me the war is over; that Spain has surrendered. We know that must be a lie. It is more probable he is a deserter. He claims he is a civilian, but that also is a lie, for he is in uniform. You, Paul, sell him your pony, and then wait for him at the first turn in the trail, and take it from him."

"He is armed," protested the one called Paul.

"You must not give him time to draw his revolver," ordered the landlord. "You and Pedro will shoot him from the shadow. He is our country's enemy, and it will be in a good cause. And he may carry despatches. If we take them to the commandante at Mayaguez he will reward us."

"And the gold pieces?" demanded the one called Paul.

"We will divide them in three parts," said the landlord.

In the front of the inn surrounded by a ghost-like group that spoke its suspicions, Chesterton was lifting his saddle from El Capitan, and rubbing the lame foreleg. It was not a serious sprain. A week would set it right, but for that night the pony was useless. Impatiently, Chesterton called across the plaza begging the landlord to make haste. He was eager to be gone, alarmed and fearful lest even this slight delay should cause him to miss the transport. The thought was intolerable. But he was also acutely conscious that he was very hungry, and he was too old a campaigner to scoff at hunger. With the hope that he could find something to carry with him and eat as he rode forward, he entered the inn.

The main room of the house was now in darkness, but a smaller room adjoining it was lit by candles, and by a tiny taper floating before a crucifix. In the light of the candles Chesterton made out a bed, a priest bending over it, a woman kneeling

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Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"I will love you so that nothing shall harm you."—Page 541.

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beside it, and upon the bed the little figure of a boy who tossed and moaned. As Chesterton halted and waited hesitating the priest strode past him, and in a voice dull and flat with grief and weariness, ordered those at the door to bring the landlord quickly. As one of the group leaped toward the corral, the priest said to the others: "There is another attack. I have lost hope."

Chesterton advanced and asked if he could be of service. The priest shook his head. The child, he said, was the only son of the landlord and much beloved by him, and by all the village. He was now in the third week of typhoid fever and the period of hemorrhages. Unless they could be checked, the boy would die, and the priest, who, for many miles of mountain and forest was also the only doctor, had exhausted his store of simple medicines.

"Nothing can stop the hemorrhage," he protested wearily, "but the strongest of drugs. And I have nothing!"

Chesterton bethought him of the medicine case Miss Armitage had forced upon him. "I have given opium to the men for dysentery," he said. "Would opium help you?"

The priest sprang at him and pushed him out of the door and toward the saddle bags.

"My children," he cried, to the silent group in the plaza, "God has sent a miracle!"

After an hour at the bedside the priest said "He will live," and knelt, and the mother of the boy and the villagers knelt with him. When Chesterton raised his eyes, he found that the landlord, who had been silently watching while the two men struggled with death for the life of his son, had disappeared. But he heard, leaving the village along the trail to Mayaguez the sudden clatter of a pony's hoofs. It moved like a thing driven with fear.

The priest strode out into the moonlight. In the recovery of the child he saw only a demonstration of the efficacy of prayer, and he could not too quickly bring home the lesson to his parishioners. Amid their murmurs of wonder and gratitude Chesterton rode away. To the kindly care of the priest he bequeathed El Capitan. With him also he left the gold pieces which were to pay for the fresh pony.

A quarter of a mile outside the village three white figures confronted him. Two who stood apart in the shadow shrank from observation, but the landlord, seated bareback upon a pony that from some late exertion was breathing heavily, called to him to halt.

"In the fashion of my country," he began grandiloquently, "we have come this far to wish you God's speed upon your journey." In the fashion of the American he seized Chesterton by the hand. "I thank you, senor," he murmured.

"Not me," returned Chesterton. "But the one who made me 'pack' that medicine chest. Thank her, for to-night I think it saved a life."

The Spaniard regarded him curiously, fixing him with his eyes as though deep in consideration. At last he smiled gravely.

"You are right," he said. "Let us both remember her in our prayers."

As Chesterton rode away the words remained gratefully in his memory and filled him with pleasant thoughts. "The world," he mused, "is full of just such kind and gentle souls."

After an interminable delay he reached Newport, and they escaped from the others, and Miss Armitage and he ran down the lawn to the rocks, and stood with the waves whispering at their feet.

It was the moment for which each had so often longed, with which both had so often tortured themselves by living in imagination, that now, that it was theirs, they were fearful it might not be true.

Finally, he said: "And the charm never failed! Indeed it was wonderful. It stood by me so obviously. For instance, the night before San Juan, in the mill at El Poso, I slept on the same poncho with another correspondent. I woke up with a raging appetite for bacon and coffee, and he woke up out of his mind and with a temperature of one hundred and four. And again, I was standing by Capron's gun at El Caney, when a shell took the three men who served it, and only scared *me*. And there was another time—" He stopped. "Anyway," he laughed, "here I am."

"But there was one night, one awful night," began the girl. She trembled, and he made this an added excuse for drawing her closer to him. "When I felt you were in great peril, that you would surely die.

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And all through the night I knelt by the window and looked toward Cuba and prayed, and prayed to God to let you live."

Chesterton bent his head and kissed the tips of her fingers. After a moment he said. "Would you know what night it was? It might be curious if I had been——"

"Would I know!" cried the girl. "It was eight days ago. The night of the twelfth. An awful night!"

"The twelfth!" exclaimed Chesterton, and laughed and then begged her pardon humbly. "I laughed because the twelfth," he exclaimed, "was the night peace was declared. The war was over. I'm sorry, but *that* night I was riding toward you, thinking only of you. I was never for a moment in danger."

THE QUESTIONER

By Carl Werner

I CALLED the boy to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same lighthearted way
When you're turned, say, thirty more?"
Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face
For it seemed to say:
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay, new-mown;
Will you keep them always so?"
Then back from those years came a rakish song—
With a ribald jest or two—
And I gazed at the child who knew no wrong,
And I thought he asked:
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I cried: "Oh, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after-year?
Will you leave no heart to pine?"
Then out of the past came another's eyes—
Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—
Did he know they were not his mother's eyes?
For he answered me:
"Did you?"

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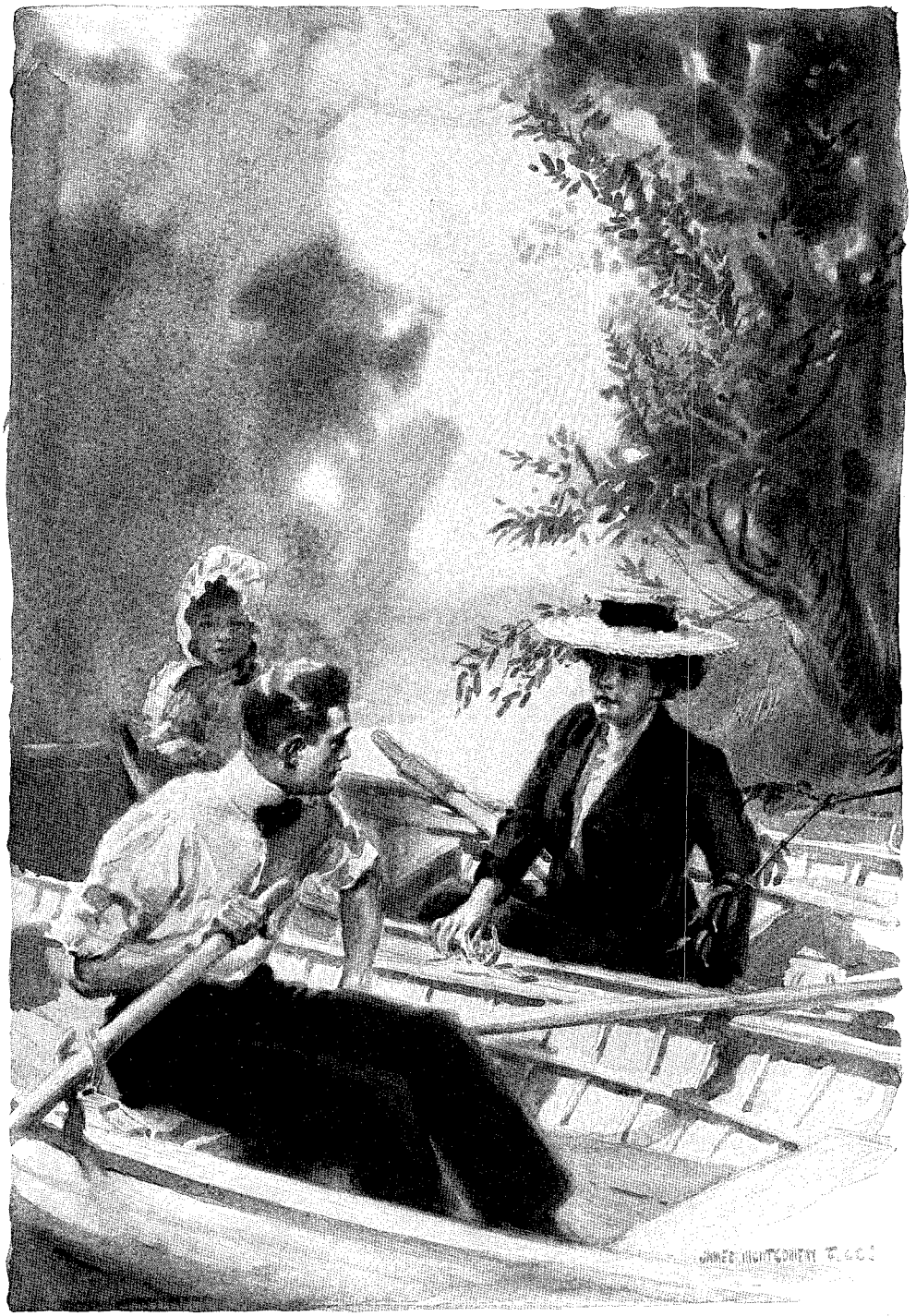

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

I am sure it was on that stream that Halcyone found retreat.—Page 554.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XXXIV

THE CONFLICT

FOR a little time it looked as though the efforts of the peace-makers, among whom were conspicuous in the poor section of the town John Marvel and Wolffert, to bring about a better feeling and condition were going to be successful. The men began to return to work. The cars were once more being operated, though under heavy police protection.

One evening not long afterward, under prompting of an impulse to go and see how my poor woman and little Janet were coming on, and possibly not without some thought of Eleanor Leigh, who had hallowed her doorstep the last time I was there, I walked over to that part of the town. Eleanor Leigh had been there, but she had gone to the old Drummer's to see Elsa, who was ill, and had taken Janet with her. The mother said the child was afraid to go out on the street now, and Miss Eleanor thought it would do her good. The poor woman's pitiful face haunted me as I turned down the street. Though the men were returning to work, the effect of the strike was still apparent all through this section of the town. The streets were full of idlers, especially about the bar-rooms; and their surly looks and glum air testified to the general feeling.

Of all the gatherings of men that I have ever seen the most painful is that of men on a strike. They are a forlorn hope. In most assemblies there is enthusiasm, spirit, resolve: something that beams forth with hope and sustains. All of these exist in striking men; yet Hope is absent. In other assemblages her radiant wings light up their faces; in strikes, it seems to me that the sombre shadow of care is always present. A successful strike, like a successful battle, is the next most terrible thing to a defeat. In this strike Wolffert had been one of the most interested observers. While he thought it unwise to strike, he advocated the men's right to strike and to picket, but not to employ violence. It was passive resistance that he preached, and he deplored the death of McNeil as much as I did, or John Marvel.

This strike had succeeded to the extent of embarrassing Mr. Leigh; but had failed so far as the men were concerned, and it was known that it had failed. The only persons who had profited by it were men like McSheen and Wringman.

I held strong opinions about the rights of men in the abstract; under the influence of John Marvel's and Wolffert's unselfish lives, I had come to realize the beauty of self-sacrifice; but the difficulties which I saw in the application of our theories and my experience that night at the meeting, followed by the death of McNeil, had divided me from my old associates like Wolffert. I could not but see that out of the movements instituted, as Wolffert believed, for the general good of the working classes, the real workingmen were become mere tools, and those who were glib of tongue, forward in speech, and selfish and shrewd in method, like McSheen and Wringman, used them and profited by them remorselessly. Even Wolffert, with his pure motives, had proved but an instrument in their hands to further their designs. Their influence was still at work, and under orders from these politicians many poor men with families still stood idle, with aims often as unselfish and as lofty as ever actuated patriots or martyrs, enduring hardship and privation with the truest and most heroic courage; whilst their leaders, like Wringman, who had been idle agitators during the time of prosperity, now rose on the crest of the commotion they had created, and blossomed into importance. The Nile courses through upper Egypt bearing its

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flood to enrich the lower lands; but the desert creeps and hangs its parched lips over the very brink.

I determined to go and inquire after Elsa myself. So I walked over toward the little street in which the Loewens lived, and presently I fell in with Wolffert, who, like myself, appeared to have business in that direction. I should have been glad to escape from him; but as he joined me I could not well do so, and we walked along together. He looked worn and appeared to be rather gloomy, which I set down to his disappointment at the turn affairs connected with the strike had taken, for I learned from him that, under the influence of Wringman, there was danger of a renewal of hostilities; that his efforts at mediation had failed and he had at a meeting which he had attended where he had advocated conciliatory measures, been hooted down. There was danger, he said, of the whole trouble breaking out again, and if so, the sympathy of the public would now be on the other side. Thinking more of the girl I was in pursuit of than of anything else, I expressed myself hotly. If they struck again they deserved all they got—they deserved to fail for following such leaders as Wringman and refusing to listen to their friends.

"Oh, no, they are just ignorant, that is all—they don't know."

"Well, I am tired of it all."

"Tired! Oh! don't get tired. That's not the way to work. Stand fast."

"Wolffert, I am in love," I said, suddenly. He smiled—as I remembered afterward, sadly.

"Yes, you are." There was that in his tone which rather miffed me. I thought he was in love too; but not, like myself, desperately.

"You are not—and you don't know what it is. So, it is easy for you."

He turned on me almost savagely, with a flame in his eyes.

"Not—! I not! You don't dream what it is to be in love. You cannot. You are incapable—incapable!" He clutched at his heart. The whole truth swept over me like a flood.

"Wolffert! Why—? Why have you never—?" I could not go on. But he understood me.

"Because I am a Jew!" His eyes burned with deep fires.

"A Jew! Well, suppose you are. She is not one to allow that——"

He wheeled on me.

"Do you think—? Do you imagine I mean—? I would not allow myself—I could never—never allow myself— It is impossible—for me."

I gazed on him with amazement. He was transformed. The pride of race, the agony and subdued fury of centuries, flamed in him. I saw for the first time the spirit of the chosen people: Israel in bondage, yet arisen, with power to call down thunders from Heaven. I stood abashed—abashed at my selfish blindness through all my association with him. How often I had heedlessly driven the iron into his soul. With my arm over his shoulder I stammered something of my remorse and he suddenly seized my hand and wrung it in speechless friendship.

As we turned into a street not far from the Loewens', we found ahead of us quite a gathering, and it was increasing momentarily. Blue-coated police, grim-looking or anxious, were standing about in squads, and surlier-looking men were assembling at the corners. It was a strike. I was surprised. I even doubted if it could be that. But my doubt was soon dispelled. At that moment a car came around a corner a few blocks away and turned into the street toward us. There was a movement in a group near me; a shout went up from one of them and in a second the street was pandemonium. I found myself borne toward the car like a chip on a fierce flood. The next instant I was a part of the current, and was struggling like a demon. On the platform were a brawny driver and two policemen. The motorman I recognized as Otto. As I was borne near the car, I saw that in it were an old man, a woman, and a child, and as I neared the car I recognized—I know not how—all three. They were the old Drummer, Eleanor Leigh, and the little girl, Janet McNeil. I thought I caught the eye of the young lady, but it may have been fancy; for the air was full of missiles, the glass was crashing and tingling; the sound of the mob was deafening. At any rate I saw her plainly. She had gathered up the scared child in her arms, and with white face, but blazing eyes, was shielding her from the flying stones and glass.

With a cry, "God of Israel!" Wolffert

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sprang forward; but I lost him in the throng and I was one of the first men on the car, and made my way into it, throwing men right and left as I entered it. I shall never forget the look that came into her eyes as she saw me. She rose with a cry and, stretching out her hands, pushed the child into my arms with a single word: "Save her." It was like an elixir; it gave me ten times the strength I had before. The car was blocked, and we descended from it —I in front protecting her—and fought our way through the mob to the outskirts, the old Drummer, a squad of policemen, and myself; I with the child by the hand to keep her near the ground and less exposed, and the old Drummer shielding us both and roaring like a lion. It was a warm ten minutes; the air was black with stones and missiles. The crowd seemed to have gone mad and were like ravening wolves. The presence of a woman and child had no effect on them but to increase their fury. They were mad with the insanity of mobbism. But at last we got through, though I was torn and bleeding. As we were near old Loewen's house we took the refugees there, and when they were in that place of safety, I returned to the scene of conflict. I had caught sight of several faces in the crowd that roused me beyond measure, and I went back to fight. If I had had a pistol that day, I should certainly have committed murder. I had seen Wringman urging the mob on and Pushkin enjoying it. Just as I stepped from the car with the child, trying to shield her and Eleanor Leigh, and with the old Drummer bulky and raging at my side, trying to shield us all and sputtering oaths in two languages, my eye reached across the mob and I had caught sight of Pushkin's head above the crowd on the far edge of the mob where it was safe. His face was wicked with satisfaction, and he was laughing. A sudden desire to kill sprang into my heart. If I had not had my charges to guard, I should have made my way to him then. I came back for him now. I recognized his work and I knew I should find him, and for one of us the account would be settled finally.

When I arrived, the fight had somewhat changed. The police, aroused at last and in deadly earnest, had formed in order and the mob was giving way. Only at one point they were making a stand. It was the corner where Pushkin had stood, and I made toward it. As I did so the crowd opened, and a group stamped itself indelibly in my mind. In the front line of the mob, Wolffert, tall and flaming, hatless, and with flying hair, swinging arms, and wide-open mouth, by turns trying to pacify the wild mob, by turns cursing and fighting a group of policemen—who, with flying clubs, were hammering them and driving them slowly—was trying to make himself heard. Beyond these away at the far edge of the mob the face of Pushkin, his silk hat pulled over his eyes. As I gazed at him, he became deadly pale, and then turned as if to get away; but the crowd held him fast. I was making toward him, when a figure taller than his shoved in between us, pushing his way toward him. His head was bare and his face was bleeding. His back was to me; but I recognized the head and broad shoulders of Otto. It was this sight that drove the blood from Pushkin's face, and well it might; for the throng was being parted by the young Swede as water is parted by a strong swimmer. There was a pistol shot, then I saw the Swede's arm lifted with the lever in his hand, and the next second Pushkin's head went down. The cry that went up and the surging of the crowd told me what had happened, but I had no time to act; for at this moment I saw a half-dozen men in the mob fall upon Wolffert, who with bleeding face was still trying to hold them back, and he disappeared in the rush. I shouted to some officers by me, "They are killing a man there," and together we made our way through the crowd toward the spot. It was as I supposed—the adventurer was down. The young Swede had settled his account with him. He was unconscious, but he was still breathing. Wolffert, too, was stretched on the ground, battered almost beyond recognition. John Marvel, his own face bruised and bleeding, was on his knees beside him, supporting his head, and the police were beating the crowd back. As I drew near, Wolffert half rose. "Don't beat them; they don't know." He sank back. The brawny young Swede, with a pistol bullet through his clothes, was already on the other side of the street, making his way out through the crowd. Pushkin's and Wolffert's fall and the tremendous rush made by the police, caused the mob to give way finally and they were driven from the spot.

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Pushkin was taken up and was carried to a hospital, and John Marvel lifted Wolffert in his arms. Just as he was lifted, a stone struck me on the head, and I went down and knew no more.

When I came to, I was in a hospital. John Marvel was sitting beside me, his placid eyes looking down into mine with that mingled serenity and kindness which gave such strength to others. I think they helped me to live as they had helped so many other poor sufferers to die. I was conscious only for a moment, and then went off into an illness which lasted a long time, before I really knew anything. But I took him with me into that misty borderland where I wandered so many weeks, before returning to life, and when I emerged from it again, there he sat as before, serene, confident, and inspiring. He wore a mourning band on his sleeve.

"Where is Dix?" was the first thing I asked.

"He is all right."

It was a long time before I could be talked to much; but when I was strong enough, he told me many things that had taken place. The strike was broken up. Its end was sad enough, as the end of all strikes is. Wolffert was dead—killed in the final rush of the riot in which I was hurt. And so perished all his high aims and inefficient, unselfish methods. Pushkin had recovered, and had been discharged from the hospital and had married Collis McSheen's daughter. Wringman had disappeared. On the collapse of the strike, it had been found that he had sold out to Coll McSheen and the Argand companies, and furnished them information. He had now gone away, Marvel did not know where. Langton, when I saw him later, thought he had been afraid to stay longer where so many men were who had lost their places through him.

"It is always the way—the innocent suffer, and the guilty escape," I murmured.

I felt Marvel's hand gently placed over my lips.

"Inscrutable; but it must be right," he said:

> "'God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform.'"

"I don't believe God had anything to do with it." I was bitter; for I was still thinking of Wolffert and Pushkin.

"The doctors tell me that a hundredth part of an inch more, and a friend of mine would never have known anything again," said Marvel, gravely, looking down at me with sorrowful, kind eyes.

Under this argument *ad hominem* I was silent, if not convinced.

I started to ask after another who had been in the riot, but I could not frame the question. I saw that Marvel knew what I wished. I learned afterward that I had talked of her constantly during my delirium. She was well, he told me. She had not been hurt, nor had the child or old Loewen. She had left the city. Her father was involved now in a great lawsuit, the object of which Marvel did not know, and she had gone away.

"Where has she gone?"

He did not answer, and I took it for granted that he did not know.

"If I had been you, I would have found out where she went to," I said peevishly.

He took no notice of this. He only smiled. He did not say so; but I thought from his manner that she had gone abroad. He had had a note from her saying that she would be away a long time, and enclosing him a generous contribution for his poor.

"She is an angel," he said.

"Of course she is."

Though he spoke reverently, I was almost angry with him for thinking it necessary to say it at all.

"Yes; but you do not know how good she is. None but God knows how good some women are."

One or two other pieces of news he told me. The old Drummer and his wife had gone off too; but only on a visit to Elsa. Elsa and Otto had been married, and were living in another State. I saw that he still had something else to tell, and finally it came out. As soon as I was able, I must go away for a while. I needed change and rest, and he knew the very place for me, away off in the country.

"You appear to be anxious to depopulate the city," I said. He only smiled contentedly.

"I am going to send you to the country," he said with calm decision.

"I have to work——"

"When you come back. I have made all the arrangements."

"I am going to find Eleanor Leigh. I will find her if the world holds her."

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"Yes, to be sure," he smiled indulgently. He was so strong that I yielded.

I learned that a good offer was waiting for me to go into the law office of one of the large corporations when I should be well enough to work; but it was coupled with the condition that I should get well first. My speech at the meeting when I denounced Wringman and my part in the riots had become known, and friends had interested themselves in my behalf. So John Marvel reported; and as he appeared to be managing things, I assumed that he had done this too.

I never fully knew till after his death, how truly Wolffert was one of the Prophets. I often think of him with his high aim to better the whole human race, inspired by a passion for his own people to extend his ministration to all mankind, yet cast out by those he labored for, and dying in the act of supplicating for those who slew him. I owe him a great debt for teaching me many things, but chiefly for the knowledge that the future of the race rests on the whole people and its process depends on each one, however he may love his own, working to the death for all. He opened my eyes to the fact that every man who contributes to the common good of mankind is one of the chosen people and that the fundamental law is to do good to mankind.

I discovered that John Marvel knew he was in love with Eleanor Leigh, though how he knew it I never learned. "He never told her," he said, "but died with it locked in his heart—as was best," he added after a pause, and then he looked out of the window, and as he did not say anything from which I could judge whether he knew why Wolffert never told his love, I did not tell what I knew. It may have been the slowly fading light which made his face so sad. I remember that a long silence fell between us, and it came over me with a new force how much more unselfishly both these men had loved than I and how much nobler both had always been—the living and the dead. And I began battling with myself to say something which I felt I ought to say but had not courage enough.

Presently, John said very slowly, almost as if he were speaking to himself, "I believe if you keep on, she will marry you, and I believe you will help each other." His arm was resting on the table.

I leant over and laid my hand on his arm.

"I once thought it certain I should win her. I am far from sure that I will now. I am not worthy of her—but I shall try to be. You alone, John, of all the men I know are—I cannot give her up—but it is only honest to tell you that I have less hope than I had."

He turned to me with a sad little smile on his face and shook his head.

"I would not give her up if I were you. You are not good enough for her, but no one is, and you will grow better."

For the first time, I almost thought him handsome.

"You are, old man."

"Me! Oh! no, I am not—I have my work to do—it is useless to talk to me—you keep on."

So, as soon as I could travel, John Marvel sent me off—sent me to a farmhouse where he had lived in his first parish—a place far from the railroads; a country of woods and rolling fields and running streams; the real country where blossoms whiten and birds sing and waters murmur.

"They are the best people in the world," he said, and they were. They accepted me on his word. "Mr. Marvel had sent me, and that was enough." His word was a talisman in all that region. They did not know who the Queen of England was, and were scarcely sure as to the President of the United States; but they knew John Marvel. And because I had come from him they treated me like a prince. And this was the man I had had the folly to look down on!

In that quiet place I seemed to have reached content. In that land of peace the strife of the city, the noise and turmoil and horror of the strike seemed but as the rumble of waves breaking on some far-off shore. I began to quaff new life with the first breath of the balmy air.

The day after I arrived, I borrowed the skiff that belonged to my host and paddled down the little river that skirted his place, with the idea of fishing in a pool he had told me of.

The afternoon was so soft and balmy that I forgot my sport and simply drifted with the current under the overhanging branches of willows and sycamores, when, turning a bend in the stream, I came on a boat floating in a placid pool. In it were a young lady and a little girl. It was a mo-

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ment before I could quite take it in, and I felt for a second as if I were dreaming.

Yet there was Eleanor Leigh under the willows, her small white hand resting on the side of the boat, her face lovelier than ever, and her voice making music in my ears with those low, sincere tones that I had never forgotten, and which made it the most beautiful in the world. I must have carried my soul in my eyes that moment; for the color sprang to her cheeks and I saw a look in hers I had never seen there before.

"Well, this is Fate," I said, as the current bore my boat against hers and it lay locked against it in that limpid pool.

"Would Mr. Marvel have called it so?" she asked, her eyes resting upon me with a softer look in them than they had ever given me.

"No, he would have said Providence."

I am sure it was on that stream that Halcyone found retreat. In that sweet air, freed from any anxieties except to please her whose pleasure had become the sun of my life, I drank in health day by day and hour by hour. My farmhouse was only a half-mile or so across the fields to the home of Eleanor Leigh's old cousins with whom she was staying. It was the same place where she had first met John Marvel—and Wolffert. She was even interested in my law, and actually listened with intelligence to the succulent details of livery of seizin, and other ancient conveyancing. Not that she yet consented to marry me. This was a theme she had a genius for evading. However, I knew I should win her. Only one thing troubled me. As often as I touched on my future plans and spoke of the happiness I should have in relieving her of the drudgery of a teacher's life, she used to smile and contest it. It was one of the happinesses of her life, she said, to teach that school. But for it, I would never have "put out her fire for her that morning." Of course, I would not admit this. "Fate—no, Providence was on my side." And I took out my violets and showed them to her, telling her their history. They still retained a faint fragrance. And the smile she gave was enough to make them fresh again. But I, too, was friendly to the school. How could I be otherwise? For she told me one day that the first time she liked me was when I was sitting by the cab-driver holding the little dirty child in my arms, with Dix between my feet. And I had been ashamed to be seen by her! I only feared that she might take it into her head still to keep the school. And I now knew that what she took into her little head to be her duty, she would perform.

I received quite a shock a few days later when I found in my mail a letter from the Miss Tippses, telling me of their delight on learning of my recovery, and mentioning incidentally the fact, which they felt sure I would be glad to know, that they had settled all of their affairs in a manner entirely satisfactory to them, as Mr. McSheen had very generously come forward at a time when it was supposed that I was fatally injured and had offered to make reparation to them and pay out of his own pocket, not only all of the expenses which they had incurred about the matter, but had actually paid them three thousand dollars over and above these expenses, a munificent sum which had enabled them to pay dear Mrs. Kale all they owed her. They felt sure that I would approve of the settlement, because Mr. McSheen's intermediary had been "a life-long friend of mine and in some sort," he said, "my former law partner, as we had lived for years in adjoining offices." They had signed all the papers he had presented and were glad to know that he was entirely satisfied, and now they hoped that I would let them know what they owed me, in order that they might settle at least that part of their debt; but for the rest, they would always owe me a debt of undying gratitude, and they prayed God for my speedy recovery and unending happiness, and they felt sure Mr. Peck would rejoice also to know that I was doing so well.

Peck!

It was now approaching the autumn and I was chafing to get back to work. I knew now that success was before me. It might be a long road; but I was on it.

John Marvel, in reply to an inquiry, wrote that the place was still waiting for me in the office he had mentioned, though he did not state what it was.

"How stupid he is!" I complained. Eleanor Leigh only laughed.

She "did not think him stupid at all, and certainly she did not think I should do so. In fact, she considered him one of the most sensible men she ever knew."

"Why he could not have done more to

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keep me in ignorance, if he had tried," I fumed. And she only laughed the more.

"I believe you are jealous of him." Her eyes were dancing in an exasperating way they had. I was consumed with jealousy of everybody; but I would never admit it.

"Jealous of John Marvel! Nonsense! But I believe you were in—you liked him very much?"

"I did," she nodded cheerily. "I do—more than any one I ever knew—almost."

"Then why did you not marry him?" I was conscious that my head went up and my wrath was rising.

"He never asked me." Her dancing eyes still playing hide and seek with mine.

"I supposed there was some good reason," I said loftily. She vouchsafed no answer—only went on making a chain of daisies, while her dimples came and went, and I went on to make a further fool of myself. I was soon haled up and found myself in that outer darkness, where the cheerful occupation is gnashing of teeth. Like the foolish glass-merchant, I had smashed all my hopes. I walked home through the Vale of Bitterness.

That evening, after spending some hours in trying to devise a plan by which I could evade the humiliation of an absolute surrender, and get back without crawling too basely, I went over to say good-by. It was just dusk; but it seemed to me midnight. I had never known the fields so dark. As I turned into a path through the orchard where I had had so many happy hours, I saw her sitting on the ground beneath a tree; but as I approached she rose and leant against the tree. I walked up slowly.

"Good evening—" solemnly.

"Good evening—" seriously.

I was choosing amongst a half-dozen choice sentences I had framed as an introduction to my parting speech, when she said quietly, looking up: "I thought you might not come back this evening."

"I have come to say good-by."

"Are you going away?" Her voice expressed surprise—nothing more.

"Yes." Solemnly.

"For how long?"—without looking up.

"Forever." Tragically.

"Will you give me Dix?"

"I—I—yes—if you want him."

I glanced at her face just in time to see the dimples disappear, and next second it had grown grave. She looked up suddenly and looked me full in the eyes.

"What would you think if I were to say I would marry you right away?" She looked down again quickly.

I was conscious of a sudden drawing in of my breath, and a feeling as if I were rising into the sky, "rimmed by the azure world." Then my brain began to act, and I seemed to have been lifted above the darkness. I was up in the sunlight again.

"I should think I was in Heaven," I said quietly, almost reverently.

"Well, I will. I have written my father. Write to Mr. Marvel and ask him to come here."

I have never known yet whether this last was a piece of humor. I only know I telegraphed John Marvel, and though I rode all night to do so, I thought it was broad daylight.

In the ripe autumn John Marvel, standing before us in his white surplice in the little chapel among the oaks and elms which had been his first church, performed the ceremony that gave me the first prize I had really striven for—the greatest any man on earth could have won.

Still, as often as I spoke of my future plans, there was some secret between them: a shadowy suggestion of some mystery in which they both participated. And, but that I knew John Marvel too well, I might have been impatient. But I knew him now for the first time as she had known him long.

On our arrival in the city, after I had given the driver an order where to go, she gave another, and when the carriage drew up, it was not at my hotel, but at the door of the sunny house on the corner where I had first seen Eleanor Leigh come tripping down the steps with her parcels for the poor little crippled child and her violets for the Miss Tippses. Springing out before me, with her face radiant with joy and mystery, she tripped up the steps now just as the door was flung open by a butler who wore a comical expression of mingled pleasure and solemnity, for the butler was Jeams, and then, having introduced him to me, she suddenly took the key from the lock, and handing it to me with a bow and a low laugh of delight:

"I make you, sir, livery of seizin."

This, then, was the mystery.

She still lived in the house on the corner,

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and her father had given it to her as a wedding present.

So after long striving by ways that I knew not, and by paths that I had not tried, my fancy was realized.

I now dwell in the house on the corner that I picked so long ago for its sunshine.

It is even sunnier than I thought it. For I have found that sunlight and sweetness are not from without, but from within, and in that home is the radiance I caught that happy morning when I first saw Eleanor Leigh come tripping down the steps, like April, shedding sunshine and violets in her path.

XXXV

THE CURTAIN

In closing a novel, the old novelists used to tell their readers, who had followed them long enough to become their friends, what in the sequel became of all the principal characters; and this custom I feel inclined to follow, because it appears to me to show that the story is in some sort the reflection of life as it is and not as novelist or reader would make it. Fate may follow all men, but not in the form in which every reader would have it fall.

It might have satisfied one's ideas of justice if I could have told how Collis McSheen reaped in prison the reward of his long hidden crimes, and the adventurer, Pushkin, unmasked and degraded, was driven out from among the wealthy, whom he so sedulously cultivated; but this would not have been true to the facts. Collis McSheen moved into the great house which he had bought with his ill-gained wealth to gratify his daughter's ambition, and lived for many years, to outward seeming, a more or less respectable man; gave reasonably where he thought it would pay, from the money of which he had robbed others, and doubtless endeavored to forget his past, as he endeavored to make others forget it; but that past was linked to him by bands which no effort could ever break. And though he secured the adulation of those whom he could buy with his gaudy entertainments, he could never secure the recognition of any worthy man.

In his desperate hope to become respectable he broke with many of his old friends and with all whom he could escape from, but he could not escape from one, however he strove to break with him: himself. It is the curse of men like him that those he longs to make his friends are the element who will have none of him. Thus, like Sisyphus, he ever strives to roll the stone to the hill-top, and, like Tantalus, he ever strives to reach the water flowing below his lips. Though he had escaped the punishment of his crimes, his punishment was that he lived in constant dread of the detection which appeared ever to dog his footsteps. The last measure in the bitter cup which he had filled with his own hand came from his daughter, who now called herself Countess Pushkin. Finding that, notwithstanding her so-called title and large establishment, she was excluded from that set to which she had been tolerantly admitted while she had youth and gayety and the spirits of a schoolgirl, not to mention the blindness of that age to things which experience sees clearly enough, she conceived the idea that it was her father's presence in her home which closed to her the doors of those houses where she aspired to be intimate. The idea, though it had long had a lodgment in her mind, had been fostered by Pushkin. Having to make her choice between her father and her social aspirations, she decided promptly. The scene which occurred was one which neither Collis McSheen nor his daughter ever forgot, nor could forget. In the sequel McSheen moved out and took quarters in a hotel, where he gradually sank into the hopelessness of a lonely misanthrope, shorn of his power, feared only by those he despised, detested by those he admired, and haunted by the fear of those he hated.

Pushkin remained in some sort in possession of the field, but though McSheen's daughter had been able to banish her father from his own home, she could not escape from her husband, whose vices, if apparently less criminal than McSheen's, were not less black. His capacity for spending money was something she had never dreamed of, and, like the horse-leech's daughter, he continually called for more, until after a furious scene, his wife awoke to her power, and already half beggared, suddenly shut her purse as her heart had been long shut against him, and bade him go. From this time her power over him was greater than it had ever been before; but

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unless rumor belied them desperately, they lived a life of cat and dog with all that it implied, until finally Pushkin was driven out, and after hanging about for a few years died, as I learned, while his wife was off in Europe, and, strangely enough, died in the house of my old drummer Loewen, who, for the sake of his father's memory, forgot his injury and befriended him in his last days.

Peck continued, to outward appearance, a prosperous lawyer. Rumor dealt somewhat freely with his domestic affairs, but I never knew the facts, and rumor is often as great a liar almost as—I had nearly said as Peck, but that would be impossible. My last personal experience of him was in the case of Mr. Leigh's suit to keep control of his railway. In the final suit involving the straightening out of all matters connected with the attempt of the Argand Estate to get control of this property, I was retained as junior counsel along with my kinsman, Mr. Glave, and other counsel, representing Mr. Leigh's and his associates' interest. Peck appeared in the case as one of the representatives of a small alleged interest held by his father-in-law, Mr. Poole, which, as turned out on the final decision of the cause, had no value whatever. This having been decided, Peck, who was not without energy, at least where money was concerned, brought forward a claim for compensation to be allowed him out of the fund, and when this also was decided against him, he sought and secured a conference with our counsel, at which I was present. The contention which he set forth was based upon an equitable claim, as he termed it, to compensation for expenses and professional services expended under color of title, and if the facts he stated had been so, he might have been entitled equitably to some allowance. I had satisfied myself that his claims were without a shadow of foundation, yet he had the nerve, when he concluded his argument, or rather his personal appeal to our counsel, to turn to me for corroboration of his statement.

"I admit, gentlemen," he said, "that these facts rest largely on my personal assurances, and, unfortunately, I am not known personally to most of you, though I trust that my professional standing where I am known may be accepted as a guarantee of my statements; but happily, there is one of you to whom I can refer with confidence, my old college mate and valued friend, Henry Glave. I might almost term him my former partner, so closely were we associated in the days when we were both struggling young attorneys, living in adjoining offices—I might, indeed, almost say the same office. He, I feel quite sure, will corroborate every statement I have made, at least so far as he knows the facts, and even where they rest wholly on my declaration, I feel sure of his endorsement, for he knows that I would cut off my right hand and have my tongue torn from its roots, before I would utter an untruth in any matter whatsoever; and least of all, where so paltry a thing as money is concerned. I appeal to Henry Glave."

He sat down with his eyes fixed blandly on me. I was so taken aback that I scarcely knew what to say. The smoothness of his words and the confidence of his manner had evidently made an impression on the others. They had, indeed, almost influenced me, but suddenly a whole train of reflection swept through my mind. Peck's duplicity from his earliest appearance in Wolffert's room at college down to the present, with my two old clients, the Miss Tippses, at the end, deceived and robbed by Collis McSheen, with Peck, as the facile instrument, worming himself into their confidence for what he called so paltry a thing as money, all came clearly to my mind. I stood up slowly, for I was thinking hard; but my duty appeared clear.

I regretted, I said, that Mr. Peck had appealed to me and to my long acquaintance with him, for it made my position a painful one; but as he had cited me as a witness, I felt that my duty was plain, and this was to state the facts. In my judgment, Mr. Peck was not entitled to any compensation whatever, as the evidence, so far as it existed outside of Mr. Peck's statements, was contrary to his contention, and so far as it rested on his personal testimony, I considered it as nothing, for I would not believe one word he said where his personal interest was concerned.

"And now," I added, "if Mr. Peck wishes me to give the grounds on which this opinion of mine is based, either orally or in writing, I will do so."

I paused, with my gaze fastened on him, and with a sudden settling in their seats, the other counsel also turned their eyes on

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him. His face had suddenly blanched, but beyond this, his expression did not change. He sat for a few seconds rather limply, and then slowly rose.

"I am astonished," he began slowly, and his voice faltered. "I am surprised, gentlemen, that Mr. Glave should think such things of me." He took out his watch, fumblingly, and glanced at it. It was the same watch he had got of me. "I see I must ask you to excuse me. I must catch my train," he stammered. "Good morning," and he put on his hat and slunk out of the door.

As the door closed every one drew a long breath and settled in his seat, and nearly every one said, "Well."

My kinsman, whose eyes had been resting on me with a somewhat unwonted twinkle in them, reached across the board and extended his large hand.

"Well, young man, you and I had a misunderstanding a few years ago, but I hope you bear me no grudge for it now. I should like to be friends with you. If you had needed it, you would have squared all accounts to-day. I know that man. He is the greatest liar on earth. He has lost the power to tell the truth."

It may well be believed that I had gripped his hand when he first held it out, and the grip was one of a friendship that has lasted.

I had expected to hear from Peck, but no word came from him, and the last I ever heard of him was that he and McSheen had had a quarrel, in which McSheen had kicked him out of his office. A suit appeared on the docket against McSheen, in which Peck was the plaintiff, but no declaration was ever filed, and the case was finally dropped from the docket.

Jeams failed to hold long the position of butler in our modest household, for though my wife put up—on my account, as I believe—with Jeams's occasionally marked unsteadiness of gait or mushiness of utterance, she finally broke with him on discovering that Dix showed unmistakable signs of a recent conflict, in which the fact that he had been worsted had possibly something to do with Jeams's discharge, for Dix was the idol of her heart, and it came to her ears that Jeams had taken Dix out one night and matched him against the champion of the town. But though Jeams lost the post of butler, he simply reverted to his old position of factotum and general utility man about my premises. His marriage to a very decent woman, though according to rumor with a termagant's tongue, helped to keep him reasonably straight, though not uniformly so; for one afternoon my wife and I came across him when he showed that degree of delightful pomposity which was the unmistakable sign of his being "half-shot."

"Jeams," I said, when I had cut short his grandiloquence, "what will Eliza say to you when she finds you this way again?"

Jeams straightened himself and assumed his most dignified air. "My wife, sir, knows better than to take me to task. She recognizes me, sir, as a gentleman."

"She does? You wait and see when you get home."

Jeams's manner suddenly changed. He sank back into his half-drivelling self. "Oh, she ain't gwine to say nothin' to me, Marse Hen. She ain't gwine to say no more than Miss Nelly there says to you when you gets this way. What does she say to you?"

"She doesn't say anything to me. She has no occasion to do so."

Jeams twisted his head to one side and burst into a drunken laugh. "Oh! Yes, she do. I've done heard her. Eliza, she regalates me, and Miss Nelly, she regalates you, an' I reckon we both knows it, and we better know it, too."

And this was the fact. As usual, Jeams had struck the mark.

As for John Marvel, he remained the same old John—plodding, quiet, persistent, patient, zealous, cheery and self-sacrificing, working among the poor with an unfaltering trust in human nature which no shocks could shake, because deep down in the untroubled depths of his soul lay an unfaltering trust in the Divine Goodness and wisdom of God. He had been called to a larger and quite important church, but after a few days of consideration he, against the earnest wishes and advice of his friends, myself among them, declined the call. He assigned among other reasons the fact that he was expected to work to pay off the debt for which the church was somewhat noted, and he knew nothing about business, his duty was to preach the gospel, but when friends made it plain that the debt would be taken care of if he became the rector, he

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still shook his head. His work was among the poor and he could not leave them.

My wife and I went out to his church the Sunday evening following his decision, and as we strolled along through the well-known squalid streets, I could not help expressing my disappointment that after all our work he should have rejected the offer.

"He is really the most unpractical man on earth," I fumed. "Here we have gotten him a good call to a church that many a man would jump at, and when he finds a difficulty in the way, we work until we have removed it and yet he rejects it. He will remain an assistant to the end of his days." My wife made no reply, a sure sign that she did not agree with me, but did not care to discuss the matter.

When we arrived we found the little church packed to suffocation and men leaning in at the windows. Among them I recognized the tall form of my old Drummer. As we joined the group, John Marvel's voice clear and strong, came floating out through the open windows.

He was giving out a hymn.

> "One sweetly solemn thought
> Comes to me o'er and o'er:
> I am nearer my home to-day
> Than I ever have been before."

The whole congregation joined in, those without the church as well as those who were within.

As I heard the deep bass of the old Drummer, rolling in a low, solemn undertone, a sudden shifting of the scene came to me. I was in a great auditorium filled with light, and packed with humanity rising tier on tier and stretching far back till lost in the maze of distances. A grand orchestra, banked before me with swaying arms and earnest faces, played a wonderful harmony which rolled about me like the sea and whelmed me with its volume till I was almost swept away by the tide, then suddenly down under its sweep I found the low deep roll of the bass drum. No one appeared to mark it. Nor did the big Drummer pay any heed to the audience. All he minded was the harmony and his drum. But I knew that, unmarked and unheeded, it set athrob the pulsing air and stirred the billows through which all that divine music reached and held the soul.

As we walked home that night after pressing our way into the throng of poor people to wring John Marvel's hand, I said, after a struggle with myself to say it:

"I think I was wrong about John, and you were right. He did right. He is well named the Assistant."

My wife said simply: "I feel that I owe him everything." She slipped her hand in my arm, and a warm feeling for all mankind surged about my heart.

THE END

RENASCENCE

By Ada Foster Murray

WHITE are the ashes of old faiths' dead fruit;
The tree is withered, and the heedless throng
Has trampled down the fallen leafage long,
Yet mightier growths shall blossom from the root.
O master of the clarion and the lute—
The soft-voiced madrigal and battle song—
With one clear blast, imperious and strong,
Arouse the spirit, dormant now and mute!
Again the east burns with prophetic fire;
Lone watchers on the soul's high tower may see
The beauty of strange visions, the desire
Of the deep earth since it began to be,
And catch the strains of pagan flute and lyre
Exalted to a finer ecstasy.

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THE DRUM-BEAT OF THE TOWN

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE PAGES OF GEORGE WRIGHT'S "SKETCH-BOOK."

SHE was a scrub woman in a hospital, all day long on her knees, dragging after her a bucket and a brush as she moved about. Even this humble task was allowed her as a charity. She was not a figure to awaken interest, and the few friends she had were made for her by her baby, a chubby, healthy boy, who was growing up in happy ignorance of an unlovely present and a foreboding future. For the child's sake, after much effort a better home was found for the mother. It was on a farm, far from New York, in the heart of a neighboring State, but compared to her old condition, her new situation was one of affluence. She had what had never been hers before, a bright, clean room, all her own; food in plenty, steady employment with wages, and work that was as play beside the monotonous drudgery of the hospital. Above all, there was a brighter future for her child, for he was in the care of a kindly people. But the town called. Peace, shelter, and plenty were over-matched. And what had the town to offer her? To few a harder fate. Just without her kitchen window the orchard was white with blossoms, and beyond it the green fields rolled away to meet the sky. It was a fair prospect, but to her the city street was one fairer, and there was no music like the near clatter of the alley and the distant rumble of the avenue. For a time the mother in her resisted. It was not long though, and with her first month's wages in her hand she turned back to New York to be lost, with her child, among the myriads of the East Side.

She was just a city-bred woman, ignorant and illiterate, we know. Yet how many of us who boast our love of the fields and woods have not heard at times the irresistible call of the town? The same gross metal is in us all that feels the tug of the mighty magnet. They are few who could live like Thoreau by Walden Pond, contented to explore their own minds. We march indeed to the music of another drummer, and here in New York the drum beats faster than anywhere we know. It stirs the blood, and once you have heard it, once you have stepped to it, wherever you may go you will hear the long roll of it, distant but distinct.

Every great city has this mysterious drawing power in some degree, and it is as difficult to analyze as the fascination of smoking. In Europe we can often trace it to buildings which have a thousand stories to tell us or to quaint streets that our imaginations can readily people with the men of another age. Here there are no such elements in the equation. Yet New York gets in the blood. The senseless hurry of it—our critics always point out our lack of repose—the rush for wealth, the barbaric opulence, the obtrusive poverty—how often we hear them excoriated! And smiling we admit it all. We march to a quick drum-beat and perhaps to barren conquests. But there is something martial in our very noises; something of the fight in our stirring life.

Bigness is in itself fascinating. One man studies the wonders of an ant, while a thousand stand gaping at an elephant. In its way our city is the biggest in the world. London may cover twice its area and number twice its people, but it takes statistics to convince you, for standing in Ludgate Circus or Charing Cross, you might imagine yourself in the heart of any large city. It lies about you in two dimensions, and the rumble of its wood-paved streets is reduced to the monotony of the plane. Here we look up as well as around. The third dimension gives us a sense of overpowering bigness. The clang of the rivetting machine comes down from the sky to tell us that the heavens themselves are being conquered.

The Frenchman boasts his Paris and its fascination; the Englishman his London; and together they view our city with lofty condescension. When I asked a French friend what he thought of our sky-

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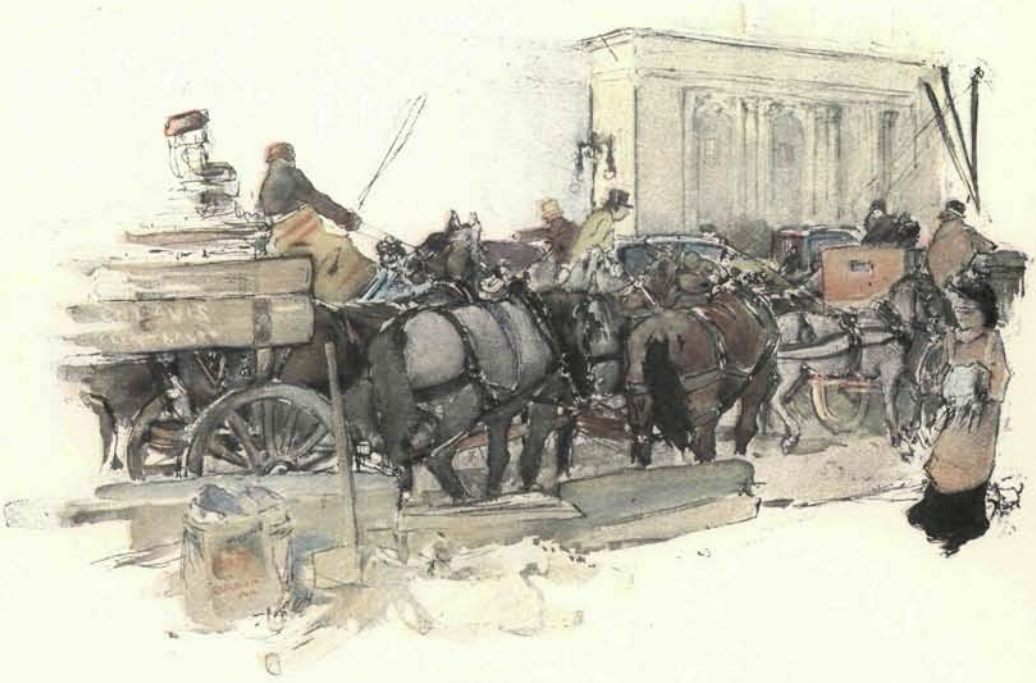

Fifth Avenue.

scrapers, a question akin to remarks about the weather, his reply was an expressive shudder. But he was a supersensitive person who criticised the lines of my chair on which he was sitting, from which I drew that only a people who could be comfortable on Grand Rapids furniture could be capable of such monstrous structures. Far from arousing him to any appreciation of the city, I could bring from him only denunciations of its barbaric noises, its barbaric architecture, its barbaric luxury. So, too, I strove patriotically, while journeying from Marseilles to Paris a winter ago, to drag a few words of commendation from the pleasant old Englishman who had the window seat opposite mine. He was a Londoner, bound for Algiers for a fortnight stay —to get warm, I suspected. When he had put his boxes and his luncheon basket on the rack and had wrapped himself in his rug, he made my acquaintance with a pleasant remark on the superiority of the European train service over the American. He had been in America, but his visit must have been a great condescension. Driven to the defensive, I compared the gloom and gray of London with our bright skies and brilliant coloring; the widespread monotony of London with our interwoven variety. He smiled amiably as though he were listening to the babble of a child. To the untutored and the unthoughtful New York might have a fascination as a sublime manifestation of restless and resistless force, but for him it was too noisy, too energetic, too motley. Indeed of all our American cities but one had appealed to him at all, had left on his mind any lasting impression, had seemed to be the abode of a people who had found themselves and learned contentment. Boston, of course, I suggested. No. He had stopped over trains in Harrisburg.

The scissors man.

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Some café types.

"And I was especially fortunate in having an opportunity to see your parliament in session," he said.

Happy in that illusion he had thoroughly enjoyed his few hours in the little city, because it was completed, and it seemed to him that its people had settled down to live. In New York he stood bewildered in the hurry. No one was settled or had any idea of ever being settled; the very amusements were taken in a mad rush like the luncheons, as a stimulus for overworked brains and bodies. We were pioneers, he said, working in a wilderness of steel and stone, and would never be a finished people until we had completed what we had begun and paused a while for breath. With that my finished Englishman lost himself to me for a while in the pages of a French novel. With him the haunting chord had fallen on deaf ears.

The human mind is voracious. For sixteen hours a day it is demanding food, grinding up impressions. Work satisfies it best, but when the hour comes for recreation most of us do not seek for solid nourishment. We are content with the lighter things the eye can serve. We enjoy travel because the changing scenes easily satisfy our mental hunger. We demand variety. What makes a journey across our continent comparatively uninteresting is the sameness of the land and people. Abroad every few miles gives a change. The very old things are new to us, and we can sit a whole morning in some ancient ruin, knowing of it only the little our guide-book tells us. Through foreign streets we can wander by the hour, unwearied, for at every turn we come upon

Types.

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Drawn by George Wright.

On an East Side street.

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the new and the unfamiliar. But few of us travel intelligently and get beneath the surface of what we see. We are simply moving-picture machines and bring home stored in our memory hardly more than a mental post-card album. There is that friend whom I met in Rome last winter. He descanted with enthusiasm on the charms of the Eternal City. Inquiry brought forth the fact that he spent every morning over coffee in the Corso and every afternoon at tea in the Pincio. The day before he left he visited the Palatine hill for the first time, and found it only an intricate system of wearying steps. Yet he is going back to Rome because its streets never failed to interest him. And so we all go, again and again, like children to the pages of the same picture-book.

Vaudeville artists.

The simple mind of the scrub woman is easily understood. She soon wearied of the quiet scene which was framed by her kitchen window, and hungered for new impressions. She longed for the kaleidoscope of the alley and the avenue, though the part she had to play there was so humble we wonder she did not shrink from it with shame. If only in the evening she could see the city's life, she would drag over the floor on her knees all day long. Poverty denied her those pleasures we hold high because of their cost. Her melodrama must be a fire-engine tearing along the street; her romance, a walk on Fifth Avenue on a sunny day. To those who are more discerning and whose opportunities are broader, how much deeper, then, comes the spirit of the town! In it we may move unconsciously; away from it we hear the distant music and our feet tingle to be in the dance once more.

An English writer in one of those staid and quiet essays which occasionally enliven the pages of the *Times* dwells affectionately on the drawing power of London, "the city of a thousand potent memories." He meets the unexpected at every turn; he walks in quiet streets and in the shadows of old buildings endeared to him by the great men whose spirits seem still to lurk there. Go where he will in London he never exhausts its possibilities. In New York he finds variety, romance, and splendor, but all catalogued—the picturesque on the East Side, tradition in the lower town, splendor on Fifth Avenue. It is true that New York has few potent memories. She is too young. Necessity has effaced her

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Drawn by George Wright.

The majesty of the law.

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More snow.

landmarks. But memories are potent to only the fortunate few, for the many know just the little hemmed in by their own experience. The few may wander in the quiet of the Temple where the shade of Lamb seems near them, while the many will seek the gayety of Piccadilly, with its thronged pavements, its brilliant shops, its hotels, clubs, and stately mansions, scenes hallowed to them far less by their past than by their present fashion. To some of us the bit of the old town that remains on lower Fifth Avenue has a peculiar charm. In our fancy we still see the dreaming book-

Along the water front.

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Under the elevated.

keeper wandering here of an evening while the faithful Prue sits home knitting; see him watching the brownstone house over the way, waiting to behold the lovely Aurelia come forth to her waiting carriage. Those quiet blocks, now isolated, making a last stand against encroaching trade have a subtle hold on you and on me; but as we linger here hundreds will hurry by us, seeking the opulent splendor to the northward, drawn thither by forces more widely potent. As the Parisian leaves the haunted regions of Notre Dame for the brighter boulevards, so we find endless enjoyment in the life of the avenue. And to the urban mind is there any place more satisfying on a bright spring day? We own the wistfulness in the soft gray of London, the fascination of its antiquity and its very griminess. There we ramble. Here the sky is bluer

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On the stage of a Bowery theatre.

and the sun more smiling. Studying the architecture in detail we may shudder at it; lament its lack of concord; rail at Greek temples poised high in the air, at the Gothic hand in glove with the Colonial, at modest brownstone dwellings cowering beneath precipitous walls, quiet homes jostled by mighty shops. It is a motley of brick and stone, but the lights are multiplied and magnified. The air seems charged with the energy of youth. Our steps are quickened. No gray old buildings turn us aside to linger with the past. Indeed, it is hard to imagine the avenue ever growing old. Let the first wrinkles of age creep in, and we are at them to smooth them out. The

Comedians.

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clang of the drill and rivetter resounds throughout its length. It will never be allowed to doze, to settle down, to be hoary and wizened. Nor can we think of it ever becoming hallowed by memories. Not here alone, but everywhere, the moderns build on very commercial foundations and do not seem to be rearing monuments to delight posterity, and though the Flatiron brave the storms of a hundred winters we can hardly picture our grandchildren standing reverently in its shadow. They will hurry on, as we do to-day, over a still lordlier length of street, finding its fascination not in its past but in its present, beating quick with life. Is it not by this that a city's magnetic power is measured for the many?

That we have no antiquities to add interest to our streets, we own. The lack of them, we deplore. Lacking them has but made our appreciation keener when we come upon them in foreign lands, so keen that the avidity with which we search them out has made us the butt of blasé witticism.

"You Americans do so love a ruin," my English traveller said to me in that gracious way that only the English traveller can assume.

This was his reply to my mild suggestion that he might find the charm of Algiers in the Roman ruins. His answer was terse, but not enigmatic. He was a finished, settled man, and ruins had always been a part of his environment. He was accustomed to them and accepted them without effort. To hunt deliberately for a ruin was a confession of a craving unsatisfied, of poverty. In going to Algiers he would find his pleasure in sitting beneath the palm and fig-tree and revelling in the varying color of the land and town. Soon he would feel his London tugging at his heart, hear it calling, not from the shadows of its past, but from its present, from its brilliant streets, its shops, its theatres, and clubs. And so New York calls to those who know it.

We have variety. We have the picturesque. We have even some scattered fragments of tradition. Yet there are many who walk our streets with eyes open and see nothing. They move between high walls pierced with numberless windows, and the crowd which sweeps around them is as monotonous as a swiftly flowing stream. They never get step with the music of the town. But he whose eyes are quick can travel far within the circuit of the rivers; he can visit many lands and talk with many strange peoples. The unexpected does give interest to the streets, and he will meet it here at every turn. He will find the picturesque in the squalor of the East Side, but not there alone. He will come upon it on the broad reaches of the water front, in the respectable somnolence of Gramercy Park, and amid the splendor of the avenue. His interest once whetted will never be dulled. There may be moments when he will read sympathetically of "festering piles of brick and stone," of garish wealth and obtrusive poverty, and will gladly seek the quiet of fields and woods. But soon he will hear the distant notes of the city's fanfare, the clatter of the alley, and the rumble of the avenue. He will turn back. Smiling, he will drink deep draughts of the salt vapors of the Jersey meadows, and smiling he will look away over the dark river to that mysterious shore where the lights of the lower city rise bewilderingly to mingle with the stars.

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WHAT IS A COLLEGE FOR?

By Woodrow Wilson

President of Princeton University

IT may seem singular that at this time of day and in this confident century it should be necessary to ask, What is a college for? But it has become necessary. I take it for granted that there are few real doubts concerning the question in the minds of those who look at the college from the inside and have made themselves responsible for the realization of its serious purposes; but there are many divergent opinions held concerning it by those who, standing on the outside, have pondered the uses of the college in the life of the country; and their many varieties of opinion may very well have created a confusion of counsel in the public mind.

They are, of course, entirely entitled to their independent opinions and have a right to expect that full consideration will be given what they say by those who are in fact responsible. The college is for the use of the nation, not for the satisfaction of those who administer it or for the carrying out of their private views. They may speak as experts and with a very intimate knowledge, but they also speak as servants of the country and must be challenged to give reasons for the convictions they entertain. Controversy, it may be, is not profitable in such matters, because it is so easy, in the face of opposition, to become a partisan of one's own views and exaggerate them in seeking to vindicate and establish them; but an explicit profession of faith cannot fail to clear the air, and to assist the thinking both of those who are responsible and of those who only look on and seek to make serviceable comment.

Why, then, should a man send his son to college when school is finished; or why should he advise any youngster in whom he is interested to go to college? What does he expect and desire him to get there? The question might be carried back and asked with regard to the higher schools also to which lads resort for preparation for college. What are they meant to get there? But it will suffice to centre the question on the college. What should a lad go to college for,—for work, for the realization of a definite aim, for discipline and a severe training of his faculties, or for relaxation, for the release and exercise of his social powers, for the broadening effects of life in a sort of miniature world in which study is only one among many interests? That is not the only alternative suggested by recent discussions. They also suggest a sharp alternative with regard to the character of the study the college student should undertake. Should he seek at college a general discipline of his faculties, a general awakening to the issues and interests of the modern world, or should he, rather, seek specially and definitely to prepare himself for the work he expects to do after he leaves college, for his support and advancement in the world? The two alternatives are very different. The one asks whether the lad does not get as good a preparation for modern life by being manager of a foot-ball team with a complicated programme of intercollegiate games and trips away from home as by becoming proficient in mathe-

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matics or in history and mastering the abstract tasks of the mind; the other asks whether he is not better prepared by being given the special skill and training of a particular calling or profession, an immediate drill in the work he is to do after he graduates, than by being made a master of his own mind in the more general fields of knowledge to which his subsequent calling will be related, in all probability, only as every undertaking is related to the general thought and experience of the world.

"Learning" is not involved. No one has ever dreamed of imparting learning to undergraduates. It cannot be done in four years. To become a man of learning is the enterprise of a life-time. The issue does not rise to that high ground. The question is merely this: do we wish college to be, first of all and chiefly, a place of mental discipline or only a school of general experience; and, if we wish it to be a place of mental discipline, of what sort do we wish the discipline to be,—a general awakening and release of the faculties, or a preliminary initiation into the drill of a particular vocation?

These are questions which go to the root of the matter. They admit of no simple and confident answer. Their roots spring out of life and all its varied sources. To reply to them, therefore, involves an examination of modern life and an assessment of the part an educated man ought to play in it,—an analysis which no man may attempt with perfect self-confidence. The life of our day is a very complex thing which no man can pretend to comprehend in its entirety.

But some things are obvious enough concerning it. There is an uncommon challenge to effort in the modern world, and all the achievements to which it challenges are uncommonly difficult. Individuals are yoked together in modern enterprise by a harness which is both new and inelastic. The man who understands only some single process, some single piece of work which he has been set to do, will never do anything else, and is apt to be deprived at almost any moment of the opportunity to do even that, because processes change, industry undergoes instant revolutions. New inventions, fresh discoveries, alterations in the markets of the world throw accustomed methods and the men who are accustomed to them out of date and use without pause or pity. The man of special skill may be changed into an unskilled laborer over night. Moreover, it is a day in which no enterprise stands alone or independent, but is related to every other and feels changes in all parts of the globe. The men with mere skill, with mere technical knowledge, will be mere servants perpetually, and may at any time become useless servants, their skill gone out of use and fashion. The particular thing they do may become unnecessary or may be so changed that they cannot comprehend or adjust themselves to the change.

These, then, are the things the modern world must have in its trained men, and I do not know where else it is to get them if not from its educated men and the occasional self-developed genius of an exceptional man here and there. It needs, at the top, not a few, but many men with the power to organize and guide. The college is meant to stimulate in a considerable number of men what would be stimulated in only a few if we were to depend entirely upon nature and circumstance. Below the ranks of generalship and guidance, the modern world needs for the execution of its varied and difficult business a very much larger number of men with great capacity and readiness for the rapid and concentrated exertion of a whole series of faculties: planning faculties as well as technical skill, the ability to handle men as well as to handle tools and correct processes, faculties of adjustment and adaptation as well as of precise execution,—men of resource as well as knowledge. These are the athletes, the athletes of faculty, of which our generation most stands in need. All through its ranks, besides, it needs masterful men who can acquire a working knowledge of many things readily, quickly, intelligently, and with exactness,—things they had not foreseen or prepared themselves for beforehand, and for which they could not have prepared themselves beforehand. Quick apprehension, quick comprehension, quick action are what modern life puts a premium upon,—a readiness to turn this way or that and not lose force or momentum.

To me, then, the question seems to be, Shall the lad who goes to college go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a servant merely, a servant who will be nobody and who may become useless, or shall he go there for the purpose of getting ready

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to be a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity?

We must expect hewers of wood and drawers of water to come out of the colleges in their due proportion, of course, but I take it for granted that even the least gifted of them did not go to college with the ambition to be nothing more. And yet one has hardly made the statement before he begins to doubt whether he can safely take anything for granted. Part of the very question we are discussing is the ambition with which young men now go to college. It is a day when a college course has become fashionable,—but not for the purpose of learning, not for the purpose of obtaining a definite preparation for anything,—no such purpose could become *fashionable*. The clientage of our colleges has greatly changed since the time when most of the young men who resorted to them did so with a view to entering one or other of the learned professions. Young men who expect to go into business of one kind or another now outnumber among our undergraduates those who expect to make some sort of learning the basis of their work throughout life; and I dare say that they generally go to college without having made any very definite analysis of their aim and purpose in going. Their parents seem to have made as little.

The enormous increase of wealth in the country in recent years, too, has had its effect upon the colleges,—not in the way that might have been expected,—not, as yet, by changing the standard of life to any very noticeable extent or introducing luxury and extravagance and vicious indulgence. College undergraduates have usually the freshness of youth about them, out of which there springs a wholesome simplicity, and it is not easy to spoil them or to destroy their natural democracy. They make a life of their own and insist upon the maintenance of its standards. But the increase of wealth has brought into the colleges, in rapidly augmenting numbers, the sons of very rich men, and lads who expect to inherit wealth are not as easily stimulated to effort, are not as apt to form definite and serious purposes, as those who know that they must whet their wits for the struggle of life.

There was a time when the mere possession of wealth conferred distinction; and when wealth confers distinction it is apt to breed a sort of consciousness of opportunity and responsibility in those who possess it and incline them to seek serious achievement. But that time is long past in America. Wealth is common. And, by the same token, the position of the lad who is to inherit it is a peculiarly disadvantageous one, if the standard of success is to rise above mediocrity. Wealth removes the necessity for effort, and yet effort is necessary for the attainment of distinction, and very great effort at that, in the modern world, as I have already pointed out. It would look as if the ordinary lad with expectations were foredoomed to obscurity; for the ordinary lad will not exert himself unless he must.

We live in an age in which no achievement is to be cheaply had. All the cheap achievements, open to amateurs, are exhausted and have become commonplace. Adventure, for example, is no longer extraordinary: which is another way of saying that it is commonplace. Any amateur may seek and find adventure; but it has been sought and had in all its kinds. Restless men, idle men, chivalrous men, men drawn on by mere curiosity and men drawn on by love of the knowledge that lies outside books and laboratories, have crossed the whole face of the habitable globe in search of it, ferreting it out in corners even, following its bypaths and beating its coverts, and it is nowhere any longer a novelty or distinction to have discovered and enjoyed it. The whole round of pleasure, moreover, has been exhausted time out of mind, and most of it discredited as not pleasure after all, but just an expensive counterfeit; so that many rich people have been driven to devote themselves to expense regardless of pleasure. No new pleasure, I am credibly informed, has been invented within the memory of man. For every genuine thrill and satisfaction, therefore, we are apparently, in this sophisticated world, shut in to work, to modifying and quickening the life of the age. If college be one of the highways to life and achievement, it must be one of the highways to work.

The man who comes out of college into the modern world must, therefore, have got out of it, if he has not wasted four vitally significant years of his life, a quickening and a training which will make him in some

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degree a master among men. If he has got less, college was not worth his while. To have made it worth his while he must have got such a preparation and development of his faculties as will give him movement as well as mere mechanical efficiency in affairs complex, difficult, and subject to change. The word efficiency has in our day the power to think at the centre of it, the power of independent movement and initiative. It is not merely the suitability to be a good tool, it is the power to wield tools, and among the tools are men and circumstances and changing processes of industry, changing phases of life itself. There should be technical schools a great many and the technical schools of America should be among the best in the world. The men they train are indispensable. The modern world needs more tools than managers, more workmen than master workmen. But even the technical schools must have some thought of mastery and adaptability in their processes; and the colleges, which are not technical schools, should think of that chiefly. We must distinguish what the college is for, without disparaging any other school, of any other kind. It is for the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks.

That is what a college is for. What it does, what it requires of its undergraduates and of its teachers, should be adjusted to that conception. The very statement of the object, which must be plain to all who make any distinction at all between a college and a technical school, makes it evident that the college must subject its men to a general intellectual training which will be narrowed to no one point of view, to no one vocation or calling. It must release and quicken as many faculties of the mind as possible,—and not only release and quicken them but discipline and strengthen them also by putting them to the test of systematic labor. Work, definite, exacting, long continued, but not narrow or petty or merely rule of thumb, must be its law of life for those who would pass its gates and go out with its authentication.

By a general training I do not mean vague spaces of study, miscellaneous fields of reading, a varied smattering of a score of subjects and the thorough digestion of none. The field of modern knowledge is extremely wide and varied. After a certain number of really fundamental subjects have been studied in the schools, the college undergraduate must be offered a choice of the route he will travel in carrying his studies further. He cannot be shown the whole body of knowledge within a single curriculum. There is no longer any single highway of learning. The roads that traverse its vast and crowded spaces are not even parallel, and four years is too short a time in which to search them all out. But there is a general programme still possible by which the college student can be made acquainted with the field of modern learning by sample, by which he can be subjected to the several kinds of mental discipline,—in philosophy, in some one of the great sciences, in some one of the great languages which carry the thought of the world, in history and in politics, which is its framework,—which will give him valid naturalization as a citizen of the world of thought, the world of educated men,—and no smatterer merely, able barely to spell its constitution out, but a man who has really comprehended and made use of its chief intellectual processes and is ready to lay his mind alongside its tasks with some confidence that he can master them and can understand why and how they are to be performed. This is the general training which should be characteristic of the college, and the men who undergo it ought to be made to undergo it with deep seriousness and diligent labor; not as soft amateurs with whom learning and its thorough tasks are side interests merely, but as those who approach life with the intention of becoming professionals in its fields of achievement.

Just now, where this is attempted, it seems to fail of success. College men, it is said, and often said with truth, come out undisciplined, untrained, unfitted for what they are about to undertake. It is argued therefore, that what they should have been given was special vocational instruction; that if they had had that they would have been interested in their work while they were undergraduates, would have taken it more seriously, and would have come out of college ready to be used, as they now cannot be. No doubt that is to be preferred to a scattered and aimless choice of studies, and no doubt what the colleges offer is miscellaneous and aimless enough in many cases; but, at best, these are very hopeful assumptions on the part of those

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who would convert our colleges into vocational schools. They are generally put forward by persons who do not know how college life and work are now organized and conducted. I do not wonder that they know little of what has happened. The whole thing is of very recent development, at any rate in its elaborate complexity. It is a growth, as we now see it, of the last ten or twelve years; and even recent graduates of our colleges would rub their eyes incredulously to see it if they were to stand again on the inside and look at it intimately.

What has happened is, in general terms, this: that the work of the college, the work of its classrooms and laboratories, has become the merely formal and compulsory side of its life, and that a score of other things, lumped under the term "undergraduate activities," have become the vital, spontaneous, absorbing realities for nine out of every ten men who go to college. These activities embrace social, athletic, dramatic, musical, literary, religious, and professional organizations of every kind, besides many organized for mere amusement and some, of great use and dignity, which seek to exercise a general oversight and sensible direction of college ways and customs. Those which consume the most time, are, of course, the athletic, dramatic, and musical clubs, whose practices, rehearsals, games, and performances fill the term time and the brief vacations alike. But it is the social organizations into which the thought, the energy, the initiative, the enthusiasm of the largest number of men go, and go in lavish measure.

The chief of these social organizations are residential families,—fraternities, clubs, groups of house-mates of one kind or another,—in which, naturally enough, all the undergraduate interests, all the undergraduate activities of the college have their vital centre. The natural history of their origin and development is very interesting. They grew up very normally. They were necessary because of what the college did not do.

Every college in America, at any rate every college outside a city, has tried to provide living rooms for its undergraduates, dormitories in which they can live and sleep and do their work outside the classroom and the laboratory. Very few colleges whose numbers have grown rapidly have been able to supply dormitories enough for all their students, and some have deliberately abandoned the attempt, but in many of them a very considerable proportion of the undergraduates live on the campus, in college buildings. It is a very wholesome thing that they should live thus under the direct influence of the daily life of such a place and, at least in legal theory, under the authority of the university of which the college forms a principal part. But the connection between the dormitory life and the real life of the university, its intellectual tasks and disciplines, its outlook upon the greater world of thought and action which lies beyond, far beyond, the boundaries of campus and classroom, is very meagre and shadowy indeed. It is hardly more than atmospheric, and the atmosphere is very attenuated, perceptible only by the most sensitive.

Formerly, in more primitive, and I must say less desirable, days than these in which we have learned the full vigor of freedom, college tutors and proctors lived in the dormitories and exercised a precarious authority. The men were looked after in their rooms and made to keep hours and observe rules. But those days are happily gone by. The system failed of its object. The lads were mischievous and recalcitrant, those placed in authority over them generally young and unwise; and the rules were odious to those whom they were meant to restrain. There was the atmosphere of the boarding-school about the buildings, and of a boarding-school whose pupils had outgrown it. Life in college dormitories is much pleasanter now and much more orderly, because it is free and governed only by college opinion, which is a real, not a nominal, master. The men come and go as they please and have little consciousness of any connection with authority or with the governing influences of the university in their rooms, except that the university is their landlord and makes rules such as a landlord may make.

Formerly, in more primitive and less pleasant days, the college provided a refectory or "commons" where all undergraduates had their meals, a noisy family. It was part of the boarding-school life; and the average undergraduate had outgrown it as consciously as he had outgrown the futile discipline of the dormitory. Now

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nothing of the kind is attempted. Here and there, in connection with some large college which has found that the boarding-houses and restaurants of the town have been furnishing poor food at outrageous prices to those of its undergraduates who could not otherwise provide for themselves, will be found a great "commons," at which hundreds of men take their meals, amid the hurly-burly of numbers, without elegance or much comfort, but nevertheless at a well-spread table where the food is good and the prices moderate. The undergraduate may use it or not as he pleases. It is merely a great co-operative boarding-place, bearing not even a family resemblance to the antique "commons." It is one of the conveniences of the place. It has been provided by the university authorities, but it might have been provided in some other way and have been quite independent of them; and it is usually under undergraduate management.

Those who do not like the associations or the fare of such a place provide for themselves elsewhere, in clubs or otherwise,—generally in fraternity houses. At most colleges there is no such common boarding-place, and all must shift for themselves. It is this necessity in the one case and desire in the other that has created the chief complexity now observable in college life and which has been chiefly instrumental in bringing about that dissociation of undergraduate life from the deeper and more permanent influences of the university which has of recent years become so marked and so significant.

Fraternity chapters were once—and that not so very long ago—merely groups of undergraduates who had bound themselves together by the vows of various secret societies which had spread their branches among the colleges. They had their fraternity rooms, their places of meeting; they were distinguished by well known badges and formed little coteries distinguishable enough from the general body of undergraduates, as they wished to be; but in all ordinary matters they shared the common life of the place. The daily experiences of the college life they shared with their fellows of all kinds and all connections, in an easy democracy; their contacts were the common contacts of the classroom and the laboratory not only, but also of the boarding-house table and of all the usual undergraduate resorts. Members of the same fraternity were naturally enough inclined to associate chiefly with one another, and were often, much too often, inclined, in matters of college "politics," to act as a unit and in their own interest; but they did not live separately. They did not hold aloof or constitute themselves separate families, living apart in their own houses, in privacy. Now all that is changed. Every fraternity has its own house, equipped as a complete home. The fraternity houses will often be the most interesting and the most beautiful buildings a visitor will be shown when he visits the college. In them members take all their meals, in them they spend their leisure hours and often do their reading,—for each house has its library—and in them many of the members, as many as can be accommodated, have their sleeping rooms and live, because the college has not dormitories enough to lodge them or because they prefer lodging outside the dormitories. In colleges where there are no fraternities, clubs of one sort or another take their places, build homes of their own, enjoy a similar privacy and separateness, and constitute the centre of all that is most comfortable and interesting and attractive in undergraduate life.

I am pointing out this interesting and very important development, not for the purpose of criticising it, but merely to explain its natural history and the far-reaching results it has brought about. The college having determined, wisely enough, some generation or two ago, not to be any longer a boarding-school, has resolved itself into a mere teaching machine, with the necessary lecture rooms and laboratories attached and sometimes a few dormitories, which it regards as desirable but not indispensable, and has resigned into the hands of the undergraduates themselves the whole management of their life outside the class room; and not only its management but also the setting up of all its machinery of every kind,—as much as they please,—and the constitution of its whole environment, so that teachers and pupils are not members of one university body but constitute two bodies sharply distinguished,—and the undergraduate body the more highly organized and independent of

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the two. They parley with one another, but they do not live with one another, and it is much easier for the influence of the highly organized and very self-conscious undergraduate body to penetrate the faculty than it is for the influence of the faculty to permeate the undergraduates.

It was inevitable it should turn out so in the circumstances. I do not wonder that the consequences were not foreseen and that the whole development has crept upon us almost unawares. But the consequences have been very important and very far-reaching. It is easy now to see that if you leave undergraduates entirely to themselves, to organize their own lives while in college as they please,—and organize it in some way they must if thus cast adrift,—that life, and not the deeper interests of the university, will presently dominate their thoughts, their imaginations, their favorite purposes. And not only that. The work of administering this complex life, with all its organizations and independent interests, successfully absorbs the energies, the initiative, the planning and originating powers of the best men among the undergraduates. It is no small task. It would tax and absorb older men; and only the finer, more spirited, more attractive, more original and effective men are fitted for it or equal to it, where leadership goes by gifts of personality as well as by ability. The very men the teacher most desires to get hold of and to enlist in some enterprise of the mind, the very men it would most reward him to instruct and whose training would count for most in leadership outside of college, in the country at large, and for the promotion of every interest the nation has, the natural leaders and doers, are drawn off and monopolized by these necessary and engaging undergraduate undertakings. The born leaders and managers and originators are drafted off to "run the college" (it is in fact nothing less), and the classroom, the laboratory, the studious conference with instructors get only the residuum of their attention, only what can be spared of their energy—are secondary matters where they ought to come first. It is the organization that is at fault, not the persons who enter into it and are moulded by it. It cannot turn out otherwise in the circumstances. The side shows are so numerous, so diverting,—so important, if you will—that they have swallowed up the circus, and those who perform in the main tent must often whistle for their audiences, discouraged and humiliated.

Such is college life nowadays, and such its relation to college work and the all-important intellectual interests which the colleges are endowed and maintained to foster. I need not stop to argue that the main purposes of education cannot be successfully realized under such conditions. I need not stop to urge that the college was not and can never be intended for the uses it is now being put to. A young man can learn to become the manager of a foot-ball team or of a residential club, the leader of an orchestra or a glee club, the star of amateur theatricals, an oarsman or a chess player without putting himself to the trouble or his parents to the expense of four years at a college. These are innocent enough things for him to do and to learn, though hardly very important in the long run; they may, for all I know, make for efficiency in some of the simpler kinds of business; and no wise man who knows college lads would propose to shut them off from them or wish to discourage their interest in them. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, not only, but may make him a vicious boy as well. Amusement, athletic games, the zest of contest and competition, the challenge there is in most college activities to the instinct of initiative and the gifts of leadership and achievement,—all these are wholesome means of stimulation, which keep young men from going stale and turning to things that demoralize. But they should not assume the front of the stage where more serious and lasting interests are to be served. Men cannot be prepared by them for modern life.

The college is meant for a severer, more definite discipline than this: a discipline which will fit men for the contests and achievements of an age whose every task is conditioned upon some intelligent and effective use of the mind, upon some substantial knowledge, some special insight, some trained capacity, some penetration which comes from study, not from natural readiness or mere practical experience.

The side shows need not be abolished. They need not be cast out or even discredited. But they must be subordinated.

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They must be put in their natural place as diversions, and ousted from their present dignity and pre-eminence as occupations.

And this can be done without making of the college again a boarding-school. The characteristic of the boarding-school is that its pupils are in all things in tutelage, are under masters at every turn of their life, must do as they are bidden, not in the performance of their set tasks only, but also in all their comings and goings. It is this characteristic that made it impossible and undesirable to continue the life of the boarding-school into the college, where it is necessary that the pupil should begin to show his manhood and make his own career. No one who knows what wholesome and regulated freedom can do for young men ought ever to wish to hail them back to the days of childish discipline and restraint of which the college of our grandfathers was typical. But a new discipline is desirable, is absolutely necessary, if the college is to be recalled to its proper purpose, its bounden duty. It cannot perform its duty as it is now organized.

The fundamental thing to be accomplished in the new organization is, that, instead of being the heterogeneous congeries of petty organizations it now is, instead of being allowed to go to pieces in a score of fractions free to cast off from the whole as they please, it should be drawn together again into a single university family of which the teachers shall be as natural and as intimate members as the undergraduates. The "life" of the college should not be separated from its chief purposes and most essential objects, should not be contrasted with its duties and in rivalry with them. The two should be but two sides of one and the same thing; the association of men, young and old, for serious mental endeavor and also, in the intervals of work, for every wholesome sport and diversion. Undergraduate life should not be in rivalry and contrast with undergraduate duties: undergraduates should not be merely in attendance upon the college, but parts of it on every side of its life, very conscious and active parts. They should consciously live its whole life,—not under masters, as in school, and yet associated in some intimate daily fashion with their masters in learning: so that learning may not seem one thing and life another. The organizations whose objects lie outside study should be but parts of the whole, not set against it, but included within it.

All this can be accomplished by a comparatively simple change of organization which will make master and pupil members of the same free, self-governed family, upon natural terms of intimacy. But how it can be done is not our present interest. That is another story. It is our present purpose merely to be clear what a college is for. That, perhaps, I have now pointed out with sufficient explicitness. I have shown the incompatibility of the present social organization of our colleges with the realization of that purpose only to add emphasis to the statement of what that purpose is. Once get that clearly established in the mind of the country, and the means of realizing it will readily and quickly enough be found. The object of the college is intellectual discipline and moral enlightenment, and it is the immediate task of those who administer the colleges of the country to find the means and the organization by which that object can be attained. Education is a process and, like all other processes, has its proper means and machinery. It does not consist in courses of study. It consists of the vital assimilation of knowledge, and the mode of life, for the college as for the individual, is nine parts of the digestion.

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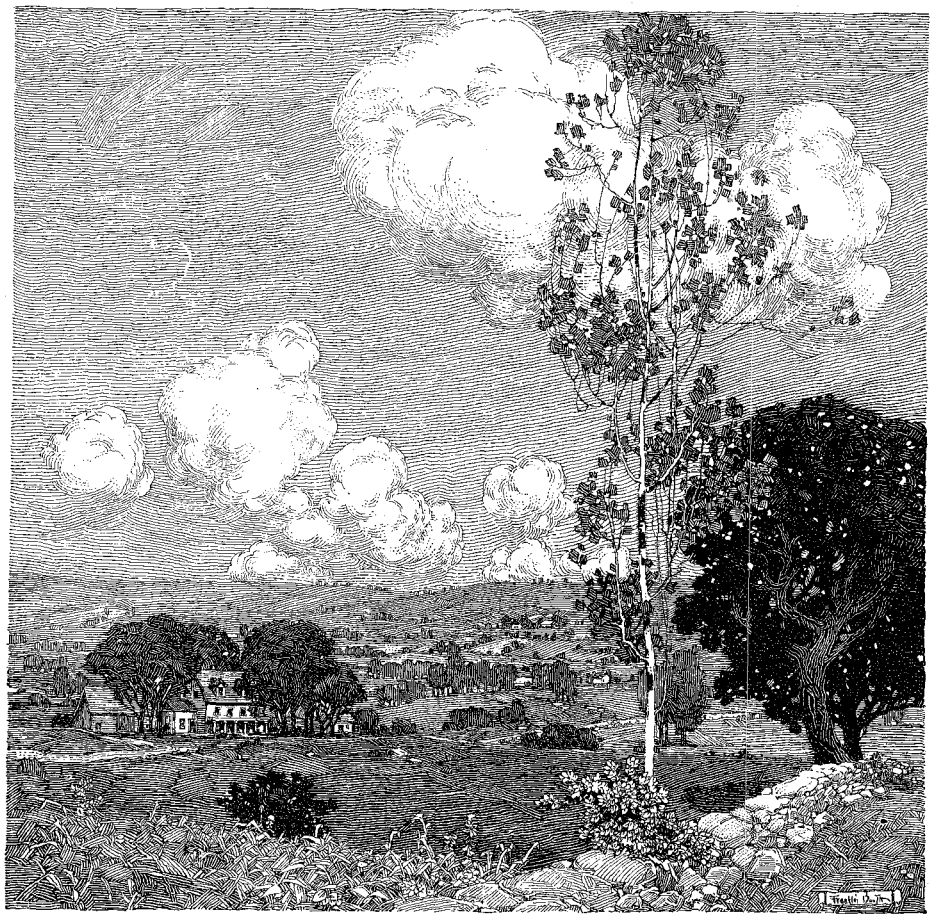

THE ANCESTRAL DWELLINGS

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANKLIN BOOTH

DEAR to my heart are the ancestral dwellings of America,
Dearer than if they were haunted by ghosts of old-world splendor;
These are the homes that were built by the brave beginners of a nation,
They are simple enough to be great, and full of a friendly dignity.

I love the old white farmhouses nestled in New England valleys,
Ample and long and low, with elm-trees bending above them:
Borders of box in the yard, and lilacs, and old-fashioned flowers,
A fanlight over the door, and little square panes in the windows,
The wood-shed piled with maple and birch and hickory ready for winter,
The gambrel-roof with its garret crowded with household relics—
All the tokens of prudent thrift and the spirit of self-reliance.

I love the look of the shingled houses that front the ocean;
Their backs are bowed, and their lichened sides are weather-beaten;
Soft in their color as gray pearls, they are full of patience and courage;
They seem to grow out of the rocks, there is something indomitable about them:

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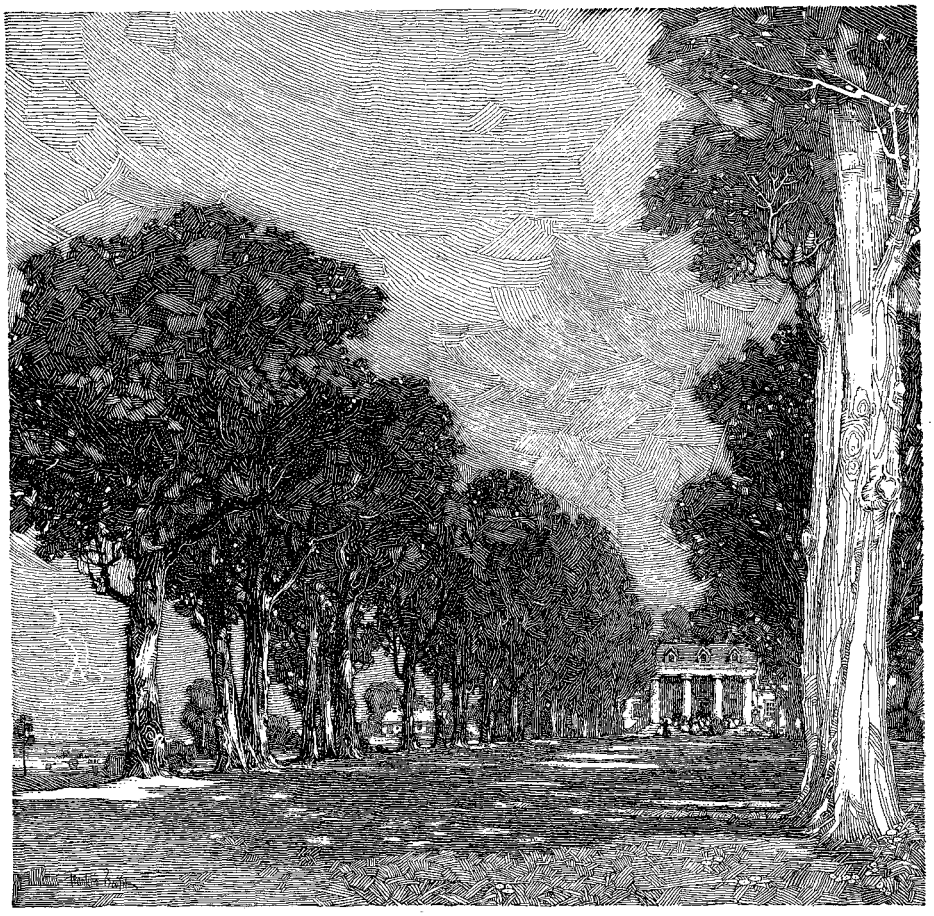

Facing the briny wind, in a lonely land they stand undaunted,
While the thin blue line of smoke from the square-built chimney rises,
Telling of shelter for man, with room for a hearth and a cradle.

I love the stately southern mansions with their tall white columns;
They look through avenues of trees, over fields where the cotton is growing;
I can see the flutter of white frocks along their shady porches,
Music and laughter float from the windows, the yards are full of hounds and horses;
They have all ridden away, yet the houses have not forgotten;
They are proud of their name and place, but their doors are always open,
For the thing they remember best is the pride of their ancient hospitality.

In the towns, I love the discreet and tranquil Quaker dwellings
With their demure brick faces and immaculate white-stone doorsteps;
And the gabled houses of the Dutch, with their high stoops and iron railings
(I can see their little brass knobs shining in the morning sunlight);
And the sober, reserved homes of the descendants of the Puritans,
Facing the street with swell-fronts and pointed dormer-windows;
And the triple-galleried, many-pillared mansions of Charleston,
Standing sideways in their gardens full of roses and magnolias.

Yes, they are all dear to my heart, and in my eyes they are beautiful;
For under their roofs were nourished the thoughts that have made the nation,
The glory and strength of America come from her ancestral dwellings.

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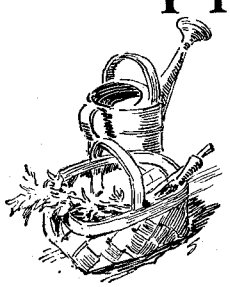
OUR EMANCIPATION

By Anne O'Hagan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



"HERE," cried Larry, stamping red and cold into the study where I sat crouched before the fireplace, grilled as to the face, chilled as to the shoulder-blades, "here is our passport to liberty."

I clutched at the legally folded paper. "A Bond for a Deed" it proclaimed itself in large black print surrounded by small explanatory script.

"O Larry!" I cried, in rapture a little tremulous from uncertainty, as a child's joy in beholding its first fairy might be tinctured by doubt. "Is it true? Is it really so? Have you sold the farm? Have you found at large a human being so imbecile as to buy it of you? Are you so lost to every sentiment of humanity, every stirring of conscience, as to sell it to the deluded fool?"

Larry heard me out—an unusual concession to courtesy. He stood looking down upon me, a proud, masterful smile upon his face.

"I have found that lunatic," he answered. "I have sold the farm." He spoke with the Cæsarian *veni-vidi-vici* ring. As for me, I arose and flung myself upon my husband, careless of the cold outdoor air that enveloped him like the aura of a particularly chilly set of mysticists.

"Larry, I adore you!" I told him fervently.

"That is, practically," Larry amended his statement as to the sale of Hillacres. My flattering words he heeded not at all. My arms fell limp at my sides.

"Oh, 'practically'!" I echoed in a voice flat from disappointment.

"It's all right," he asseverated warmly. "It's a sure sale. Why, you didn't suppose people went about buying land on sight, like women at a bargain counter?"

"We did," I murmured.

"Oh—we!" My husband's contempt for us was boundless. "But this is a sensible, practical business man from Hartford, not a sentimentalist smitten by a hill view." The contempt was all for me now. "Of course," he pursued, in the large manner of

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one who is himself a sensible, practical man and in sympathetic understanding with all such, "he wants to have the title examined. But he wants the place all right. His money is tied up in a mortgage until April, when it's due. The deeds will pass then. He's crazy to try fancy-sheep farming here —says the land's exactly right. He's so much in earnest that he's bound the bargain with a three-hundred-dollar deposit which he forfeits if he backs down. You wouldn't catch a wide-awake Connecticut Yankee planking down any such sum if he didn't want a thing and want it pretty blamed badly, too!"

That theory rang reasonable to my ears. Had I not lived among wide-awake Connecticut Yankees for three summers? So I nodded in convinced acquiescence, and while Larry divested himself of his overcoat and warmed his hands, I read over the "bond for the deed" whereby Laurence Saxton and Lemuel Guild each bound himself by a three-hundred-dollar penalty to a bargain to be consummated on the fifteenth of the next April.

"So!" I said finally, when I had folded the heavy paper and returned it to my husband. "So we're out of it at last!"

"We're free men again," he answered, locking the bond in the strong-box, while I piled more hickory on the fire, and turned my left side toward it.

"We needn't sit in the top gallery at the opera this winter because we have to save for fertilizer," I said.

"I can join the University Club—sha'n't want the money for a hay-loader," said Larry, pulling his chair close to the blaze.

"I can go back to Celestine for my good evening frock," quoth I, "since we sha'n't require the money for a stone-crusher."

"We can take an occasional cab on rainy nights," rejoiced my husband.

"There'll be no roof to mend—we can have the living-room in town done over," I carolled.

"No veterinary bill—that means a good many more books."

"I am going to Harry Hooper's gymnasium this winter—all the women are going there now," I announced. "I can afford it if we don't have to put up those chicken-houses."

Thus we antiphonally chanted our pæan of small blessings. Suddenly Larry exclaimed, with a larger brightening of his expression: "What goats we are, Phœbe! With our cabs and dinner-gowns and such odds and ends! Why, we can go to Greece and the Ægean Islands next spring. Remember how wild we were

"To the man who takes our folly off our hands—to the man who buys our farm!"—Page 583.

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about it when we read that fellow's book —what was his name?"

"Larry!" I shrilled. "Of course! His name was Marden. We'll have the money——"

"And the time! No spring ploughing, no spring planting, for me to oversee every blooming week-end!"

I arose in my excitement and, dragging Larry from his chair, waltzed him around the study and through the door into the big living-room. It was chilly. In late October we were conserving our wood and were sitting in the most readily heated small room in the house. Consequently the familiar aspect of the summer sitting-room was changed. It smote me with a sense of strangeness. Through all the tiny panes of the old windows that ran around three sides of the deserted apartment, the pale early moonlight of the autumn evening streamed. The dim radiance and the chill of the air were ghostly, and I thought it was this phantasm of unreality that gripped my heart with a sudden pang.

"Ugh! How cold!" I cried, and walked instead of dancing back into the reassuring, human, commonplace glow and warmth of the firelit, lamplit study.

When I thinned carrots and beets . . .—Page 584.

"I suppose I'll have to begin to pack the things," I said, mentioning the fly in our amber of pure joy.

"Guild wants to make us an offer on most of them——"

"Laurence Saxton!"

"Oh, of course not on your mahogany plunder and all that—but the beds and bedding and the kitchen stuff; linoleum and stew-pans and such," Larry reassured me vaguely. "And the rest we can come up and pack after the deeds have passed."

"Oh!" said I, mollified and at ease about my davenport, my splint-bottomed chairs, my work-tables and all the treasure-trove of three assiduous summers.

Lena, in an old red sweater making an incongruous note in her trim black-and-white uniform, appeared and announced supper hoarsely and with the air of goaded, almost snapped patience which she had worn ever since the first snow-spat had patched the hill-tops with white.

"Lena," I told her, meanly currying favor, "Mr. Saxton has sold Hillacres." Lena darted a distrustful look at me, but the ingenuous gladness of my own countenance convinced her that I was not guilty of the levity of a joke on so serious a subject.

"All I can say, ma'am, is, it is high time to be gettin' back to New York."

"It's higher than that, Lena," Larry gravely assured her, and we adjourned to the dining-room.

Always, I think, I shall be able to call up before my vision, no matter how dim my eyes may have grown to the sights of the common sunlight, that dining-room in the first house we two ever owned. Low-ceiled, rough-floored in ancient, grayish oak; with its windows of many twinkling panes at either end, its great, cavernous, oven-flanked fireplace in the middle; with its plain wide wainscoting, its high, narrow mantel-shelf, its curved corner cupboard—I shall always love its recollection. To-night when Lena opened the door for us and I saw the big logs blaz-

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ing upon the wide hearth, the mellow-shaded candles shining with a softer radiance than jewels have above the square mahogany table that was old and the blue dishes that simulated antiquity, a prescient throb of homesickness smote me, a reproach of disloyalty. But Larry crushed the nascent sentimentality.

"Ah, you've got the oil heater going, Lena," he remarked. "That's good."

I shall not attempt to deny that the unobtrusive oil heater was an able ally to the splendidly conspicuous fireplace.

"Thank God," said Larry piously, "this is our last week of trying to figure out how our ancestors escaped pneumonia long enough to become our ancestors! Come, Phœbe, let us toast the man who adapted steam to domestic uses." He fished for his keys. "Lena, will you kindly ascend to the wine-vaults and bring us down a modest bottle of champagne? We will drink our benefactor's health."

Lena dutifully ascended to Larry's room, where a chimney-cupboard served as a depository for our small store of alcoholics—a concession to the bibulous weaknesses of our succession of "hired men" and their admirable skill in manipulating accessible locks.

"It scarcely needs chilling," announced my spouse when Lena returned with the festive bottle. "Nothing in our cosy little home does after September fifteenth. Which advantage I neglected to point out to Lemuel Guild. Here's to him! Lena"—he poured a little wine into a glass, evidently forgetting his complimentary intentions toward the steam-fitter—"I know you want to join us in this toast in spite of your temperance principles. To the man who takes our folly off our hands—to the man who buys our farm!"

We stood to drink it, Larry and I, and Lena, with a prim, unwilling smile, touched her lips to her glass. We drained ours.

"The man who takes our folly off our hands!" Yet, two years and a half before, we had bought—bought?—we had espoused that farm with a gladness almost devout, with deep, gentle dreams of a lasting content.

"Mistaking a summer's infatuation, my dear," said Larry sonorously that evening as we talked over our coming emancipation, "for a life-long passion."

In those reveries, I used to walk again in "our own" woods . . .—Page 584.

"Putting our trust, like the Babes-in-the-Wood that we were, in that deceitful Ananias-and-Sapphira literature," I added viciously, kicking at a file of farm-and-garden magazines on the lowest book-shelf.

"The truth is," pursued my husband more soberly, "there's only one class—except that which was born in overalls, as J. F. says—which can afford to farm."

"I'd like to know what that is," said I sceptically.

"The captains of industry—such of them as happen to be out of jail," Larry told me.

We are some thousands of financial leagues removed from that class, so we congratulated ourselves anew upon our approaching escape from an undertaking for which we were not fitted, banked up the fires against the possibility of flying sparks, and mounted to our bedrooms, all silver-shining with moonlight. Before we drew the curtains, we looked out upon the magic scene, blue and pearl and wide-stretched peace.

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"I don't care," Larry informed the seductive night, "you may be a winner for looks, but you're blamed cold and uncomfortable."

Of course, with the usual contrariety of things, the next day the weather suddenly mellowed and softened, and our last week at Hillacres was one of loafing in autumn sunshine, of basking in mellow russets and browns; and we drove away on a day so full of delicious warmth that it seemed like June come again, and we seemed like the veriest malcontents and ingrates to be turning our backs forever upon it.

They were lovely recollections that I cherished of the place . . .—Page 585.

In the early days of our emancipation we were a little extravagant, as new freedom is likely to make all the world. When I, in duty bound, reproached Larry for presenting me with a tourmaline pendant on a day which was neither Christmas, birthday nor wedding anniversary, he replied:

"S—sh, my dear! No grain-bill this year—I can afford to hang you with jewels like Zuleika, the Pride of the Harem." When I gave him a first edition of Boswell's Johnson in old brown leather covers, lustrous from many loving hands, he raised his eyebrows and asked if he had unwittingly married an heiress. "I feel like one," I retorted. "No incubators, no brooders, no separators on the horizon! I can buy first editions until the cows come home!"

But later we went more prudently, less buoyantly. We began to save for Greece and the Ægean. We took to writing for steamship folders almost as assiduously as we had been in the habit of writing for nurserymen's catalogues. We talked, though I sometimes thought it was with a feverishly deliberate interest, almost as much about the Acropolis and Dr. Schliemann and the temples of Zeus, as we had been wont to talk of dwarf fruit-trees and windbreaks and early russet potatoes.

Almost, but not quite. Pauses fell now and then in the animated planning for our wonderful spring trip. Sometimes I had misgivings as to whether Larry felt we could really afford it, but when I asked him, he always banished the absent-minded look from his brow and became the most reassuringly enthusiastic of prospective tourists. And sometimes I did not dare to ask him what thoughts filled his evening silences before our tiny city grate. I knew what filled my own, and I was more than half ashamed of my reveries.

I would fall to dreaming of peaceful hours in the vegetable garden, when I thinned carrots and beets, or lopped the unnecessary, strength-sapping stalks from the tomato-vines—hours when I, near the soft earth, under the wide sky and the sun, was myself scarcely more active than the vegetables and certainly no more troubled about life. Those days I used to feel as I imagine a fisherman feels, with his boat anchored on a calm lake, wood-fringed, sky-arched, the abode of utter peace.

In those reveries, I used to walk again

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in "our own" woods, beside our trickle of a brook, the smell of damp ferns in my nostrils, the shadows of chestnut and hemlock flickering on the moss and the grasses and the flowers at my feet. I saw again our old, rocky, unused pasture in June—a king's park for beauty with its laurels foaming in pink and white. I saw the hills lying blue and amethyst against the west; I saw the violet shadows that moved across them with the moving clouds, I saw the white morning mists among their hollows, sun-smitten to a more silvern beauty than the Cytherean spray. I saw the scattered farms, deep-rooted, close-folded, among those hills—ah, they were lovely recollections that I cherished of the place I had so rejoicingly given up.

It was the thought of my flower-garden that pricked me most—a garden only just begun, as every garden always seems—and so soon abandoned! What might not a dreadful Mrs. Lemuel Guild make of it—what horror of star-shaped beds, of crescents and gravel? My old-fashioned borders, my clumps of hardy flowers, my rose-plot—what stepmotherly treatment might she not mete out to them? Would she ever put up the pergola I had planned for next spring? Would she say, season after season, "Another year I shall surely set out a sun-dial," and take the same absurd satisfaction in the saying?

Then, in the midst of my reveries, I would catch Larry's gaze fixed upon me, and I would haste to talk of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. And I would correct my recollections of country life. Did I not also remember Silas? And Gus? And the three Henrys? And Willie? And the boy from the Home at Bornstead? Did I not recall the carpenter's threatened lawsuit? Could I not even now see the entire family running to the northwest doors and windows whenever a storm blew from that direction and striving, with futile cloths, to stay the deluge that always poured through that carpenter's casings? Had I not, in short, grown fairly to hate that farm—I, who now indulged myself in these sentimental regrets?

Above all, I felt that I must keep from my husband—my husband, who before going out to that final conference with Lemuel Guild at the village lawyer's that October day had sternly warned me to be sure, to be certain *this time* what I wanted—above all, I must keep from him the pitiful, the contemptible vacillations of my mind and my affections!

The winter dragged along between our spurts of somewhat manufactured enthusiasm over Greece and our silent remembrances of what we had given up. As the season passed we grew never to speak of the farm, even to tell ourselves how glad we were to be rid of it. As the farm had been wont to occupy all our leisure thoughts and talk, its banishment from household conversation left a good many gaps. Laurence frequently yawned on evenings at home with me—and though I might myself be suppressing yawns at the very same time, I never failed to resent his manifestation of boredom, and to prognosticate dark events in the future from it. However, as April approached and our passage was taken on the *Prinz Rudolphus* we began to have intermittent heats of excitement over our journey.

One day, the first week in April, I had taken a languorous trip down-town to look at our stateroom in the *Prinz Rudolphus*. The tarry and briny scents of the ship, the sight of the broad blue waters with their pleasant, plying traffic, failed to give me their customary sense of exhilarating adventure. "Spring fever" had me in its grip. I did not care overmuch for anything. The stateroom disappointed me by not offering me an excuse for fault-finding.

I walked slowly up from West Street, past the commission houses with their aromatic crates of exotic fruits, past the candy-shops set to lure the suburban Jersey coin from the pocket of the homeward-hurrying commuter. And suddenly I was at our old seed-store. My sluggish heart took up a quickened beat—I paused and looked in. There were the baskets of bulbs—I had meant to try gladiolus this year!—And how was my lily-of-the-valley doing under the apple-tree by the back piazza?—And there was the grass-seed Larry had meant to try on the new-graded lawn—and—and——

As irresistibly as the struggling drunkard's feet are drawn across the threshold of the saloon, mine were led into Andrew MacNaughton's Sons! Warm life flowed again through my veins. The greeting of the sandy Scotch youth who had always

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paternally attended to us, though we were decades his elders, from the first day when we had gone in with our tentative list, made me feel as happy as an undeclared lover's smile makes a girl.

"I thought it was aboot time for ye, Mrs. Saxton," he told me, arming himself with a mammoth pad and a fresh-sharpened pencil. My heart sank. What could I order? I chose a ten-cent packet of barley-seed. He looked his astonishment, but I could not bring myself to confess to him that our farm had been only a soon-worn-out fad and ourselves the veriest of amateurs. Why, it was only last season that he had allowed his patronizing helpfulness to be tinged with a slight color of respect for us; I could see his swift return to unqualified condescension should I make my admission. I took my packet of seeds and fled downstairs to the implement department.

There they were, all the wonderful seeders and cultivators and planters we had meant to buy when we had more money. I priced them all over again; I lovingly fingered pumps and spraying machines; I asked the purpose of unfamiliar contrivances. It was a full hour before I emerged again into the street.

With a remorseful sense of not keeping faith with Laurence, I hurried home. Had I not urged him to sell the farm? Had I not declared that never again would I submit myself for a summer to the caprices of farm-hands, of the weather, of everything? And here I was now, revisiting the scenes of lost delight, deliberately flirting with my longings, my regrets, my old fondnesses? Well, I would expiate my hour's disloyalty. I would be enthusiastic over the *Prinz Rudolphus* and our stateroom when Larry came home that evening.

"Mr. Saxton has come home, ma'am," announced Lena as I entered the hall. "He's in the settin'-room."

"He isn't ill, is he?"

"No'm, not that he said anythink about."

I tiptoed in; perhaps he was tired and asleep. He had seemed tired and lacklustre so often lately.

He was stretched on the couch, the pillows piled beneath his head. In his hand was a pamphlet, dimly discernible through smoke. On the floor beside him was a pile of magazines.

And suddenly I was at our old seed-store.—Page 585.

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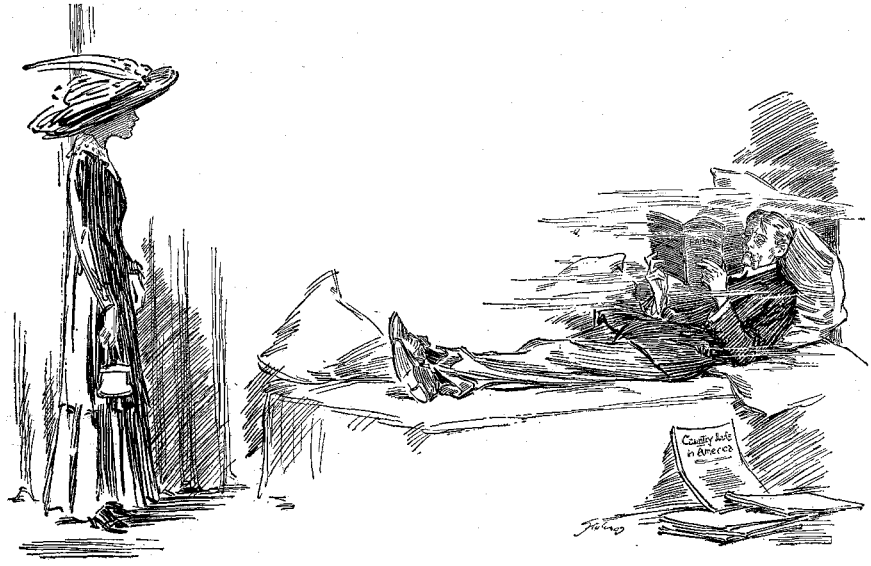

"Larry, you're not ill or anything?"

"Larry, you're not ill or anything?"

He jumped up and made an awkward effort to conceal what he had been reading beneath a cushion, at the same time half succeeding in an endeavor to kick the things on the floor under the couch.

"Lena said you wouldn't be home until tea-time," he reproached me for my early return. "I'm all right. I just came home for a loaf."

It was with some difficulty that I enforced upon myself that general safe rule for a pleasant social intercourse—to display no curiosity concerning that which some one else is obviously trying to conceal. I repressed my questions and I tried to keep all inquisitiveness out of my eyes. I sat down on the edge of the divan and talked about the beauties of the *Prinz Rudolphus*. I was in the midst of my description of the gymnasium when the telephone bell rang sharply, and Larry jumped to answer it. He knocked over a cushion in his haste and the pamphlet which he had clumsily hidden lay, cover uppermost, before my eyes. "Clark's Catalogue of Abandoned and Low-Priced Farms in Connecticut and New York," I read in large letters, above an idealized presentment of a farm-house and its inhabitants.

Larry came back from the telephone to find me absorbed in the list of farms. He flushed.

"Oh—you've found that, have you?" he said, in an elaborately indifferent manner. "I just happened—I just happened——"

"Larry, tell me the truth! Are you crazy for Hillacres? Can you live without it?" He looked at me, hope and incredulity battling on his face.

"I've been feeling a little homesick for it, to tell the truth," he said, as remotely and impersonally as possible. "Spring, you see—the planting——"

"I'm *aching* for it," I cried in italics, throwing pretence to the winds. "I've just spent an hour in MacNaughton's! O Larry, let's tell those Guild people they can't have it! I want it so much!"

"But—" began Larry bewilderedly.

"Yes, I know. I know all I said. But I want it! Our own dear place! Our own lovely place! Of course, it's been maddening a lot of the time—and it's work, and it's vexation of spirit. But it's our own. I don't want to change it now any more than I want to change my mother, though she does drive us frantic with her self-denying economies; or than I want to change you—irritating as you are, dearest, dearest Larry! Oh, let us keep our own place!"

"We'll forfeit three hundred dollars," said Larry, but his face was shining.

"We'll give up Greece! We can give up the stateroom; we've only paid a deposit to hold it."

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"Are you sure this time, Phœbe?" asked my husband. As though he hadn't been as keen to sell as I in October! But he was already getting out paper to write to the Guilds, and I magnanimously forbore to twit him. The instant the letter was written he sent Lena out to mail it, and we dragged the old magazines from beneath the couch,

"No matter—we've always gotten on somehow."

"And Lena will probably leave?" continued he.

"Yes, and the roof will leak in a new place, and the well will go dry in August, and the chickens will get the pip. But I tell you, Larry, I don't care! There'll

"There'll be the hills with the sunset above them, and the long wood-roads."

and in an hour we were deep in plans again.

"You know that it isn't going to be paradise there any more than it ever was?" Larry suddenly looked up from a catalogue to warn me.

"'Paradise enow,'" I quoted, without looking up from mine.

"The perfect hired man is still unborn," proceeded Larry, "and the ideal married couple to work not yet wed—you realize that?"

be the hills with the sunset above them, and the long wood-roads, and the sunny garden; there'll be rough-tongued little calves to lick one's hands, and there'll be thrushes. And twilights that fold you into the bosom of the hills and make you part of them, and make you one with all the plain, patient people who have worked among them and who rest among them forever! You can't buy a farm as you would enter upon a flirtation, Larry; it's

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like marrying; you must sink all the little annoyances in the big goodness of it.—I've struck roots at last, Larry—if you have!"

"'Paradise enow,'" said Larry in his turn, nodding in deep satisfaction. "Though it comes a little high——"

"Three hundred dollars is a dear price to pay for a lesson in learning your own mind," I admitted. "Never mind! We've learned the lesson."

But we were not obliged to pay the price. That was due to Mrs. Lemuel Guild—may angels ever guard her rest, and her summers be full of white-shod maids and youths and parasoled dowagers and hotel hops and piazza embroidery groups, and every good gift according to her tastes! For the next morning came a letter from Lemuel Guild crossing ours and begging off from his bargain.

"I took Mrs. Guild over to Siloam Corners to drive out to your place, Hillacres," he wrote, "and I am sorry to say that she doesn't think it will do at all. She had not realized from my description that it was just an old house made over—she thought it was modern throughout. Anyway, she thinks it too lonely. I should be glad if you could see your way to letting me out of the bond. Of course, however, a bargain's a bargain, and I realize with regret that I have probably interfered with the satisfactory sale of your place during the winter." Etc., etc.

Well, our letters crossed. The three hundred dollars which we did not have to forfeit, we have put into

One hay-loader.

One new work-horse.

One old sun-dial.

One pergola.

And I hope that Mrs. Lemuel Guild has put theirs into lingerie hats and bridge prizes and hotel bills. I want her, our good angel, to be as happy as we are!

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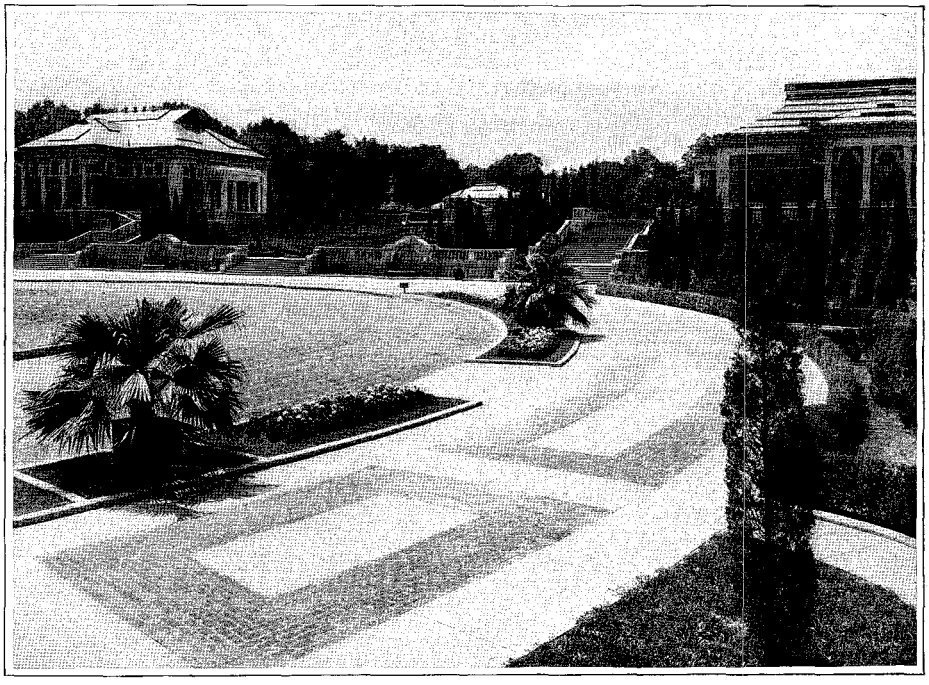

The concourse, and north end of Baird Court.
New administration building on left, Italian garden in centre, large bird-house on right.

THE NEW YORK PLAN FOR ZOOLOGICAL PARKS

By William T. Hornaday
Director of the New York Zoological Park

EVERY large American city in which the masses are intelligent and proud, desires a good zoological park; but for all that, a city can be very proud and boastful without having sufficient energy to make one. The New York Zoological Park is an object lesson of which many American cities may well take heed. It points the way by which every city, large or small, may create and maintain a zoological park of a size suitable to its population and resources. That end is to be attained by a judicious union of private effort, and municipal support at the expense of the taxpayers. New York has clearly demonstrated the fact that the taxpayer is willing to be taxed in a reasonable way for something that will furnish free and perpetual entertainment both to his wife and children and to himself, and at the same time be a credit to his home city. Give the taxpayer a fair chance, and he will support the zoological park idea, willingly and even gladly.

The prime essentials to success in the creation and maintenance of a joint-effort zoological park are few in number, but the demand for them is inexorable. There must be (1) a free site in a public park; (2) permanence of control; (3) absolute freedom from "politics" and "graft" of every description; (4) wise but energetic management by a zoological society; (5) a general plan of development based on the best expert knowledge; (6) the merit sys-

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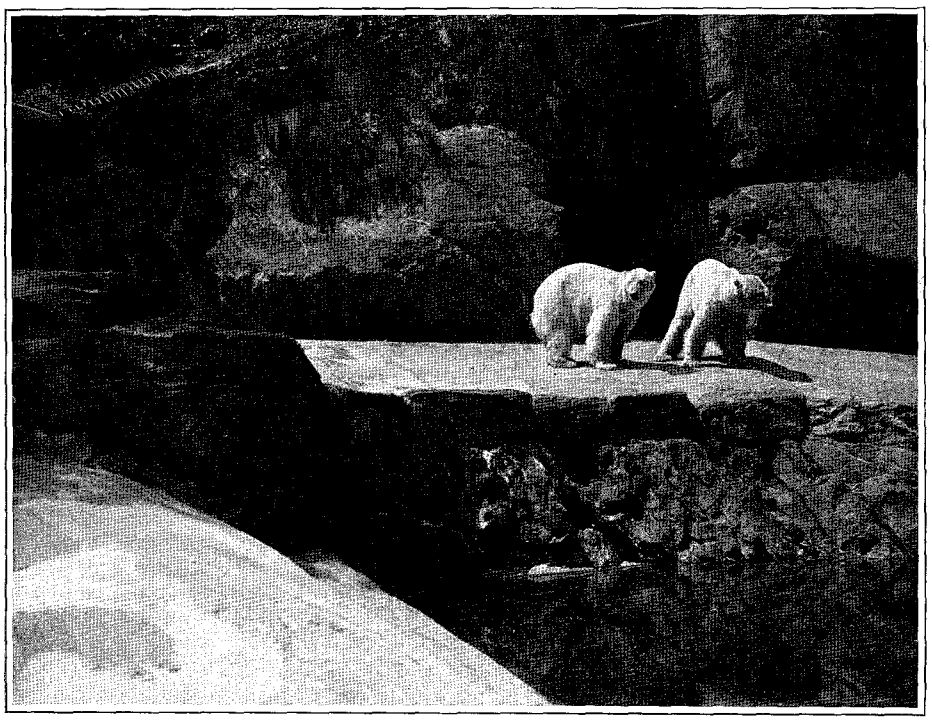
tem in choosing employees; (7) all collections must be furnished by the Society, (8) and all improvements and costs of maintenance must be paid for by the taxpayers. Finally, the park must be free on five days of the week, but two week-days should be pay-days, unless the population of the city concerned is under 500,000.

The European plan for the creation and maintenance of live-animal collections differs from the above, in several important particulars. Rarely does the municipality furnish a free site, or even free water. Usually the creating society is compelled to purchase ground, and it is usually selected as near as possible to the heart of the city concerned, so as to be very easily accessible. The result is a zoological *garden*, of from twenty to sixty acres, surrounded by dwellings, and sadly limited in space for the animals. A huge and costly restaurant and concert hall provides entertainment that draws society members, and strangers, also, many times each year; and there is no admission for non-members without the payment of a fee at the gate. There is no municipal support, and the very poor never see the inside of the establishment, because they cannot afford the price. I think it may truly be said that, even with occasional days of admission for the equivalent of ten cents, the zoological gardens of Europe chiefly benefit the rich and the well-to-do classes, to the exclusion of the very poor masses.

New York City builds no public institutions from which the Man-Without-A-Quarter is shut out. In a liberality of spirit entirely surpassing that of the American nation, at least as it is represented at Washington, and with not one pennyworth of aid from the State of New York, this city has created and to-day maintains for her citizens and the world at large six great institutions for public betterment, all of them of national importance. I refer to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Public Library, the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Zoological Park, the Botanical Gardens, and the Aquarium. In this field of high-class educational endeavor there are only three other cities that are in New York's class—Lon-



The den and swimming pool of the polar bears.

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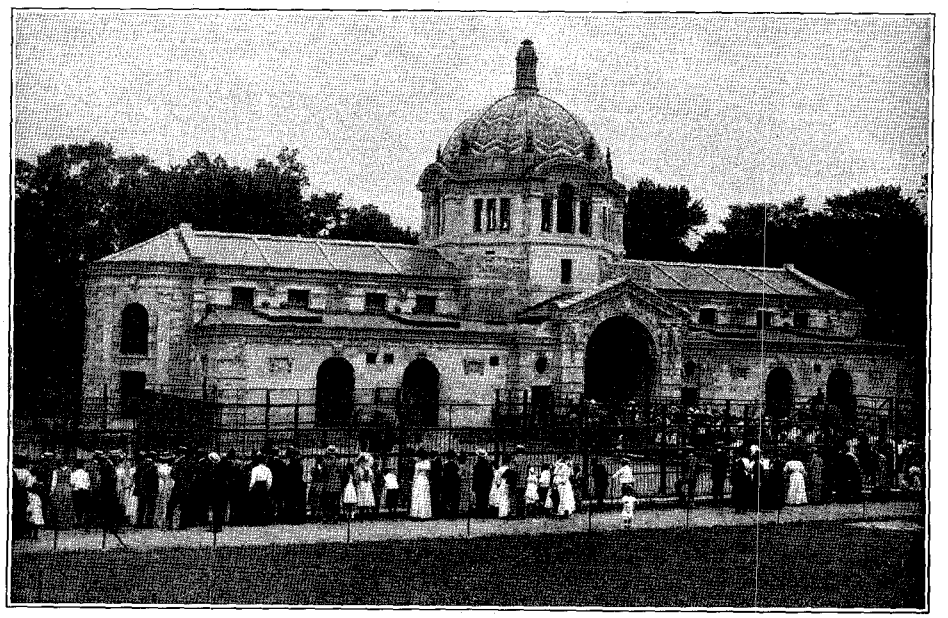
don, Paris and Berlin; but I think that New York clearly is entitled to first place.

Through a combination of private generosity and municipal support, wise provisions of Nature and good management, imperial New York has created in ten years time, and now presents to her people and to the world, an institution that three distinguished foreign critics have openly declared to be the foremost vivarium of the world. Those critics were Lord Northcliffe, Sir Harry Johnston, the African explorer, and Mr. F. G. Aflalo, a qualified expert on zoological gardens, and author of out-door books. It is for the purpose of furnishing a bill of particulars that the writer has been editorially coerced into writing at this time.



The elephant house, and surrounding yards.

Every perfectly appointed zoological garden is a haven of rest to overwrought nerves, with the gentle and healthful stimulus of restful interest in new and different lines of thought. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, when the housekeeping of the day has been finished, and before the daily crowd has begun to arrive, a well-appointed zoological garden—with a good showing of flowers—comes as near to being an earthly paradise as the skill of man ever can produce within reach of the busy haunts of men. Of all the nerve-weary business and professional men of New York, how many are there who know that during the whole forenoon of every day in the year, and all day on pay-days, the Jungle Walk in the Zoological Park offers nerve balm of rare quality?

On Sunday afternoons, even the sight of the crowd is inspiring. It is good to see, at one sweep of the eyes over Baird Court and the region below it on the west, fully twenty thousand well dressed people, one-third of whom are well behaved and attractive children, busily enjoying the beauties of the place, and the band music. It is good to see, on every Monday morning in summer, from the records of the turnstiles, that on the previous day between 30,000 and 40,000 people have enjoyed the temples and shrines of Nature that God and man together have created for the benefit of the working millions in South Bronx Park.

The correct building of zoological gardens and parks is an exact science, just as much so as is astronomy, and the building of observatories. In formulating principles, and in working out the general design of the New York Zoological Park, we diligently studied nearly all existing zoological gardens, partly to ascertain what errors to avoid, and partly to acquire ideas of

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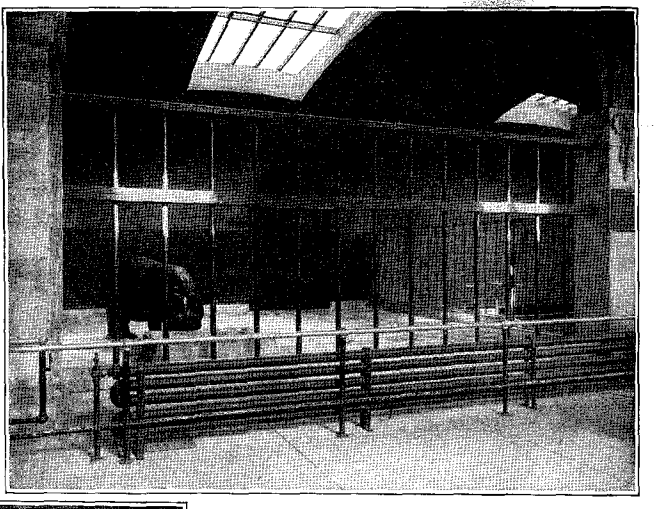
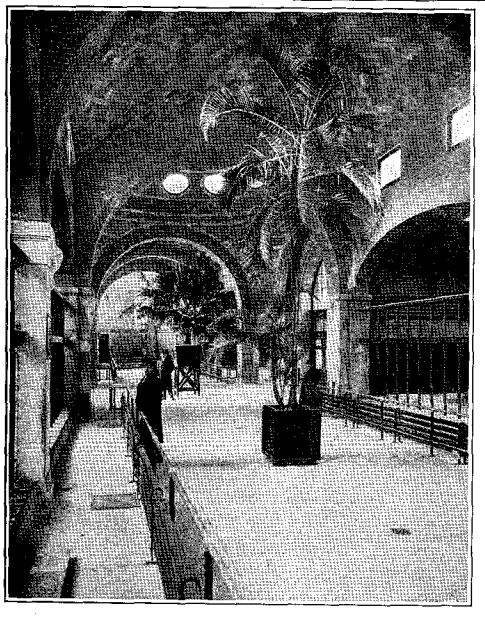
practical use. Knowing well what all the world had done previously, and having in hand the ideal site of all the world, is it then any cause for surprise that the last built institution for living wild animals is the best one for the health and comfort of its occupants? The writer has been persuaded that it is no violation of the proprieties frankly to state, for the information of the American public,



Hippopotamus cage in elephant house.



Interior of elephant house.

just wherein we think we have improved upon the work of our predecessors.

It must be counted as actually providential that the New York Zoological Society was founded in 1895 by Madison Grant; that it immediately attracted the support of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn; that for twelve years both those gentlemen have dedicated an important portion of their lives to the Society's work; that South Bronx Park was acquired by New York City in 1884 and had remained an unspoiled wilderness; that the administration of Mayor Strong accepted in good faith the partnership proposal of the Zoological Society; and that every Mayor and Comptroller and Board of Estimate since 1897 has faithfully *and generously* supported the Zoological Park undertaking.

The Zoological Park represents a perfectly harmonious joint effort on the part of a powerful philanthropic organization and the taxpayers of the City of New York. By reason of the first large financial sacrifice of the Zoological Society, justly regarded as a pledge of good faith, from the inception of the undertaking, the city government has relied absolutely upon the men and methods of that organization. In the plans and their execution, and in the selection of a permanent working force of 145 persons, there never has been even a hint of interference, or pressure, "political" or otherwise. In working out its own systems of economy in money, and in the saving of time, the Zoological Society has been permitted a degree of freedom of action that is probably without precedent in such matters.

In "maintenance" and in "construction" combined—our two grand divisions of all labor and expenditure—the Zoological Society has paid out at least $2,000,000 of public money, so far as we know without even a whisper of a charge of "graft," or "favoritism," "mismanagement," or even "extravagance."

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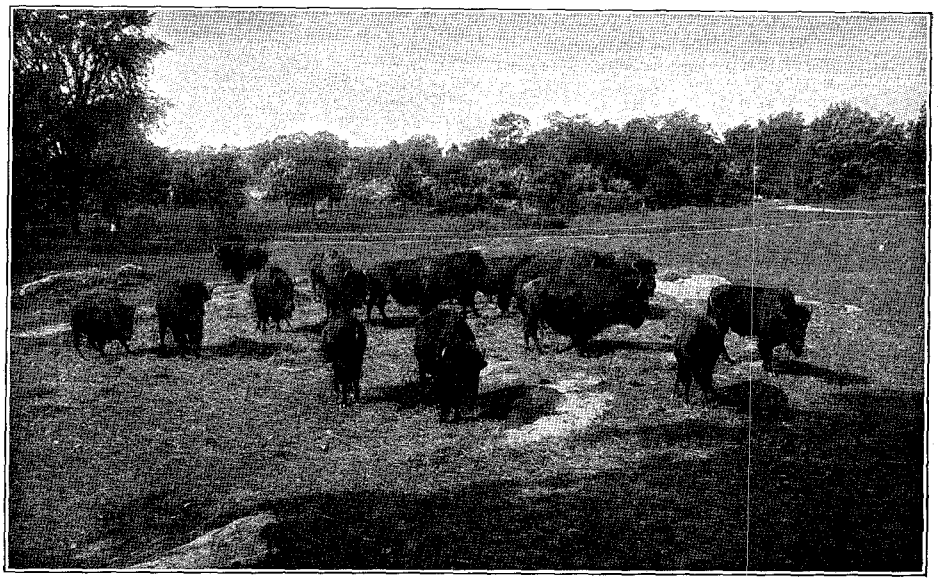

The zoological park idea.
About one-half the American bison herd, in the breeding ranges.

We mention thus prominently the confidence of the city government in the Zoological Society, because that confidence has been a factor of tremendous importance in securing for New York, in eleven years of active work, a Zoological Park which represents high-water mark for such institutions.

We began under the Reform Administration of Mayor Strong and City Chamberlain McCook and Comptroller Fitch; and we were generously prospered under Mayors Van Wyck and Low, and Comptrollers Coler and Grout. Then there followed eight glorious years under Mayor McClellan and Comptroller Metz; and thus have we been enabled to achieve in eleven years of actual labor the goal of our heart's desire —practical *completion!* And what has been the price paid by the Zoological Society for the confidence of the highest officers of this city—the Mayor, the Board of Estimate and the Board of Aldermen?

In actual money expended it has cost about $475,000; but in comparison with the unpurchasable time and services of the members of the Executive Committee, the half million of money is not the most important item. Without having seen it, I would not have believed it possible that such men as Henry Fairfield Osborn, Charles T. Barney, Samuel Thorne, Levi P. Morton, John L. Cadwalader, John S. Barnes, Percy R. Pyne, Philip Schuyler, Madison Grant and William White Niles would give time and services without limit, not only cheerfully but even joyously, for twelve busy years, to any undertaking of this kind. It requires a great many fine men, as well as a great many fine animals, to make a great Zoological Park.

The past eleven years have been years of intense, unremitting, and at times exhausting effort; but they have produced a succession of triumphs. Even the "hard times" did not stay the Society's progress by more than a few months on our two final improvements for animals. We say to-day that the Park is practically "complete," because, for such an institution as ours, that term is accepted by all sensible persons in a comparative sense. We do not say that the Park is no longer open to improvement, or that further beautification is impossible. It is entirely possible that, during the next ten or twenty years, some other animal buildings may be found desirable.

Prior to 1898, many persons outside of New York wondered why the metropolis of the American continent remained for so many years without a zoological establishment for live animals in keeping with her municipal rank. Even when the men

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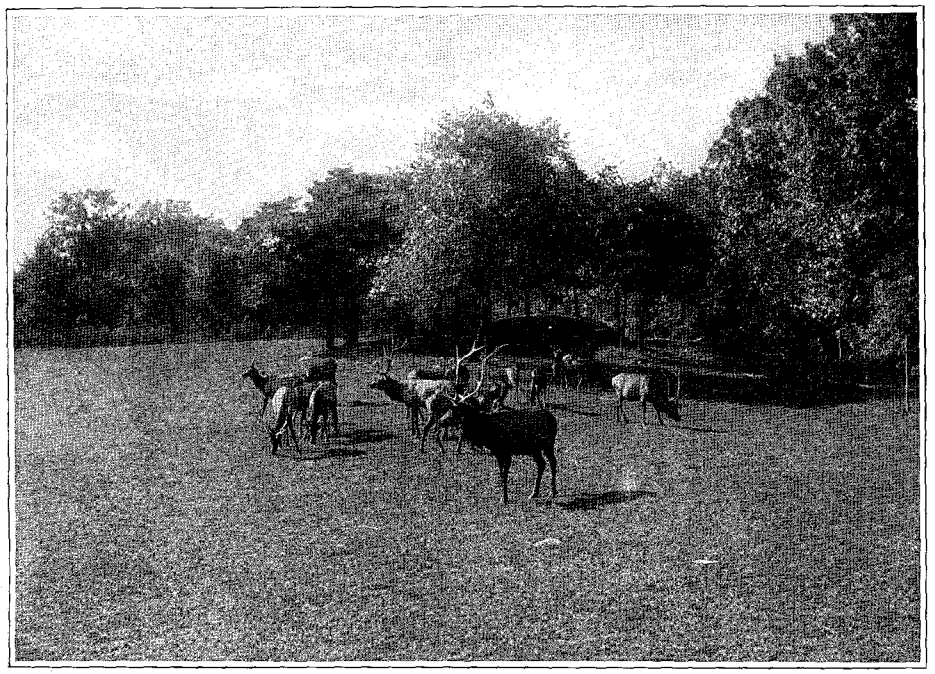
of New York were asked, they could not answer; but now we know.

The event was waiting for South Bronx Park and the Zoological Society!

The former came through the splendid wisdom and foresight of the Municipal Park Commission of 1880–84, which contained, among others, William W. Niles (Sr.) and Charles L. Tiffany. And how many men of New York are there to-day who know that the passage of the act so opportunely creating that commission was due to the hard work of Assemblyman Theodore Roosevelt, or that he was specially chosen for that service by Matthew P. Breen?



The zoological park idea.
Herd of American elk in their range.

As the stranger passes through one of our turnstiles, there spreads before him the most magnificent composition of land and water that ever was dedicated to zoology. Its qualities were well summed up in one sentence by an English critic, F. G. Aflalo, when he described it as being "at once the envy and the despair of all European makers of zoological gardens."

If we could have modeled a site with our own hands, and said to the trees, the rocks, the valleys and the meadows—"Be thou here!"—I am sure we could not have produced the ideal result that the cunning hand of Nature fashioned for us in that marvellous site. Our total area is 264 acres; and it is all that we desire.

Fate graciously so ordered events that the pleasure of discovering South Bronx Park and revealing its beauties to the Zoological Society was reserved wholly for me. The day was a sunny afternoon in February, 1896.

"—when comes the calm mild day as still such days will come
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter homes;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

I entered Bronx Park by way of West Farms, alone and unguided; went along the eastern bank of Bronx Lake up to Pelham Avenue, crossed the old iron bridge and zigzagged back through the wilderness

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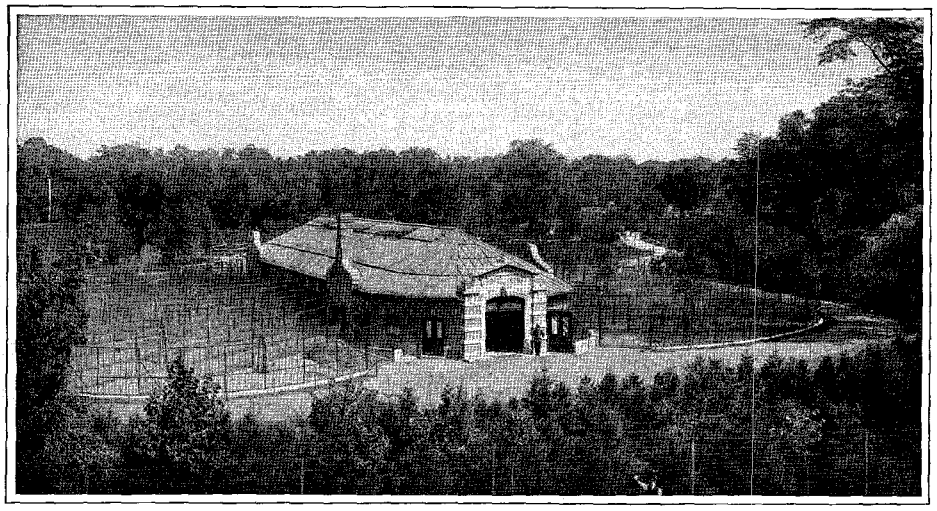

The small-deer house and corrals.

and the glades wherein our animal buildings now stand. I saw everything.

My first sensation was of almost paralyzing astonishment. It seemed incredible that such *virgin forest*, of huge, *old* oaks and chestnuts, tulips, sweet-gums and beeches, had been spared in the City of New York until 1896! But there they were, waiting for us. And then the beautiful ridges and valleys, the open woods, the meadows, the Rocking Stone, and the basins for ponds!

The magnificent possibilities of the place as an ideal home for wild animals in comfortable captivity—*freedom in security*—unrolled before me like a panorama. At the end of two hours I saw a great New York Zoological Park. But I did not dare to hope that even imperial New York would be willing to spend the money to make it in ten short years.

First, then, of all our advantages we must place our marvellous grounds, which, for such purposes as ours, are in a class by themselves, and incomparable. Because of the tremendous advantage they gave us at the outset, it is hardly fair to compare our establishment with others that are handicapped by small grounds, on a dead level.

Second in line we place our open-air animal dens, aviaries and ranges, generally. Opportunities for out-door life are available to *about seven-tenths* of all our vertebrates. It is only the serpents and a few other reptiles, some of the smaller monkeys, and about three-fourths of the birds in the Large Bird-house that in summer are not quartered out-doors. The open-air ranges for our hoofed and horned animals are from two to eight times as spacious as such animals can be allowed in even the largest Old World zoological garden.

As an important item under the above heading, consider our series of Bear Dens, that has only one rival—in the National Zoological Park at Washington.

The bear dens of Europe annoy me greatly; for, in general, they are quite inexcusable. Evidently some of them have been designed by men who never hunted bears. By reason of the improved conditions that surround them—space, open view of the world, sunlight, abundance of water, rocks and companionship—our bears are the jolliest, happiest and most amusing of any in captivity, or out of it! They are more playful than so many monkeys, and although very troublesome on account of their vigor, they are assuredly one of the chief attractions of the Park.

The third feature in this enumeration is our House of Primates, unofficially called the Monkey House. It is notable because it is a house in which apes and monkeys can live long and happily, and because it is free from sickening monkey odors. The undenied success of our Monkey House is due to its new and practically perfect

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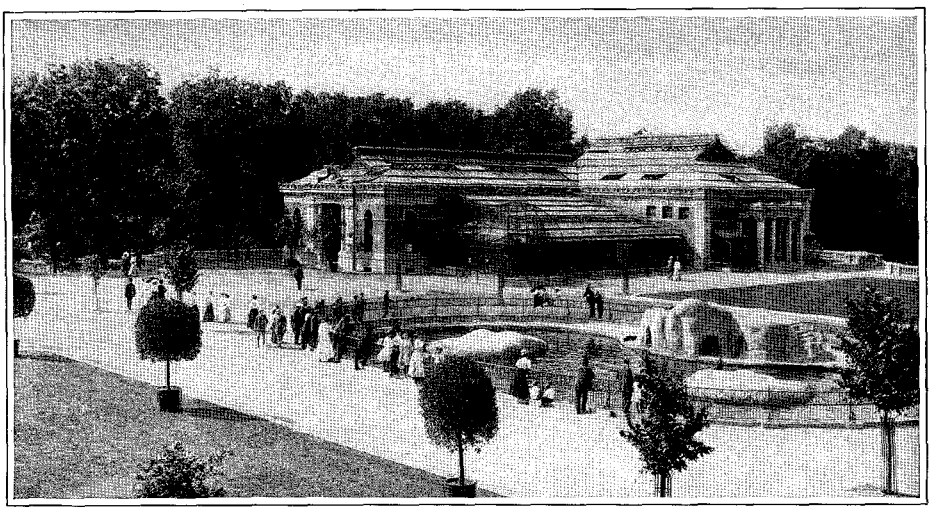

The large bird-house and sea-lion pool, on Baird Court.

schemes of heating, ventilation, cage arrangements, lighting and sanitation.

Rotterdam has paid us the compliment of building, with the aid of our plans and specifications, an understudy of our Primate House, about as complete as it was possible to erect, even to the wire netting on the guard rails, only the roof and walls being of different materials.

Our Lion House is the only lion house in the world that employs wire netting for cage fronts instead of heavy prison bars; that has balconies in its cages, and beautiful green tiles on its cage walls instead of whitewash or paint. It is also the only animal building that contains a studio for painters and sculptors.

The Large Bird-House is the only one of which we know that is filled with great flocks of birds flying about in large cages, and with a huge flying cage in the centre of its main hall. Our fundamental idea of large communal cages is, I think, new in our bird-houses. It is also our belief that nowhere else in the world is there to be found such a splendid collection of rare and beautiful tropical birds living in such freedom and comfort under one roof.

There are several great out-door flying cages in other zoological establishments, both in Europe and America. That ours is the most spacious of all is nothing particularly commendable; for all of the others—at Rotterdam, London, Paris, Washington, St. Louis and San Francisco—are amply large to render their feathered occupants supremely contented and happy. But in one respect we have made a great advance over our colleagues. Our Flying Cage (150 feet long, 75 feet wide, and 55 feet high) has been provided with a concrete pool, of running water, 100 feet long by nearly 30 feet wide, and so deep that it is a constant delight to the diving pelicans, cormorants, ducks, gulls, herons and flamingoes for which it was designed. Visitors like activity among the birds and mammals they come to see, and this spacious pool provokes it, to a delightful extent.

Our Antelope House is the equal of the best elsewhere, and thus far it has preserved its living inhabitants in remarkably good health. Its outside yards are about three times as spacious as those around any other antelope house that we know. They have a total frontage of 1,200 feet and an average depth of 90 feet.

The Small-Deer House is the first of its kind. It houses a great number of species of small deer, gazelles, wild goats and sheep that cannot endure our wet New York winters in the open; and it keeps on exhibition a fine selection of animals that otherwise would have to be taken from their ranges in November or December, and kept in storage until May.

The only rivals of our Reptile House are

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in the zoological gardens of London, Philadelphia, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Frankfort and Paris; but we know that our alligator pools, and the systematic collection of turtles and terrapins, are not matched elsewhere.

Our Mountain Sheep Hill is unique, in that it is the only fine, *natural* outcrop of rocks in a zoological garden or park that is available for a systematic collection of wild sheep and goats. Between this and manufactured rocks there is a wide difference. But, after all, this feature has brought some disappointments. While other species do well, for some reason as yet unknown the White Mountain Goat and Chamois do not thrive upon it, and require quarters elsewhere.

Let all those who are interested in making comparative studies of the zoological gardens and parks spend a few moments in considering our provisions for bison. The "zoological park idea" is well illustrated by our herd of 36 American Bison, roaming over two spacious ranges with a total area of about 20 acres. There are some zoological gardens that *as a whole* contain only that area! When you see the breeding herd —about 25 head of cows and "young stock" —either grazing contentedly on the knoll in the centre of the main range, or galloping toward the corrals at feeding time, you are thrilled by the feeling that this is an adequate representation of the great American Bison as he lived and throve on his native plains. It was from this herd that the Zoological Society founded the Wichita National Bison Herd, as a contribution to the perpetual preservation of the species by our government. The nucleus herd was taken out of our ranges in October, 1907.

After all is said, it is not alone the fine buildings of brick and stone, or the fine corrals and ranges, that make a zoological establishment great or commanding. It is the living creatures themselves. I have seen some fine animal buildings that were poorly filled with animals, and others that were fully filled with poor animals. If the exhibits do not frequently compel visitors to exclaim, "*How fine your animals look!*" you may know that something is wrong.

If the animals of the "zoo" are not round and sleek and shiny; if their eyes are not bright and their heads erect; if there are no cases of assault and battery on the fences and gates, there is a lack of the glowing vigor that rightly belongs in every well-conditioned wild animal. Our latest Park sensation was caused by the great Alaskan Brown Bear, "Ivan," who, in order to gain access to a hated rival and his lady love, bodily tore out a large and heavy panel of woven steel bars from the partition between his corral and the next, and trampled it down upon the floor as if it had been a sheet of tin. It would have required at least six men with two heavy sets of blocks and tackles to have done in an hour what that bear did with his naked claws in ten minutes. The exhibition of ursine strength was astounding; and a little later the battle of the two Alaskan giants was a fearsome sight. They stood up on their hind legs, more than seven feet high, and chewed each other in silence until separated.

One word here regarding the personnel of our bear collection, by way of an impression of its zoological value. I think that all of the bears of Europe added together would not make a collection *zoologically* equal to this one; and the reason is—seventeen species in fine condition.

Of the very remarkable yet little known giant Brown Bears of Alaska there is *not one in all Europe;* but we have a collection of seven individuals, representing four good species (and possibly five), as follows: 1 *Ursus eulophus* ("Admiral"), from Admiralty Island; 2 *Ursus dalli*, from Hudson Lake; 1 *Ursus merriami* from the Alaska Peninsula; 2 *Ursus middendorffi*, from Kadiak Island (the famous Kadiak Bear). Last, and most valuable of all, we have recently acquired an undetermined new Alaskan Brown Bear from the Kobuk River, *north of the Arctic Circle*, and only 300 miles south of Point Barrow!

There are also four grizzlies—from Yukon Territory, Wyoming, Colorado, and Mexico. There is a huge Yezo Bear (*Ursus ferox*), from Yezo Island, Japan; a regulation Japanese Black Bear (*U. japonicus*), and a fine side-whiskered Himalayan Black Bear (*Ursus torquatus*), also from Japan! Central Asia is represented by two beautiful golden-yellow Hairy-eared Bears from Kuldcha (*Ursus piscator*) · and from Trebizond, Asia Minor, there has come a very satisfactory Syrian Bear. The queer Sloth Bear of India and the ugly and mean Malay Sun Bear have not been ignored. Of the American

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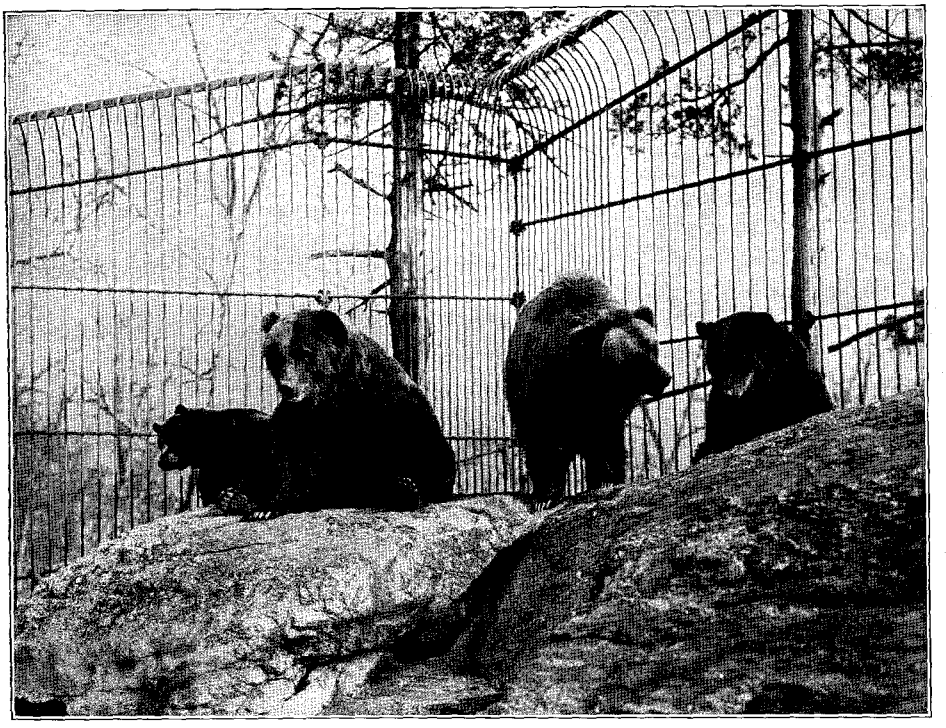

From a photograph, copyright 1908, by The New York Zoological Society.

Alaskan brown bears.

Black Bears we have specimens from eight different localties, scattered all the way from Prince William Sound, Alaska, to Chuihuahu, Mexico, and finally, after ten years of constant effort, we have at last secured a good, healthy black cub from the Andes of Colombia, which represents the relative of the Spectacled Bear, recently described as *Ursus ornatus majori.*

By reason of the work that Nature has done on our Polar Bear Den, it is, in my opinion, the finest bear den in the world; and it contains a pair of white bears that are up to the standard fixed by the den itself.

Our Elephant House and its adjacent yards represents high-water mark in wild-animal buildings. It is the crowning feature of the Zoological Park—spacious, beautifully designed, well built, perfectly lighted, heated and ventilated, and generously provided with open-air yards for all its animals. The keepers say that the elephants, rhinoceroses and hippo greatly enjoy their fine quarters, winter and summer; and where has New York City ever acquired elsewhere so fine a building for so little money as $157,000?

But the finest Elephant and Rhinoceros House is of small interest unless the collection under its roof is also of commanding importance. We are extremely fortunate in being able to exhibit a collection of elephants and rhinoceroses in every way worthy of the new building. It contains five elephants, representing three species—the Sudan African, West African Pigmy, and the Indian; three rhinoceroses of two species—Great Indian and African Black Rhinoceros; the Hippopotamus, and two species of Tapir.

Of the animals in the Elephant House, the Indian Rhinoceros is the greatest prize. Our lusty young male specimen is the only one of its kind that has come to America in fifteen years, and it cost the Society $6,000. The Sudan African Elephants, from the Blue Nile country, are young, but by 1915 each one will be so huge that a stall which now serves well for both animals will be none too large for one. The tusks of this species are said to be smaller than those of the African elephants of Uganda and British East Africa, but in height and bulk the Blue Nile ani-

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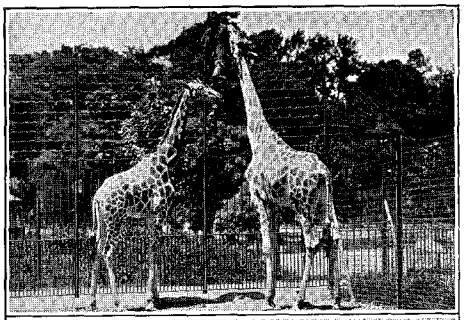
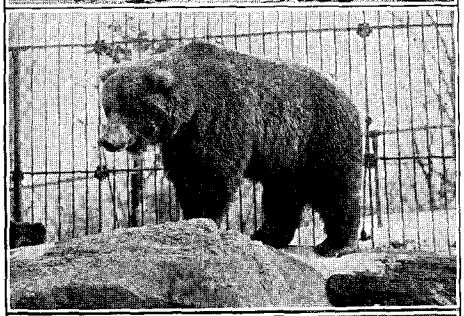
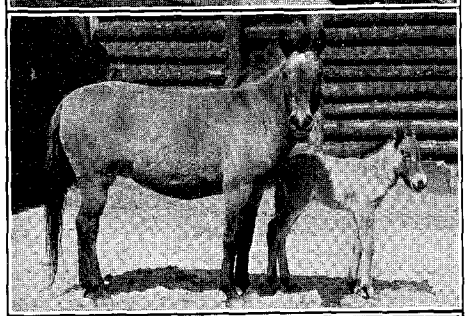


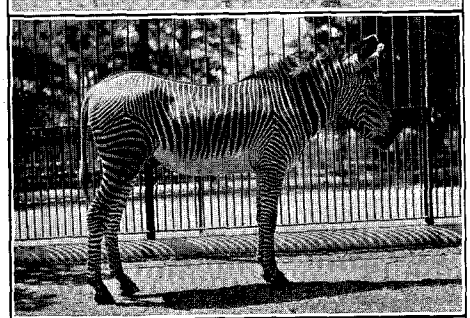
Nubian giraffes.



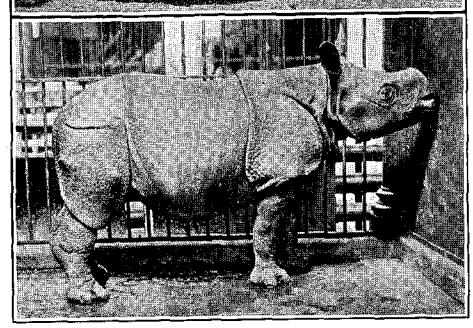
Alaskan brown bear,



Prejevalsky wild horse,



Grevy zebra.



Indian rhinoceros.

mals grow as large as the largest; which means eleven feet at the shoulders.

Consider the collection of antelopes, and other animals, also, in the Antelope House; and ask how many of the world's zoological gardens and parks contain such a showing of rare species. Certainly not more than two or three. We find there a pair of Sudan Three-Horned Giraffes, a Greater Kudu, a pair of Elands, a Sable Antelope, Baker Roan Antelope, the Addax of the Sahara, and the Beatrix Antelope of the Arabian desert (three), the Beisa, the Sing-Sing Waterbuck, the Leucoryx, the Nylgai, the Bontebok and two species of Sitatunga, the White-tailed Gnu and the Brindled Gnu, the Reedbuck, Indian Black Buck (a herd), the Grevy Zebra, Mountain Zebra, Grant Zebra, Chapman Zebra (just arrived), Tibetan Kyang and Persian Wild Ass. The Zebras and wild asses will shortly make room for hartebeests, gazelles and bushbucks.

Of the above, the following species have bred here: Eland, Beatrix Antelope, Leucoryx, Nylgai, Black Buck and Grant Zebra. Since our Giraffes arrived, in October, 1903, they have not been sick for a day, and the male has grown from 10 feet 3 inches, to 14 feet 3 inches. With the wild equines named above we should mention the Prejevalsky Wild Horses (a pair), from the Gobi Desert, Mongolia, to whom a fine colt was born in May, 1909—the first birth for that species in America.

Our Asiatic deer (eleven species) are breeding at a rate so rapid that the young animals have become a serious embarrassment. Of all our Asiatic deer, the most satisfactory are the Axis, or Spotted Deer, from the jungles of India. They are surpassingly beautiful, they do not fight (much), they are "easy keepers," and they breed persistently.

No sketch of the New York Zoological Park can be complete without a reference to the only herd of Rocky Mountain Goats in captivity, and besides which only two (one died recently) other individuals exist on exhibition. Of the five kids brought from the mountains of British Columbia by the writer

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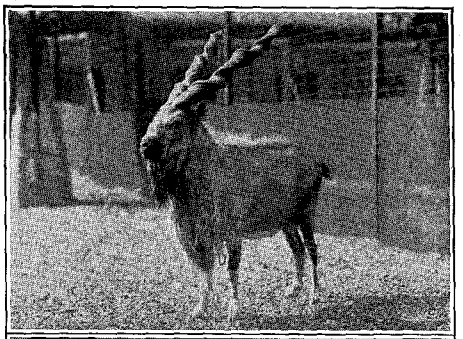
in October, 1905, four are alive and in perfect health. The fifth one gave her life to the first kid ever bred or born in captivity. The latter, now eighteen months old, is a lusty male, large for his age, very vigorous, and so free with his horns that it has been necessary to saw off their sharp and dangerous tips.

We find it rather strange that the Mountain Goat can live, and thrive, and even breed on the Atlantic Coast, where the Rocky Mountain Sheep cannot survive longer than about eighteen months. Thus far not one specimen of the latter has ever reached maturity in the eastern United States. But, after all, is not our success with the Goat more surprising than our failures with the Big-Horn? Think of abruptly transplanting a herd of animals from the summit of the Canadian Rockies, 10,000 feet up, above timber-line, and from *dry* cold in winter down to tide-level, 3,000 miles away, hot in summer, horribly rainy in winter, humid at all times, and salty besides. At the same time, we make an entire change in food and drinking water. To ask animals of the summits of the continental divide to endure such a change, and live, surely is asking much.

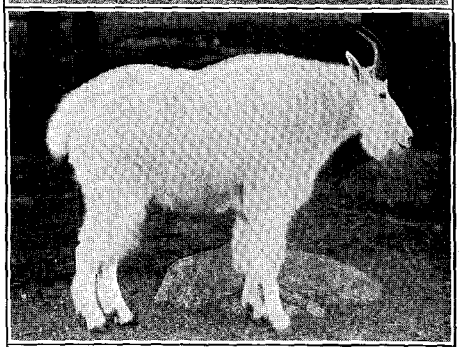
Of the bewildering variety of zoological varieties in the small Mammal House, there is space to mention only such distinguished foreigners as the Hyrax, Hyæna Dog, Caracal, Thibetan Fox, Suricate, Kusimanse, Spotted Genet, Binturong, Patagonian Cavy, Kinkajou, Clouded Leopard, Yaguarundi, Paca, Hutia, Golden Agouti, and the Giant Malabar Squirrel.

The Lion, the Tiger, the Jaguar, the Leopard and the Puma are commonplace, and even *passé*. Every collection of live animals has them; but one can count on the fingers of one hand all the zoological gardens and parks that exhibit specimens of the rare and beautiful Snow Leopard, or Ounce of Tibet, the Clouded Leopard of Borneo, and the Cheetah of Africa.

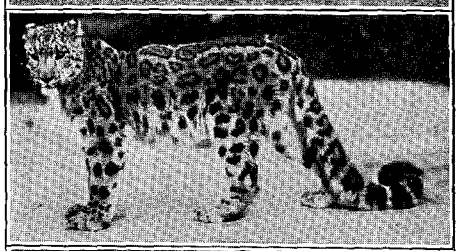
Our finest lion, old "Sultan," is well beloved of the animal painters and sculptors, and I think he has been painted and modelled about one hundred times. His countenance is refined,



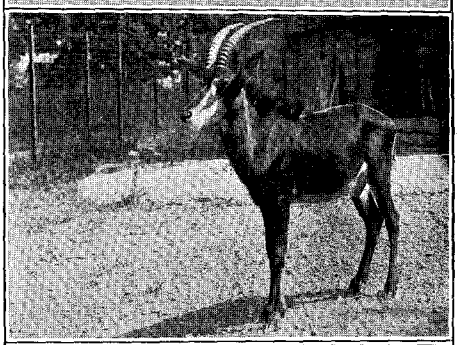
Markhor.



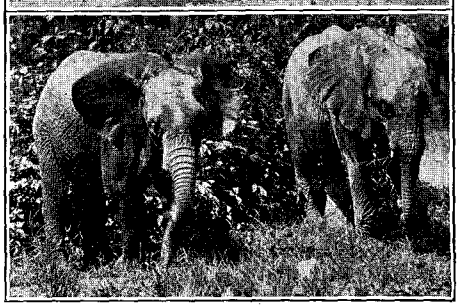
Rocky Mountain goat.



Snow leopard.



Sable antelope.



Sudan African elephants.

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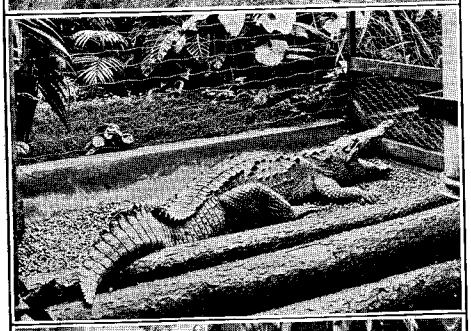
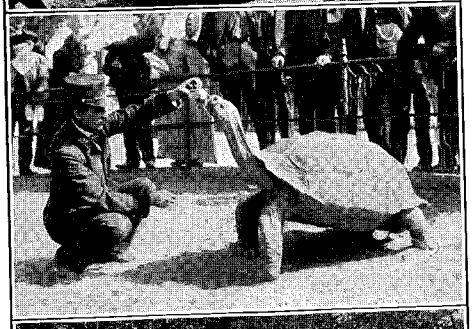
The Tegu lizard.

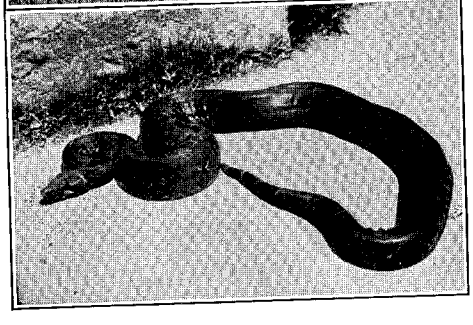


Florida crocodile.



Elephant tortoise.

Reticulated python.



Boa constrictor. (Black phase.)

dignified, imposing and beautiful, and his form is about perfect.

Our herd of Elk is to be viewed with unalloyed complacence. The stock is fine and robust, and the four males are as heavily antlered as any elk-hunter could possibly desire.

The Caribou, Moose and Big-Horn sheep we have given up as impossibilities; at least for acclimatization in New York. The salty humidity of the climate, the low altitude and the wet weather of every winter is hopelessly against those species.

And all this time we have not found space for a word concerning our wonderful bird collection, to which we have devoted the Aquatic Bird-House, the Large Bird-House, the great Flying Cage, the Duck Aviary, Pheasant Aviary, Ostrich House, Crane Paddock, and Wild-Fowl Pond. The great Eagle and Vulture Aviary will come in the near future, as the finish of the final plan that we laid down eleven years ago. The total number of species to be seen on July 15, 1909, was 644, and the whole number of specimens then on exhibition in good health was 2,816.

The Large Bird-House shelters, within and without, a glorious array of rare, odd and beautiful feathered forms. Of all birds, no species is more immaculate than the green and crimson Touracou, or Plantain-Eater, with his jaunty crest, and wings of flame that contain in their primaries ten per cent. of metallic *copper!* Structurally, no bird is more interesting than that odd mixture of characters, the Seriema, from South America, a composite stork-plover-bird-of-prey-without-talons. The South American Sun Bittern beside it, with a glorious sunburst painted on each wing, is equally rare. The Laughing Jackass from Australia is really a giant kingfisher. The long row of queer but pleasing Toucans of several species instantly arrest the eye, and the Toco Toucan would excite admiration anywhere. Close beside the Victoria Crown Pigeons of New Guinea, the odd and erratic Roadrunners from southern Arizona cheerfully hop and jerk through the day, watching the visitor with eyes that suggest practical jokes and mischief.

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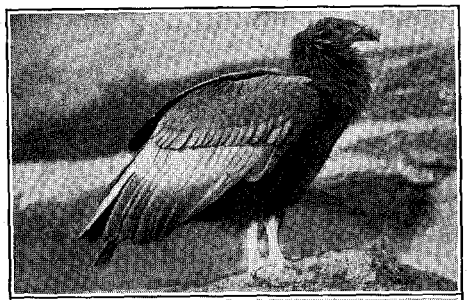
In the great main hall of the Large Bird-House about 75 species of birds, perhaps the queerest *omnium gatherum* ever peacefully harmonized in one apartment, disport joyously in the huge indoor flying-cage. There are gaudy Mandarin Ducks, Wood Ducks, Patagonian Plovers, Ruffs, Sandpipers, Quails of various species, Golden Pheasants, Bleeding-Heart Pigeons from the Philippines, a few Terns and Skimmers, and song birds in great variety of color and song.

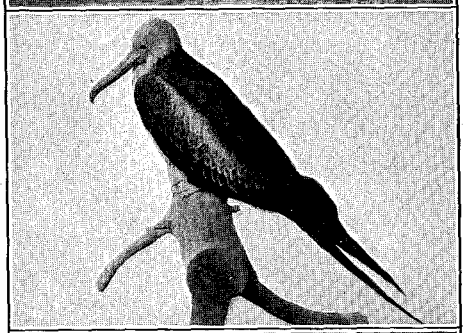
The Parrot's Hall is teeming and screaming with Parrots, Macaws, and Parakeets; but there also will be found a large collection of tropical Pigeons, Doves, and Quail. When the visitors have had enough of the noisiest birds on earth, it is pleasant to drift out into the Glass Court, where the American song-birds have almost exclusive possession. There you will find twelve species of our warblers living most happily in one big cage; and near by there are other and more vigorous songsters in goodly numbers.

The Ostrich House was built for the ostriches, rheas, emeus and cassowaries, and while it contains good examples of all these groups, many other rare feathered folk have crept into that comfortable haven of refuge. It is an odd gathering, scattered somewhat in summer, but in winter embracing such zoological prizes as the California Condor (now nearly extinct), the Harpy Eagle of South America, the odd Bataleur Eagle of Africa, the gorgeous King Vulture, the Paradise Crane, Java Peacock, and others.

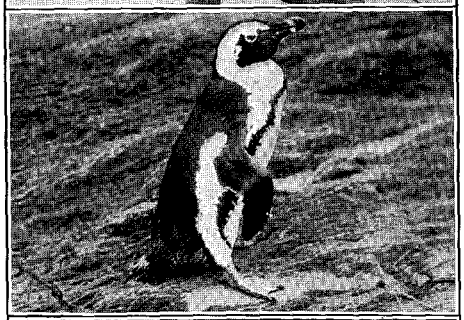
Our Pheasant Aviary is 240 feet long, and its 48 runways and shelter houses are all 8 feet in height. It is a two-story installation. The pheasants live upon the ground; and aloft, on the perches and in the bush-tops, live many species of hardy song-birds, pigeons and doves. Each bird in the place can exercise the following options provided for the promotion of its comfort: a sandy bed in the sun, a perch in the sun, a shelter open on the front only, or a closed shelter with only one small door. It is here that the pheasant fancier will find the gorgeous Golden, Reeves, Amherst, and



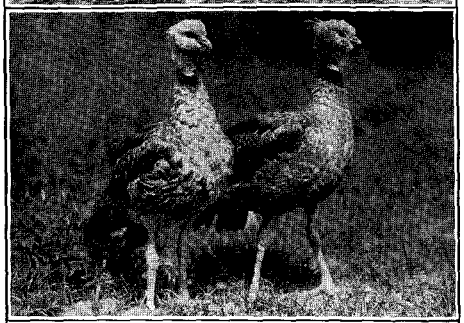
California condor.



Frigate bird.



Black-footed penguin.



Crested screamer.

Whooping crane.

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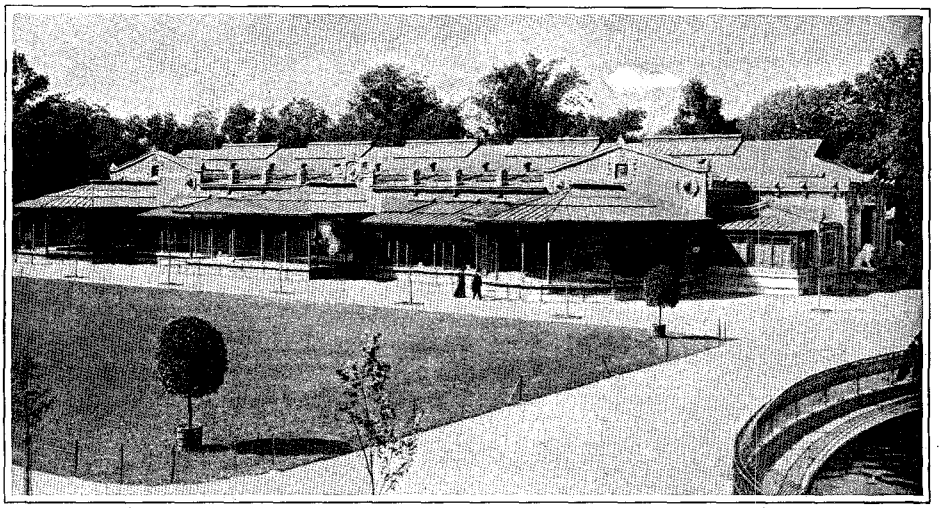
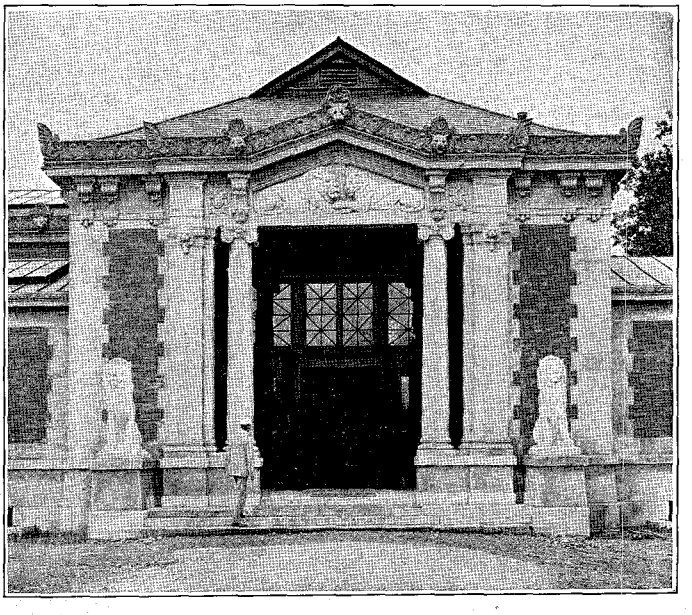


The lion house, showing open-air cages.

Impeyan pheasants; the Silver, Japanese Ring-neck, English, Fire-back, Elliott, Eared, and many others.

The Reptile House was the first building erected in the Park, and it was dedicated at the formal opening on November 9, 1899. It was built by the Zoological Society, and, with about 20 other installations, was presented to the city on the date mentioned. It was given a leading position in the programme because of the universal ignorance of the public regarding reptiles generally; and it is safe to say that it has cured a greater amount of ignorance and folly than any other collection of the Park.

Under this broad roof, in comfortable captivity, is gathered the world's greatest collection of poisonous and other serpents, crocodilians, turtles, terrapins, tortoises, and lizards.



Entrance to the lion house.

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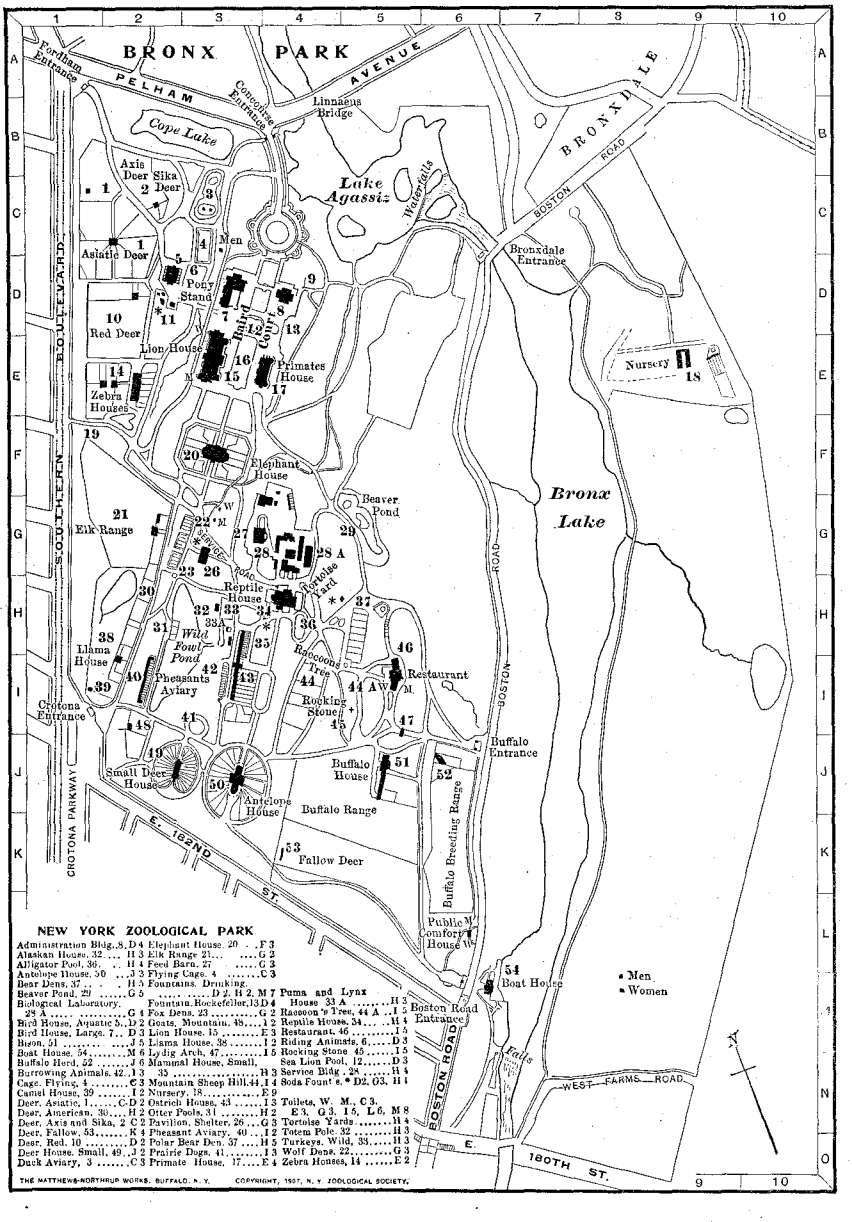
Our alligator pool in the Reptile House is far in advance of every other crocodilian pool, and represents one of the most complete "hits"—in a small way—that we have made. It is beautifully lighted, it has a living jungle background, it is deep and wide, its water is properly warmed, and each habitant can crawl out upon the bank and view the world whenever it suits him to do so. Our crocodiles and alligators eat as greedily as pigs, and they grow with a degree of rapidity that has completely upset all previous ideas and records of the growth of such reptiles.

We have been at much pains to establish in the centre of the main hall of reptiles an


BRONX PARK
Fordham Entrance
PELHAM AVENUE
Concourse Entrance
Linnæus Bridge
Cope Lake
Lake Agassiz
Waterfalls
BRONXDALE ROAD
BOSTON ROAD
Bronxdale Entrance
Axis Deer Sika Deer
Asiatic Deer
Men
Pony Stand
Ball Court
Lion House
Primates House
Zebra Houses
Nursery
Elephant House
Beaver Pond
Bronx Lake
Elk Range
Reptile House
Tortoise Yard
Wild Fowl Pond
Llama House
Pheasants Aviary
Raccoons' Tree
Restaurant
Rocking Stone
Crotona Entrance
Small Deer House
Antelope House
Buffalo House
Buffalo Range
Buffalo Entrance
Fallow Deer
Buffalo Breeding Range
Public Comfort House
Boat House
Boston Road Entrance
Falls
WEST FARMS ROAD
E. 180TH ST.
E. 182ND ST.
SOUTHERN BOULEVARD
CROTONA PARKWAY
Men
Women
NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK
Administration Bldg. 8 . D 4
Alaskan House. 32 . H 3
Alligator Pool. 36 . H 4
Antelope House. 50 . J 3
Bear Dens. 37 . H 5
Beaver Pond. 29 . G 5
Biological Laboratory. Fountain Rockefeller. 13 D 4
28 A . G 4
Bird House, Aquatic 5 . D 2
Bird House, Large. 7 . D 3
Bison. 51 . J 5
Boat House. 54 . M 6
Buffalo Herd. 52 . J 6
Burrowing Animals. 42 . I 3
Cage, Flying. 4 . C 3
Camel House. 39 . I 2
Deer, Asiatic. 1 . C-D 2
Deer, American. 30 . H 2
Deer, Axis and Sika. 2 C 2
Deer, Fallow. 53 . K 4
Deer, Red. 10 . D 2
Deer House, Small. 49 . J 2
Duck Aviary. 3 . C 3
Elephant House. 20 . F 3
Elk Range 21 . G 2
Feed Barn. 27 . G 3
Flying Cage. 4 . C 3
Fountains. Drinking. D 2, H 2, M 7
Fox Dens. 23 . G 2
Goats, Mountain. 48 . I 2
Lion House. 15 . E 3
Llama House. 38 . I 2
Lydig Arch. 47 . I 5
Mammal House, Small. Sea Lion Pool. 12 . D 3
35 . H 3
Mountain Sheep Hill. 44 I 4
Nursery. 18 . E 2
Ostrich House. 43 . I 3
Otter Pools. 31 . H 2
Pavilion, Shelter. 26 . G 3
Pheasant Aviary. 40 . I 2
Polar Bear Den. 37 . H 5
Prairie Dogs. 41 . I 3
Primate House. 17 . E 4
Puma and Lynx House. 33 A . H 3
Raccoon 's Trees. 44 A . I 5
Reptile House. 34 . M 4
Restaurant. 46 . I 5
Riding Animals. 6 . D 3
Rocking Stone 45 . I 5
Service Bldg. 24 . H 4
Soda Fount s. • D2. G3. H 4
Toilets, W. M., C 3.
E 3. G 3. I 5. L 6. M 8
Tortoise Yards . H 4
Totem Pole. 32 . H 3
Turkeys, Wild. 33 . H 3
Wolf Dens. 22 . G 3
Zebra Houses, 14 . E 2
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elaborate turtle crawl, with a deep pool at one end, in which to make comfortable a systematic collection of fresh-water turtles and terrapins. The eastern wing of the building is our Tortoise and Lizard House, heated in winter like a bake-oven, and in summer opening upon a series of sanded yards, in which the reptiles can roast themselves in the hot sun until they feel "fine."

Iguanas and monitors do not thrive in small cages, but put them in a sanded yard that is hot enough to roast eggs, and straightway they begin to run, and jump fences, fight and eat in a manner that is at first fairly bewildering! It seems odd to think of Iguanas fighting, but in our yards they are much given to it, greatly to the annoyance of their keepers.

If we are to be fair to ourselves, we must call attention to the labeling of the Zoological Park collections, particularly the descriptive labels, the maps of distribution, the charts, keys and picture-labels in endless profusion, to inform and entertain the visitor, and render the collections of the utmost value.

Naturally, the public will desire to know something of the number of specimens living in the various great zoological gardens of the world. Very few institutions publish their statistics annually, but we will offer all that are available at the present date. The latest general census was that for January 1, 1907, when the figures were as shown below, drawn chiefly from the official report made by Dr. Gustave Loisel, of Paris, to the French Government. All are as of January 1, 1907, except New York and London, which are for 1908:

Institution.	Mammals.	Birds.	Reptiles and Amphibians.	Total.
New York Zoological Park	607	2530	897	4034
Berlin	946	2176	27	3149
London	873	1621	478	2972
Philadelphia	487	952	1087	2526
Hamburg	473	1665	251	2389
Schoenbrunn	593	1351	171	2085
Cologne	424	1479	98	2001
Breslau	592	1067	184	1843
Frankfort	644	1002	158	1804

And how do our collections stand to-day in number of species and of individuals? The animal accommodations of the Park are crowded full, to the overflowing point. On July 15, 1909, a careful census revealed the following:

LIVING ANIMALS NOW IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Mammals	246	species	743	specimens
Birds	644	"	2816	"
Reptiles	256	"	1969	"
Total,	1146	"	5530	"

The tale is told. The Zoological Park and its collections must now speak for themselves. Last year they spoke to 1,413,739 visitors. The common people hear them gladly, but as yet the scientists of America, as a mass, do not seem to know that the New York Zoological Park has arrived. They are, as a rule, too much interested in soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable to care for such trivial things as living animals drawn from strange places. But the unscientific millions, whom we specially desire to instruct and entertain, are with us, in ever-increasing numbers; and for them we will continue to strive.

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ILION

By George Cabot Lodge

I

They turned into the day-break, and the light
Lay level in their eyes. They held the free
Fortunate wind across the blue bland sea:
Of all their lives the flame burned wild and bright.
Clear as the eyes of Helen shone by night
The lordly stars, which spelled their destiny;
The sun's perennial splendour seemed to be
Gold as the hair of Helen in their sight.
But Agamemnon, saviour of the fleet,
Only forever saw, with haunted eyes,
Iphigeneia bleeding at his feet;
And, in prophetic rapture, felt, too late,
Fierce as the eyes of Clytemnestra's hate,
Burst from his palsied tongue death's strangling cries! . . .

II

Crying, she woke, with fate's relentless hand
Cold at her heart; and, breathless with despair,
She saw the great gaunt galleys, and the flare
Of camp-fires kindling on the Trojan strand.
And Menelaus!—she beheld him stand
With ravaged eyes that could not cease to stare. . . .
She heard, borne up the windy Ilian air,
The lyric language of the Fatherland.
Then, with a roar as when the storm-wind blows,
The innumerable alien city rose,
And thronged the ramparts,—where, amid the gloom,
The inviolate victim of God's thwarted lust,
Cassandra, robed in mourning, crowned with dust,
Wailed in deaf ears the inexorable doom!

III

He saw Scamander crawl in fire and blood,
Stagnant with slain, beneath the burning wall.
Seaward he drove! But still, tho' like a pall,
Darkly, where once the rumoring city stood,
He felt Death's immemorial silence brood,
Shrill in his blood-sick heart he heard, withal,
The shriek of Hecuba, the frenzied call
Of Hector's Bride, bereft of motherhood!
And still of Helen his only visions were!—
Her eyes of wonder, and her endless hair,
Lightening like sunrise! . . . still he felt, for her
His wrath had branded with a harlot's shame,
Leap in his heart the blind consuming flame
Of love imperishable and love's despair!

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EMERSON

By W. C. Brownell

I

EXCEPT a childhood recollection of Lincoln speaking from a hotel balcony on his way to his first inauguration—of his towering size, his energy in gesture and emphasis, his extraordinary *blackness*, his angularity of action, and a certain imposing sincerity of assertion, the last very likely an imputation of later years—I have no memory of any of our public men more vivid than that of hearing in early youth a lecture by Emerson. Surely when Lowell called Lincoln "the first American" he forgot Emerson. Or he was thinking of Lincoln's representative character in, rather than of, his country. Politics is "too much with us." The first American both in chronology and in completeness appeared in the field of letters, and—if we are, as of course Lowell meant, to consider personal greatness in the comparison and thus exclude Cooper—in the efflorescence of New England culture. Naturally I do not in the least recall the topic of Emerson's lecture. I have an impression that it was not known at the time and did not appear very distinctly in the lecture itself. The public was small, attentive, even reverential. The room was as austere as the chapel of a New England Unitarian church would normally be in those days. The Unitarians were the intellectual sect of those days and, as such, suspect. Even the Unitarians, though, who were the aristocratic as well as the intellectual people of the place, found the chapel benches rather hard, I fancy, before the lecture was over, and I recall much stirring. There was, too, a decided sprinkling of scoffers among the audience, whose sentiments were disclosed during the decorous exit. Incomprehensibility, at that epoch generally, was the great offence; it was a sort of universal charge against anything uncomprehended, made in complete innocence of any obligation to comprehend. Nevertheless the small audience was manifestly more or less spellbound. Even the dissenters—as in the circumstances the orthodox of the day may be called—were impressed. It might be all over their heads, as they contemptuously acknowledged, or vague, as they charged, or disintegrating, as they—vaguely—felt. But there was before them, placidly, even benignly, uttering incendiarism, an extraordinarily interesting personality. It was evening and the reflection of two little kerosene lamps, one on either side of his lectern, illuminated softly the serenest of conceivable countenances—nobility in its every lineament and a sort of irradiating detachment about the whole presence suggestive of some new kind of saint—perhaps Unitarian. There was nothing authoritative, nothing cathedral in his delivery of his message, the character of which, therefore, as a message was distinctly minimized; and if nevertheless it was somehow clear that its being a message was its only justification, it was in virtue of its being, so to say, blandly oracular. It was to take or to leave, but its air of almost blithe aloofness in no wise implied anything speculative or uncertain in its substance—merely, perhaps, a serene equability as to *your* receptivity and its importance to *you*. Communication was manifestly the last concern of the lecturer. That was conspicuously not his affair. If, in turning over the leaves of his manuscript, he found they had been misplaced and the next page did not continue his sentence, he proceeded unmoved, after an instant's hesitation, with what it recorded. The hiatus received but the acknowledgment of a half smile—very gentle, wise, and tolerant. Nothing could better emphasize the complete absence of pretension about the entire performance, which thus reached a pitch of simplicity as effective as it was unaffected. "It makes a great difference to the force of a sentence," he says somewhere, "if there is a man behind it." Such lyceum technic cannot be considered exemplary. But in this case the most obvious fact about the lecture was that there *was* a man behind it. Conventions of presentation, of delivery, of all the usually imperative arts of persuasion—even

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of communication, as I say—seemed to lose their significance beside the personal impressiveness of the lecturer.

This, at all events, is true of the literature he produced—of his works in both prose and poetry. His life, his character, his personality—quite apart I mean from the validity of his precepts—have the potency belonging to the personality of the founders of religions who have left no written words. All the inconsistencies, the contradictions, the paradoxes, the inconsequences, even the commonplaces of his writings are absorbed and transfigured by his personal rectitude and singleness. One feels that what he says possesses a virtue of its own in the fact of having been said by him. He has limitations but no infirmities. He is no creature of legend; from cradle to grave his life was known, intimately known, of all men. There is a wealth of recorded personal reminiscence about him and one may soberly say there has been found "no fault in him." Everything testified of him explicitly attests this. "I never heard of a crime which I might not have committed," he says (or cites), in speaking of "Faust." But this was the sportiveness of his obsessive intellect. As a matter of fact he never committed any—not even the most venial error. Nor was his blamelessness in the least alloyed with weakness. His energy was as marked as his rectitude. He had the dauntless courage of the positively polarized—as he might say—and in no wise illustrated the negative virtues of passivity. He is of our time, of our day, he lived and wrote but yesterday at Concord, Massachusetts, he passed through the most stirring times, he shared, with whatever spiritual aloofness, the daily life of his fellows and neighbors and was part and parcel of a modern American community for nearly fourscore years and never in any respect or in the slightest degree, in any crisis or any trivial detail of humdrum existence, failed to illustrate—to incarnate—the ideal life. Introducing his lectures on "The Ideal in Art," Taine exclaims eloquently: "It seems as if the subject to which I am about to invite your attention could only be treated in poetry." Similarly, one feels in approaching any consideration of Emerson that his character is such as to implicate a lyric strain. Criticism is exalted into pure appreciation. Not only is there no weakness, no lack of heroic ideality in his life and conduct, but neither is there in his writings. Not only every poem, every essay, but every sentence, one may almost say, is fairly volatile in its aspiration toward the ideal. His practical admonitions and considerations—and his works are full of these—all envisage the empyrean. His homeliest figures and allusions direct the mind to the zenith and never stop with the horizon. And this incarnation of the ideal is a Massachusetts Yankee, for he was absolutely nothing else. I know of nothing in the history of literature, or in history itself, more piquant as an indifferent, more inspiring as a patriotic, critic would say. Emerson is our refutation of alien criticism, grossly persuaded of our materialism and interestedness. To "mark the perfect man" has been left to America and American literature.

II

NOTE moreover that Emerson's moral greatness—most conspicuous of all facts about him, as I think it is—receives its essentially individual stamp, aside from its perfection, from its indissoluble marriage with intellect. When he left his church he took his pulpit with him. He preached throughout his life. And he did nothing but preach; even his poetry is preaching. As a man of letters, an artist, a poet, a philosopher, a reformer, he has limitations that it is impossible to deny. As a preacher—a lay preacher—he is unsurpassed. Since the days of the Hebrew prophets, whom temperamentally he in no wise resembled, there has been no such genius devoted to the didactic. His distinction *as* a preacher, however, is not the authority with which he speaks—others have spoken as authoritatively—but that, though preaching always, his appeal is always to the mind. He never pleads, adjures, warns, only illuminates. He may talk of other gods, his Zeus is intellect. The hand may be Isaiah's, the voice is that of the intelligence. "The capital secret of the preacher's profession," he says, "is to convert life into truth." These five words define his own work in the world with precision. And his instrument, his alembic, for this conversion was the intellect. Treating moral questions, or questions which by extension are to be so called,

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almost exclusively, he treats them without reference to any criterion but that of reason. Pure intellect has never received such homage as he pays it. Its sufficiency has never seemed so absolute to any other thinker. "See that you hold yourself fast," —by the heart, the soul, the will? No,— "by the intellect," is the climax of one of his earliest and most eloquent preachments. The strain is recurrent throughout his works. "Goethe can never be dear to men," he says, with his extraordinary penetration. "His is not even the devotion to pure truth: but to truth for the sake of culture." He would have blandly scouted Lessing's famous preference for the pursuit over the possession of truth, and was far from "bowing humbly to the left hand" of the Almighty and saying, "Father, forgive: pure truth is for Thee alone." He never pursued truth—or anything. He simply uttered it, with perfect modesty but also with absolute conclusiveness. He never pretended to completeness, to the possession of all truth. "Be content with a little light, so it be your own," he counsels the youthful "scholar." He was imperturbably content with his; it was indubitably his own, and he trusted it implicitly.

Moreover it was the pure, as distinguished from the practical, intellect that he worshipped. Naturally, since it was this that he possessed. He himself admits, or rather proclaims, that his "reasoning faculty is proportionally weak." He is in fact Plato *redivivus* in his assumption that conceptions as such justify and prove themselves; or rather, that all kinds of proof are impertinent. He speaks always as one having authority, and as little like the logicians as the scribes. Not only his practice—which others have shared—but his theory, in which he is unique among the serious philosophers of the modern world, is quite definitely that of the seer. However blandly, however shrewdly, he unfolds his message, he has consciously and explicitly as well as inferentially the attitude of merely transmitting it. More—far more—than that, for with his inveterate didacticism he insists that this attitude be universal. Abstract yourself sufficiently, he seems to say to his audiences, and let the god speak through you. Then all will be well. To what purpose? Well, to no purpose, except the end of the formulation of truth. Truth he viewed almost as a commodity. If you could but get enough life converted into truth, there would be nothing left to ask for. That would be the legitimate end and conclusion of effort, because—though of course he never stooped to assign any reason for assuming the all-sufficiency of truth—since error is blindness, once perceived it won't be followed. He is, I confess, a little exasperating in his airy avoidance of this "conclusion of the whole matter." Even artistic completeness—for which, however, he had no sense—seems to require it. Logic also; axiomatically the highest good is goodness. But doubtless there are plenty of people to draw conclusions. Emerson was concerned mainly with premises—even major premises. The utilities he in general abhorred. There were in effect too many people to attend to them; to say nothing of the notorious fact that they would take care of themselves. The important thing was, as one may say, to illustrate Tennyson's exquisite image,

> "Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,"

and let the divine interpenetrate and fecundate human deliverances on any subject—as little alloyed as possible with any ratiocination or other obstruction of pure transmission. "We cannot spend the day in explanation," he says theocratically. There is no syllogism in all his essays—not even, I fancy, a "therefore." There is no attempt to argue, to demonstrate even statements and positions that almost seem to cry out for such treatment. It is all distinctly faculative, but all instinct with the *ex cathedra* tone of the inspired or even the possessed.

His deification of intellect inevitably involves a corresponding deficiency in susceptibility, and defective sympathies are accordingly—and were as a matter of fact with him—as characteristic of Emerson's order of moral elevation as is this one enthusiasm to which his susceptibility limited him. Distinctly he lacked temperament. His was a genial but hardly a cordial nature —in personal relations, indeed, more amiable even than genial. As he says, "the intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colors of affection." "Something is wanting to science until it has been humanized," he asserts, but by humanization he means "union with intellect and

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will"—quite formally neglecting the susceptibility, the necessary transition between the two. Will comes next to intellect in his esteem—he praises action on occasion—but it is a distant second. Virtue itself, he says, "is vitiated by too much will." He was poise personified, and both will and feeling impair equilibrium. The ether that he breathed habitually was too rarefied a medium for the affections to thrive in. He was in love only with the ideal—and the ideal as he conceived it, *i. e.*, "the absolute order of things." In all human relations, even the closest, a certain aloofness marks his feeling. As to this the testimony is unanimous. It was far from being shyness in the sense of diffidence. He did not know what diffidence was. On the contrary, it proceeded from an acute sense of self-respect. Mr. Cabot's Memoir contains a delicious letter to Margaret Fuller, who sighed for more reciprocity in him. Plainly he was to be neither wheedled nor bullied into intimacy. He was himself quite conscious of his innate unresponsiveness—as indeed what was there that escaped his all-embracing, all-mirroring consciousness? He was twice married, and received his life long the deferential devotion of family and friends. But he undoubtedly felt that "my Father's business"—or his equivalent for it—had claims upon his preoccupation superior to theirs. The essence of love is self-abandonment, and such an attitude is quite foreign to him. It was in fact inconsistent with his idea of the dignity and importance of his own individuality, which he cherished with a singleness quite exactly comparable with the saint's subordination of all earthly to divine affection. He did not care enough for his friends to discriminate between them—which I imagine is the real reason for the extraordinary estimate of Alcott that has puzzled so many of his devotees. Aloofness is no respecter of persons. Seen from a sufficient height ordinary differences tend to equalization. He was silent for the most part in company—not constrained, not abstracted, just resting, one fancies, in a temporary surcease of meditative activity. And at home, he says, "Most of the persons I see in my own house I see across a gulf."

Such temperamental composure it is perhaps that saves him from the fanaticism regnant around him through much of his life, and more or less directly derived from the disintegration of conservatism whose elements he had himself set free. We owe him our intellectual emancipation in all of its results, no doubt. But he himself never lost his equilibrium. His enthusiasms did not enthrall him, nor did he ever become the slave of his own ideas. Of theories he had practically none. And his lack of fixity was not only too integral for fanatical determination but too frigid for volcanic disturbance. Common sense—of the recognizably Yankee variety—was less his balance-wheel than a component part of his nature, and gives to his intellect its marked turn for wisdom rather than speculation. It is this element in his writings that prevents his oracular manner from arousing distrust and makes his paradoxical color seem merely the poetizing of the literal. On all sorts of practical things he says the last word—the last as well as the *fin mot*. With the eloquence and enthusiasm of youth—no writer is so perennially young—he had the coolness of age; and this coolness is as marked in his earliest as in his latest writings, which indeed show increased mellowness and a winning kind of circumspect geniality. But, to adopt the terms he himself would have sanctioned, if not employed, his susceptibility was really stirred by the reason alone—the self-knower, the organ of immediate-beholding—and was in no wise responsive, even in dealing with the most practical matters, to the conclusions of the understanding, or the report of the senses. "There is no doctrine of the Reason," he exclaims with tender fervor, "which will bear to be taught by the Understanding." Being thus stimulated in the main by only a portion (to speak anciently again) of his beloved intellect, his feelings really glowed, one may say, within extraordinarily narrow limits. When he could exercise his *Vernunft* in complete neglect of his *Verstand* he reached the acme of his exaltation. The direct perception of truth—meaning, of course, moral truth—suffused him with something as near the ecstasy he so often seems to aspire to without ever quite reaching, as his extremely self-possessed temperament would suffer. "God, or pure mind," is one of his phrases, incidental but abundantly defining his conception of Deity, and it is this central conception that colors

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his philosophy and on its religious side makes it so strictly ethical.

Professor Woodberry—whose "Life of Emerson" is in my judgment not only a masterly study of a difficult subject but one of our few rounded and distinct literary masterpieces—maintains that Emerson is essentially religious. I cannot myself see it. Perhaps it is a question of definition, but surely it is an accepted idea that religion is a matter of the heart, and one is confident that no religious or other emotion ever seriously disturbed the placid alternation of systole and diastole in Emerson's. It is fortunate probably that it is so little a matter of the intellect; otherwise the mass of mankind whom it guides and consoles in one way or another, *tant bien que mal*, would distinctly be losers. The wise and prudent themselves, as a matter of fact, to which class Emerson eminently belonged, have mainly manifested a susceptibility to it in virtue of that side of their nature which they share with the babes to whom it has been revealed. What the unaided intellect has ever done for it, except by way of occasionally divesting it of the theology it had previously encumbered it with, is difficult to see. Certainly no secular writer, even, ever cared less about it, however defined—unless it be religious to aggrandize the moral sentiment and insist on it as the *summum bonum* and the *suprema lex* of life—than Emerson. Matthew Arnold called it "the most lovable of things," though in describing it as "morality touched by emotion" he seemed to many to eliminate its divine and therefore most characteristic sanction. With Emerson neither morality nor anything else is "touched by emotion" in any other sense than that of exaltation. He counsels the "scholar" to be "cold and true." And though on the other hand he is in constant communication with the divine element in nature, what he understands by this is not the power that makes for righteousness, but mind — universal mind, whose sole manifestation is not goodness, or beauty, but truth, of which goodness is altogether a concomitant, and beauty a mere manifestation. "No law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to this or that; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it."

III

It would indeed be hardly too fanciful to find Emerson's philosophy very considerably derived from the natural man in him —using the terms in the "orthodox" theological sense and not in his nor in Rousseau's. Bland angel as he was, he very much wanted his own way. One is tempted to say that he invented or elected his philosophy in order to get it. At all events his philosophy exactly suited him. He had no sentimental needs. It satisfies none. He had, to an inordinate degree—as how should he not have?—the pride of intellect. It magnifies mind. He was assailed by no temptations, knew "no law of the members." It contemplates none. He was impatient of constraint. It exalts freedom. He suffered from the pressure of traditional superstition. It lauds the leading of individual light. He felt acutely, with an extraordinary and concentrated intensity, the value, the importance, the dignity of his own soul. It invents the "over soul"—surely an exercise in terminology!—to authenticate it. The natural man, however understood, is the undisciplined man. And discipline is precisely the lacking element in his philosophy. The philosophers are very impatient with it. One of them, certainly one of the most instinctive, erudite and expert of American members of the guild—practitioners of the art, I was about to say—informs me that "no one who has worshipped in the shrine of Kant can put up with that loose sort of practical 'philosophy.'" "Practical" in his view is manifestly not a laudatory epithet for philosophy—Carlyle's "moonshine" indeed, more so. But so far as Emerson himself was concerned I suspect that it is an exact one; for him it was extremely practical, even essential. In the silver shimmer of his "moonshine" the whole moral world lay argently if not effulgently illuminated, and if objective truths were not revealed in their completeness, they were essentially defined with a shadow both sharper in outline and fuller of suggestiveness than sunlight secures or permits.

Logic has been said—not very scientifically, it is true—to be a justification of one's instincts. But vigorously and indeed airily eschewing logic as it does, Emerson's philosophy may nevertheless be called

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the justification of his intuitions to himself in more or less obscure logical fashion; concatenated intuitions involve a kind of deductive logic. Essentially novel Emerson's ideas cannot be called — though it should be said that he never claims novelty for them, merely advancing them in serene independence and disregard of their to him doubtless "secondary sources," as drawn from the fountain of truth. "Fragments of old thought that have been long in the world, like boulders left by the primeval streams of man's intellect," Professor Woodberry picturesquely if rather hardly calls them. Even the theory of Nature, perhaps his most personal philosophic contribution, is, he continues, "not without copious illustrations in mystical writers." But however strictly he had inherited them, Emerson had undoubtedly, in Goethe's famous phrase, "reconquered" them for himself. And out of them he had composed what for him was an eminently practical working hypothesis which it pleased him to regard as the constitution of the universe. If he mistook guesses at, for glimpses of, truth on occasion, it cannot be denied that, given his intense love of it—in itself the most powerful clarifier of mental vision—and his altogether remarkable good sense—inherited perhaps from generations of intellectual ancestors who knew not whim—his own extraordinarily gifted intelligence worked with a minimum of insecurity, as it undoubtedly worked in its freest, its happiest, and its most congenial possible way, within the elastic framework of an intuitional philosophy, and would have been strangled by an empirical one. His philosophy at any rate, as I say, suited *him*. It fostered the expansion of his native genius and fructified as any thing other would have sterilized, the luxuriant efflorescence of his meditation. Without it, without the certainty his direct vision enabled him to feel, his wisdom would have far less authority and would have suffered from the inevitable enfeeblement of speculation. Induction is impertinent to the seer. "Without the vision" he loses his office quite as inevitably as "the people perish."

His philosophy also suited the time and environment of which he was in turn a product as well as a prophet. Elusive as he is, Emerson was of the essence of New England, and the New England of the early nineteenth century. Generations of militant Protestantism necessarily intensified the essence of non-conformity without of course necessarily transmitting its traditional expression. It is of course the type that persists, and the type is not a set of opinions, however rigid, but the attitude of mind in which they are held. Emerson's catholicity extends to indifference rather than to tolerance, and in itself is distinctly intellectual rather than sympathetic or voluntary. He is constitutionally less a descendant of Erasmus than of Luther. His protest against technical Protestantism, against dogma in general, is identical in nature with the Reformers' protest against specific dogmas. Its expression is in scope chiefly an evolution, though in temper a miraculous variation from type. It allows him, to be sure, an occasional return to the Puritan luxury of oppugnation and excess, as in his remark that John Brown had made the gallows as glorious as the Cross, or in an ironical reference to history or culture or "Europe," or tart censure of the "Oriental" way in which "the good Jesus" has been deified—instead perhaps of being "ground into paint" for more specific use, as he says was the fate to which Plato subjected his relations. But in general it is needless to say he has retained the mental attitude of Puritanism purged of its polemic and contentious temper. And this attitude is illustrated in the two chief objects of his consecration—individualism and the ideal.

Specifically one of his greatest services both to us and to mankind—chary as he was of specific service:

> "He that feeds men serveth few;
> He serves all who dares be true,"

and subtly as this one is rendered, being in fact rather an implication of his writings than anywhere explicit in them—is what may be called the rationalization of democracy through the ideal development of the individual. His defective sympathies qualify his own democracy which thus rests wholly on an intellectual basis, and for this reason his service to it will perhaps some day be perceived as one of the greatest that have been rendered to this greatest of modern causes. Too modest to conceive his mission as otherwise benevolent than is involved in the conversion of life into truth,

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too fastidious to respond to the elementary appeal of philanthropy, he was yet bold enough and detached enough to recognize the injustice of privilege and the claims of every human potentiality for development into power. Besides, his philosophy of the identity of mind and his gospel of individualism imposed democracy upon him. The very fact that he was no respecter of persons, protected him from illusions as to classes, and the finality of feudalism was alone enough to lead his revolutionary and independent spirit to see it as at best a makeshift and not an ideal. Association with God and his own higher self naturally induced contempt of artificial human distinctions, and a theologian who did not divide mankind even into sheep and goats had no disposition to fix them in categories of complicated mutual interdependence, where to preach to them his favorite doctrine of self-reliance would be derision. If his emotional nature lacked warmth, what eminently it possessed was an exquisite refinement, and a constituent of his refinement was an instinctive antipathy to ideas of dominance, dictation, patronage, caste, and material superiority, whose essential grossness repelled him and whose ultimate origin in contemptuousness—probably the one moral state except cravenness that chiefly he deemed contemptible—was plain enough to his penetration.

He hated the mob, and shrank from the vulgar. No doubt Tiberius Gracchus did. "Enormous populations," he exclaims, "if they be beggars, are disgusting, like moving cheese, like hills of ants, or of fleas—the more, the worse." He certainly could not echo St. Francis's: "My brother, the ass." But if his democracy was not founded on sentiment, it was perhaps all the more firmly established in principle by penetrating vision, and perhaps it is only in this way that democracy will be able to complete its conquest of the human spirit, that is to say by convincing the mind; the heart of mankind has often been persuaded even to ecstasy, but pure sentiment is subject to striking, not to say, tragic, reaction. From the democratic point of view, I know of no finer spectacle than that furnished by the procession of Emerson's lecturing years. All over the North and West of the country, as well as in his own New England, "the people"—there were no others—gathered in cities and villages and in substantial numbers to listen to the suave delivery of his serene message, to enjoy, each one after his capacity, the honeyed extract of his assimilated culture, the fruit of his claustral meditation, on various phases of all sorts of topics, but always the Ideal. However much or little they comprehended, they at least savored it, and their eagerness to breathe its rarefied air and experience its elusive stimulus, witnesses a corresponding idealism in his public. His public was no doubt as eminently naive as he was subtle, but they met on the common ground of the dignity of the individual and his indefinitely great capacity for development through divine illumination. Truly a different social phenomenon altogether from that of the University Extension movement, say, whether or no as valuable measured by its fruits.

IV

Measured by its fruits, however, Emersonian doctrine must certainly be, and it cannot be contested that some of these have not been fair. When Emerson affirms "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist," one recalls, thinking of some of his disciples, Mrs. Shelley's prayer for her son: "Oh! my God, send him where they will teach him to think like other people," and wishes that he had varied his preaching of self-reliance occasionally by commending culture. Culture, however, did not enter into Emerson's philosophy. His philosophy indeed, following his instinct, does not so much neglect as positively impeach it. There is no denying the fact, which is vaunted rather than dissembled. He has a hard word for it always. Culture means on the one hand discipline, which irked him, and on the other acquisition, which to him could only have a disciplinary function. In either aspect it involves effort and effort lay quite outside his ideal of surrender to intuition and impulse. "I would not degrade myself," he says, "by casting about for a thought nor by waiting for one." And it is far less a transient than a prevailing mood in which he affirms, "I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*." And this spirit informs not only his intellectual but his moral philosophy, so far as these are

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separable. What he holds in reserve in the one case is the "explanation" in which he "cannot spend the day," and in the other the postulate that impulse should of course be pure and good. His own being angelic, he assumes integrity in that of the world in general. "Our moral nature," he insists, "is vitiated by any interference of our will."

But even for culture that involves a minimum of effort, he feels no particular friendliness. Although it is at the least the other side of the shield of self-reliance, it is one of the few that he rarely turns around. "Obey thyself," "Trust thyself," are adjurations he never qualifies. Bishop Wilson's caution, after saying "Act in accordance with the best light that you have," namely, "be sure that your light is not darkness," is one he never adds. He establishes egoism on a basis of practicable infallibility. Everything external, in fact, is valued so strictly for what it educes and evokes as to minimize its importance as augmentation and even illumination. Education is of course essentially as well as etymologically thus to be conceived. But even thus conceived culture is its complement, and the education of others may advantageously correct, modify, and enrich, as well as stimulate the mind—increase its store as well as strengthen its powers. Knowledge *is* power as well as a source of it. It is only emphasis doubtless that saves the distinction from barrenness, but in such a matter emphasis is everything.

Emerson's whole stress and accent belittle culture in both its aspects, but especially in its aspect as acquisition. The essay on "History" is certainly not designed merely to state the trite truth that education is educative, but to deny that it is anything else. Yet in maintaining so rigidly that the educative is the sole function of history, he is really belittling this function itself. The furniture of the mind, the material it has to work with is hardly less important than the condition of its muscles, so to speak, and Emerson's peremptory rejection of all that was not plainly addressed grist for the individual's own mill, appears elsewhere as plainly as in his view of history. It appears in his literary prejudices, certainly the most whimsical that could be predicated of a really great mind, whatever its temperamental defects. "He could see nothing," Mr. Cabot records, "in Shelley, Aristophanes, Don Quixote, Dickens." Dante, whom he conventionally celebrates in verse, he called obscurely "another Zerah Colburn"—described in the dictionaries as a youthful mathematical prodigy of the day. He finds that Landor, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wordsworth all lack the intuition of religious truth, adding: "They have no idea of that species of moral truth [identifying 'religious' with 'moral,' one perceives incidentally] that I call the first philosophy." His race prejudices are also plain, as appears especially in "English Traits"—a work distrusted by the English themselves almost as much as "Our Old Home" is disesteemed, and though surprisingly full of instructive data as well as distinctly entertaining, distinctly less penetrating and sound than it might have been had he had even a touch of cosmopolitanism wherewith to modify its rather loose panegyric. He knew German and Germany of course. His philosophy issued thence on its way from Plato, though he caught a good deal of it in rebound from Coleridge, of course; his positive preference for translations is well known. But one may almost say that he appears never to have heard of France, except as an appanage of Napoleon, of whom he had a curious and curiously enlightened appreciation. Social questions also left him cold. "I have no social talent," he says of himself and might with equal truth have added, no social interests. Culture prescribes an interest in the present and future of mankind as well as in its past. But mankind, as such, interested him very superficially. Unlike his ally Nature he is careless of the type and though it is his individuality that chiefly he cares for in the individual he certainly emphasizes this in a way that minimizes all the relations of fellowship. His social sense, in a word, has always been found by his critics even more defective than his historic, and attests even more plainly to the present time his deficiency in culture, which alone could have modified his instinctive individualism and to which in an essential respect therefore his philosophy appears provincial and, however vital, barbaric. Individualism is currently, it need not be said, a waning force in all "practical" philosophy, in whose domain on the contrary the social sense has strongly entrenched itself.

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It has done so in no small degree in virtue of its substantial accord with what culture recognizes as the survival in society of the spirit of fraternity that Christianity inherited perhaps from Stoicism and, enriched with its own emotional opulence and elevation, transmitted to the modern world —one of its latest embodiments being in fact expressly labelled "Christian socialism." And Emerson, to go one step further, whether or no his devotion to the "moral sentiment" be exactly characterized as religious or merely ethical, is as distinctly un-Christian as he is unsocial. The orthodox of his day followed a sure instinct in distrusting him, however pusillanimous the form the feeling took on occasion. The orthodox distrust of him has largely passed away, partly through its own transformation, partly through the extreme winningness of his eloquence and his personal saintliness, partly through its failure to perceive that his variety of idealism is as hostile to the essence as to the ecclesiasticism of Christianity. From the point of view of culture Christianity, denuded of its ecclesiastical sanctions, is still more to be explained as a force, a factor in evolution, an element of progress. It is impossible not to reckon with its principles, its discoveries, its modifications and deflections of the Pagan current of tendency and constitution of moral attitude. Goethe, for example, passes with the orthodox for a Pagan in virtue of his culture. But culture includes the orthodox and Goethe's web of life lost no single thread furnished by Christianity. The profound contribution to the philosophy of existence made in the utterance "He that loveth his life shall lose it" finds its echo across the dissonances of twenty ages in

"Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren"

—the key-note of the greatest modern poem.

The gospel of self-assertion, therefore, which is but another name for Emerson's stirring "self-reliance" has less virtue today than in a period of traditional tyranny especially blind to the ideal. Its virtue is incontestable, but it is already practically relegated to the category of "subsumed" and presupposed *principia* of all thought and conduct. His optimism, accordingly, remains tonic, but it is no longer daily food. It is marked rather by elevation than depth; and his philosophy, taken as a whole, which it pervades and indeed unifies, is thus marked. In its concentration on the ideal and its corresponding neglect of the actual, it is not philosophically central and complete. It stimulates aspiration, but does not sustain realization. It would be shallow to describe it as superficial. Nothing in Emerson is superficial. And to the sense that marks his lack of depth, his elevation is quite as clear if not wholly compensatory. Moreover, his lack of depth is always felt as a temperamental coldness never, it need hardly be said, as intellectual aridity. There is nothing of which he fails to take account, but his accent and stress—an immense matter—are not dictated by feeling, and consequently have the less weight. The ascription of optimism to him in the Pangloss sense would be absurd. A view of the actual as the best possible world can hardly be ascribed to a revolutionary and reformatory spirit, always and systematically a critic of the established order—a writer whose work is full of allusions to the ineptitudes of human imbecility (not an infrequent word with him) and who asserts that "a person seldom falls sick but the by-standers are animated with a faint hope that he will die." His optimism consists in his confidence in the *natural* constitution of things, in the exhilaration its contemplation gives him, in his persuasion that *Nature* is the best possible Nature, and that man, though "fallen," has infinite potentialities, his perfectibility being dependent only on the transformation of "masses" into individuals, on ignoring the cultivation of his garden and, not to put too fine a point upon it, brushing up his wits; with intellectual illumination thus obtained his salvation is secure. Besides, *ex vi termini* the revolutionist is an optimist. It is the conservative—temperamental or purely philosophic—who is the pessimist, as being less content than timorous.

Fear, however, is as fundamental as courage in the constitution of the universe. It is at least the salutary complement of courage of the adventurous order, which is rather the instrument of crises. It is the fear of the Lord that is the beginning of wisdom. It is fear that conserves and guides and shields from peril and destruction, and fosters growth and protects from error, and whose service is over only when perfect love hath cast it out and the child is

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reassured in the arms of its mother and the weary soul at rest in the bosom of God. The fact that fear is rational is what makes fortitude divine. Emerson's optimism as to the constitution of the universe—essentially unmodified, as I have said, by his asperity toward both human nature and human institutions—is too blithe, too bland, too confident. His ideal of independence and non-conformity is easily made to sanction guerilla skirmishing in the conflict of life, which is serious enough for a concerted campaign. It undervalues the enemy's strength. Doubtless one can so station the camera of his mind as to catch the universe at Emerson's angle and identify his "perception" of positive good everywhere with negative evil as an insubstantial and illusory shadow—"Captive Ill attending Captain Good." The youthful Goethe, aged six, at the time of the Lisbon earthquake did so, and reported his vision of the truth that a mortal accident cannot affect an immortal spirit. But it is difficult to "hold the position"—which requires a dervish tension and its accompanying insensibility. The slightest shifting of the purely intellectual point of view discloses the old panorama. Pain hurts, poverty pinches, bereavement is bitter, injustice cruel, remorse torture. If evil is but the shadow of good, its blackness leaves any but an invincibly optimistic temperament sadder still by minimizing the moral order in rendering it less substantial and therefore less apt a field for calculable conflict. Moreover, how explain sin—the *choice* of evil? To call sin "good in the making," to ascribe it to some "circle" or other in following which the "ways of the wicked" are made to serve the harmony of the spheres, is to minimize its gravity and "wither" the individual with a vengeance. But Emerson is always minimizing when he is not magnifying the individual—an inevitable alternation, perhaps, in an intellectual philosophy which ignores *conscience*, and considers potentialities to the exclusion of responsibilities. As a part of the universe, you are a veritable *mouche de coche*, and whatever you do is muted in the celestial symphony. As an individual, consciousness itself gives a glowing, an almost incredible account of your capacities. Conscience, however, is another matter.

Emerson was "all his days," says Henry James, Sr., "an arch-traitor to our existing civilized regimen, inasmuch as he unconsciously managed to set aside its fundamental principle, in doing without conscience. . . . He had no conscience, in fact, and lived by perception, which is an altogether lower or less spiritual faculty." His neglect of conscience is undoubtedly due in large measure to his personal immunity from its mordant functioning. Unlike the youth—tenderly nurtured in the lap of Calvinism—who expressed surprise at hearing of an *approving* one, his own must have been radiantly commending. It was easy for him to affirm that "no man can afford to waste his moments in compunction." Personal blamelessness conjoined with modesty, which in Emerson was correspondingly marked, naturally induce optimism. There is nothing like sin to give one a gloomy view of the universe. It is the ally and often the parent of cynicism, doubtless, and its natural tendency is to impair philosophic integrity—since its concomitant is suffering and suffering of any sort deflects and distorts. But culture as well as experience feels the lack of depth in any philosophy that ignores conscience. Emerson is epitomized in the word *confidence*. He has the pride which Meredith aptly called Pagan. He is not arrogant in spirit but autocratic in attitude. The attitude of "The Problem" is even exultant. He has not the defiant note of Henley's "Invictus" or the *insouciance* of Stevenson's *gaudium certaminis*. But his confidence indubitably recalls writers of this slightly aggressive order, rather than the deeper notes of the masters who interpret life with more deference, if not with a greater sense of dependence on, than of unison with, the divine. No wonder Nietzsche habitually carried one of his volumes in his pocket. If Socrates is "terribly at ease in Zion," Emerson is elate there. And only those for whom elevated elation is an equivalent of depth, will find in a philosophy of intellectual pride and moral confidence the soundness and substance for which culture as well as conscience calls.

V

Its genesis naturally furnishes the key to Emerson's style. It is that of the pulpit modified by the lyceum, and the forensic

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element struggles in it with the literary. Its ideal is eloquence, not exposition, and it is more than likely that this ideal affected his thought as well—manner so marked inevitably reacting on matter. A marked influence, during his formative period, was undoubtedly exercised over him by Everett. In early days he adored Everett—to a degree which, since the episode of Everett's overshadowing at Gettysburg perhaps, has been popularly incomprehensible. But Emerson's eulogy of his style is specific and convincing. There are many echoes in this panegyric of his own procedure. In the matter of style a writer never fully recovers from his early admirations; they are such, doubtless, because his nature responds to them. And perhaps the seven preachers of his ancestry had transmitted to Emerson the taste and the talent for treating the written as if it were the spoken word and predisposed him to admire, and later to emulate, the oratorical manner of which Everett was—with whatever reservations in respect of artificiality, unappreciated by his youthful adorer—the most admirable exponent in his day.

To the present generation it is almost needful to protest that eloquence and oratory are not, normally, varieties of tasteless inflation and tropical excess, that they are not of necessity alloyed with the meretricious. At all events in Emerson's case, his early ideals and his subsequent practice in the lyceum pulpit, are undoubtedly largely responsible for what is the salient merit of his style—for the fact that what he wrote has the vitality of the spoken word. Every sentence is addressed to the mind directly. It has a complete value in itself, and is not merely contributory to any general cumulative effect. So far, accordingly, as the prevailing blandness of his nature permits, it is decidedly a sententious style. But blandness is also an obvious element of it and bridges the absence of transitions, or at least softens it, so that while your attention receives really a constant succession of stimuli, they almost blend in the equivalence of tendency. As there is no reasoning there is no appeal to the reasoning faculties and you turn the pages even more submissively than you follow an orator, conscious only of a series of apprehensions. And each paragraph, each sentence — sometimes nearly every word—is instinct with individual effectiveness, often conceived with a wonderful intuitive sense of beauty and fitness, always chosen with a wonderful felicity of selection, incisive, apt, illuminating, and on occasion fairly vibrant with charm. His vocabulary is a marvel of eclecticism—drawn from all fields, from poetry to science, from the country of the imagination to that of every-day existence, ranging from the most exotic to the most familiar, the most ornate to the most ordinary, and excluding nothing but the pedantic and the mediocre. No writer ever possessed a more distinguished verbal instinct, or indulged it with more delight. He fairly caresses his words and phrases and shows in his treatment of them a pleasure nearer sensuousness, perhaps, than any other he manifests. Everywhere his diction is penetrated with these essential traits of eloquence—traits that is to say which endue mere expression with values of force, of weight, of heightened and intensified vigor that in Emerson combine to weave the garment of vitality itself.

On the other hand, the lack of continuity is obvious. His inconsequences of expression image his inconsecutiveness of thought with even more than the natural closeness. But it is to be borne in mind that the lack of continuity in Emerson's style in general does not exclude passages of such substantial extent as really to count as periods. And such passages so count in virtue not only of extent, but of character; they are in construction and rhythmic sentiment truly periodic. His eloquence is not merely pointed, but on occasion—when in fact he indulges the weakness of lingering over a thought instead of uttering another—sustained. It is needless to say this is a disposition he does not abuse. Nevertheless his habitual and prevailing elevation of mind and mood is such that in the kind of passage to which I refer, hardly any prose is richer than his. No writer ever had in more opulent measure the unusual power of maintaining throughout varied thematic modulation a single tone, a central thought, until the expression of its strict implications was complete, and one after another of its phrasings apt for echo in eloquent unison. Eloquence, in fact, either of word, phrase, or passage, pervades his style as a flavor; it is present as a distinct, and, indeed, dominant element and governs the entire technic, already germinant in its inspiration.

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What his style lacks is art in the larger sense. It is distinctly the style of a writer who is artistic, but not an artist—to apply to himself the useful distinction he applied to Goethe. He had no sense of composition; his compositions are not composed. They do not constitute objective creations. They have no construction, no organic quality—no evolution. He is above the "degradation" of resort to the elementary, but in some guise or other fundamental, machinery of rhetorical presentation—the succession of exordium, theme, conclusion. His essays often begin happily with an arousing, stimulant, utterance, but there is no graded approach to any distinguishable middle, which in turn is followed by some end; they do not terminate, but cease. His sense of form—exquisite where purity and simplicity are concerned—disappears in the presence of complexity and elaboration. The impressiveness of a work of art resides largely in the relations between its larger values, but Emerson has no larger values. The details themselves—often as I say beautiful, and caressingly burnished—are not grouped in mutual interdependence, and consequently do not constitute parts. *A fortiori* there is no whole, and as a rule, the essays do not leave a very definite single impression, so far as the reinforcement of the theme by the treatment is concerned. You get the idea that "self-reliance" is a fine thing, but not how, or why, or with what qualifications. The detail of such essays as "Power," "Success," "Greatness," is almost interchangeable. His way of working, combined with his depreciation of effort, made this inevitable. He read, walked, and meditated eight or nine hours a day, thus accumulating golden nuggets of thought, but without the direction of the will his meditation was of necessity desultory, and when subsequently he subtracted from his accumulation of nuggets enough for a lecture or an essay their classification was perforce rather arbitrary. It is only nature, however, that can be trusted to work thus at hap-hazard, and even Pactolus was a stream, not a moraine. For man's creation art is rigorously requisite. And art in the constructive sense found no echo in Emerson's nature.

In general terms, to be sure, he says the most searching things about it. About what subject of human concern, indeed, does he fail to? There is no witness of his wisdom, of the wide embracing character of his intellect, more striking than some of his deliverances about its character and scope largely considered, for, being temperamentally without sensuous strain, he looked through things rather than at them. But what he betrays in his attitude toward art is sapience, not sensitiveness. The fact—considering the New England of his day—is still another, and not the least significant, evidence of his powers of intellectual divination. As to these one is constantly tempted to ask oneself in reading him, if after all intellect *enough* is not all-sufficient. But when we come to his own appreciation of art in the concrete, we realize how little it meant to him. He could, as in the case of Goethe, recognize, and even regret, its absence, but actively and positively it was quite indifferent to him.

The real and fundamental reason for this I suspect to be that he was, so to speak, his own artist, and had as little need of or use for others, in other realms of practice, as in his own. What he delights in is nature, and in nature for what it says, not what it shows, to him. He can perhaps make his own synthesis—his own picture. He was inexhaustibly synthetic and hardly functioned otherwise. He knows precisely, as I have said, what constitutes the picture. But whether he does or not, he is not enough interested in it to communicate it, and when some one else paints it, it is not his, and therefore it fails to interest him at all. Nor does he take art quite seriously enough to comprehend what may be called its physiology, academically alive as he is to its essential principles. When he first saw the old masters, he was surprised at their simplicity, which approves his penetration—the philistine note simply never appears in Emerson—but it is plain that he deemed this end easily attained by them, and ascriptible to the direct vision of genius. His maxim is that one does best what is easiest for him to do—surely a transcendental view of art, aside from the notorious truth that what one does easily is not worth doing, unless indeed one has done it before with difficulty. He did not linger among the aforesaid old masters, moreover. Mr. Henry James records that on walking with him through the galleries of the Louvre and

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the Vatican, "his perception of the objects contained in those collections was of the most general order"—doubtless not an overstatement. Europe, indeed, said little to him in any way. Its chief interest for Americans is probably its monuments and museums. And for him these treasures were negligible as having served their purpose—a purpose in the nature of things, according to his philosophy, needing ceaseless renewal, continuous change. Anything static tends to impede the flux that was his ideal. Doubtless he took his world—the kingdom of his mind—with him on each of his two visits abroad, but one fancies him glad to be at home again, where the concrete forced itself less on the attention. At Concord, certainly, so far as art is concerned, he could escape it altogether—cultivate his cherished propensity for whim and listen to Alcott, and call Dante "another Zerah Colburn" at his ease.

VI

It is the absence of art, too, that is the most obvious weakness of his poetry, where it is of much more moment. Imaginative art is precisely what his poetry lacks to give it classic color and substance. The Poems, taken as a whole, constitute an expression altogether inferior to that of the Essays of which they are, indeed, a kind of intimate reverberation. They are largely Emerson's communion with himself, as the Essays are his communication with the world. And since, so far as form goes certainly, even communication was not a matter on which he "wasted the day," he is naturally more esoteric and elusive in what one is inclined to call, for the most part, merely articulate meditation. Poetry was distinctly an avocation with him. "The rhyming fit seldom comes to me," he acknowledged. He wrote it to please himself—overflowed tricklingly in verse often more careless even than awkward, cadenced to measures that could have gratified only a tuneless ear, and constituting an exercise rather than an expression. He insisted that he was a born poet, "of inferior rank, no doubt, but all the same a poet," by "nature and vocation," and maintained that everything in him proceeded from that. But he was mistaken. In the exact sense in which he called Goethe artistic, but not an artist, we may say of him (what indeed also he precisely says of Shelley) that he was poetic—oh! distinctly—but not a poet. It is not a little significant that in the appreciative and really monumental work Mlle. Dugard has recently published—"Emerson: Sa Vie et Son Oeuvre"—there is scarcely a reference to the Poems. In this country the elect consensus would perhaps rank Emerson with the greatest of English poets. But this is one of the literary estimates that the present generation has inherited from Emerson's own, in which the more exclusively intellectual ideals imposed themselves rather imperiously. Such an estimate will infallibly be revised when it is realized that quintessential an element as intellect is in poetry of a high order, it is not the characterizing element of poetry at all—when in fact we either produce more poetry that is distinctively poetry or come to have a deeper and more exacting sense of it.

It is idle to maintain that a true poet, a poet, that is, to whom verse is his native medium, should have written so much indifferent and so little real poetry as Emerson. The conclusion from the obvious data is irresistible that his extremely exceptional achievements proceed from an equally exceptional inspiration. This is to say that a writer of unimpeachable genius, whose native medium is prose, may occasionally receive from the high gods the impulse and the capacity to transmute into the gold of perfect and beautiful musical expression the silver of his habitual elevated and eloquent substance. It is not at all to say that he is a great poet. Nor, of course, on the other hand, is it to say that he is incapable of great poetry. But the aim of criticism is correct characterization, and to characterize as essentially a poet, a writer whose greatness is almost invariably apparent in his prose, and only occasionally in his verse, is misleading. Professor Woodberry, a poet himself, maintains that Emerson was "fundamentally a poet with an imperfect faculty of expression." One differs with so good a judge with diffidence. But as a matter of fact wherever Emerson shows himself a poet at all, his faculty of expression is perfection. "When Emerson's line is good," says Mr. Gilder—another expert and practitioner—"it is

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unsurpassably good—having a beauty not merely of cadence, but of inner, intense, birdlike sound: the vowels, the consonants, the syllables, are exquisitely musical." The adverbs are enthusiastic, but the description is just; just and extremely accurate. The difficulty is that his line so rarely is good, or at any rate, that his goodness, from the point of view of poetry, is so generally confined to his "line." And as I say it is the "mass" that counts, here as elsewhere.

So slight is the proportion of admirable to negligible verse in the Poems that one feels like saying that he can repeat all of Emerson's poetry that repays reading. It is true that of the poetry one knows by heart, the proportion of Emerson's to that of other poets is more considerable. At least this is true in America, partly no doubt because, as with Lowell, patriotism and nature—particularly our variety of each, one may say—are the twin inspirations of his muse. The "embattled farmers" lines or "Muscatequit" would naturally be less popular in England. But the popularity of some of his lines with us contradicts Arnold's contention that Emerson fails to answer this elementary but essential test. Almost any lover of poetry among us can repeat "Brahma" and "The Problem" and "Terminus"; and a substantial number of more isolated "lines" than those aggregated under these titles, are as familiar to most of us as the English instances of household words given by Arnold:

> "Things are in the saddle,
> And ride mankind,"

for example, as familiar as

> "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief."

Emerson's aptness in aphorism, so marked in his prose, naturally serves him to the same good purpose in verse. He can pack his thought so close that when it is exceptionally elevated in idea, it almost falls of itself into lyric expression. When it is not, the compactness itself remains attractive, as in the lines just quoted, while the poetry evaporates. As poetry of course one can only contrast these with Shakespeare's charming image. And though other collocations more favorable to Emerson might readily be made, this answers as well as any to indicate the distinction between Emerson's verse in general and such imaginative art as that of the poet to whom poetry is a native expression, who sees truth in images rather than in propositions, and whose imaginative faculty is at home in construction rather than exclusively in statement—artistic or other. Mr. Gilder says Emerson is "preëminent in his power to put a moral idea into artistic form," and —perhaps reading "eminent" for "preëminent"—very truly, I think. But not often in imaginative form. The noble figure he cites of the Departing Day silent and scornful "under her solemn fillet" has almost too few congeners to be called characteristic. In any case a great poem is composed not of a moral idea but of many moral ideas, however single the central motive. The poem is a construction of their interrelations imaginatively treated. For imaginative construction, however, Emerson naturally had as little faculty as for the more mechanical analogous requirement of mere rhetoric. The seer is not constructive. He is the instrument of inspiration, the exponent of intuition, the channel of celestial wisdom, not the artificer that, equally with the artist on any plane, the poet—the maker —must be.

The poet thus parallels the ideal and abstract world by an imaginative counterpart of his own creation. He does not interpret it in verbal terms, rhythmic or other, of merely energetic and illuminating, or even beautiful, rational exposition. He must create rather than communicate, and to create he must know not merely to "sing" but "to build the lofty rhyme." So imperative is construction in poetry indeed that what we feel in the Essays as mere lack of continuity we note in the Poems as positive fragmentariness. Emerson's genius has not the opulence that is profitably compressed by poetic form. His thought needs no condensation nor confinement and in metrical order acquires no energy—as substance that is rich and full so often does. The constructive imagination is replaced in him by no small degree of fancy, but whereas the material of the former is the concrete, fancy, in Emerson at least, revels in the abstract and frolics—to use one of his favorite words—in the realm of the inner not the outer sense. Even in na-

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ture it is not the concrete that attracts him. Consider these lovely lines—the oasis of "Woodnotes":

"Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

Even here the poet is not so much noting the beauty of the phenomena he records, as inviting our attention to the law underlying them, apparent to the fancy of the inner sense, and declared not without a truly poetic but distinct tinge of the didactic. It is the poetry of the poetic seer. And the lines are exceptional in Emerson's verse in which, in general, significance excludes all sensuous alloy; whereas the poetic ideal insists on the fusion of sensuousness with significance. The latter element in fact can, by definition at least, be better spared than the former. No one doubts for example the titular claims of Swinburne's verse. The claims of the sensuous element in poetry are unimpeachable since the concrete is its corollary and blindness to the concrete is as fatal to poetry as to plastic art. It is the concrete in fact that makes poetry an art. Of course it is the abstract in art as well as elsewhere that supplies significance, and all art that surpasses the *merely* sensuous is a statement, as well as an image, of truth. For that matter, philosophically speaking, everything constructed ought, of course, equally with everything existent, to mirror the macrocosm—as Emerson would, and probably does somewhere, insist. But art is a magic mirror that contributes as well as reflects, and if it does not count in, as well as for, expression, if in other words it lacks or even dilutes the concrete, it loses its characteristic sanction.

But Emerson not only has no sensuous strain. He is deficient in sentiment. Of love, as understood by the poets—and the mass of mankind—he had his habitual intellectual and not emotionally enlightened conception. He quite comprehended its physiology. To the question once addressed to him: "Do you believe in Platonic friendships between the sexes?" he replied with quaint sapience: "Yes, but 'Hands off.'" Surely wisdom is justified of her children! He had, however, no *sense* of the feeling, and of the two great instincts from which all the rest that actuate humanity are derived it is extraordinary how exclusively he was possessed by that of self-preservation. Emotional expansion —or even concentration—was plainly not a need of his ethereal nature, but of all directions in which soul or sense expand that of romantic love was the most foreign to his constitution. We owe him the charming phrase: "All mankind love a lover." But the kind of lover he means is he who feels warmly "when he hears applause of his engaged maiden." "Engaged" is charming, too; it connotes Concord and its regularity in essentials whatever its theological heresies. Beautifully wise things he occasionally utters about love. "Do you love me, means do you see the same truth," for example, records exquisitely the lover's longing for spiritual fusion. But even here a part stands for the whole and we gather that a negative reply would merely lead the inquirer, not too disconsolately, to seek elsewhere his other self. Had it been he, one is persuaded that he never would have pleaded for "a last ride together," and at most have proposed a walk. Such an admonition as "we must not contend against love or"—what he seems to imply is the same thing—"deny the substantial existence of other people," certainly witnesses no temperamental ardor.

And for the pathos as well as for the passion of love his emotional equability is too perfect to suffer any real concern. Neither passion nor pathos, nor indeed any depth of feeling properly to be called human fell in with his scheme of things. His idealism was essentially intellectual and his optimistic philosophy excluded emotional elements so distracting to serenity and so menacing to what he probably conceived as true spiritual success. One may almost say that he shrinks from feeling and when it seems imminent swiftly substitutes an idea. It is true that the world is passably familiar with the contrary practice and that here as elsewhere he eludes the conventional. As another American poet observes:

"If love alone would save from hell,
Then few would fail of heaven."

Without distinction, thus—commensurable with his genius—in art, in imaginative construction, in concrete imagery, in sensuousness or in sentiment, Emerson's poetry is, like his philosophy, very largely an af-

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fair of the intellect. And even as such it is fragmentary, inconclusive, and only now and then lighted by felicities, mainly of "line" and rarely long enough to satisfy the sense they stimulate, though within their narrow limits they are felicities of a penetrating, thrilling pungency, inspired by a peculiar spiritual elevation, which have been never perhaps surpassed, and certainly never quite matched. But the intellect unaided will not produce great poetry. Browning's poetry is great poetry and no one will deny that it is intellectual poetry. Its secret, however, is disclosed in Browning's expressed conviction, "Little else is worth study save the development of a soul" —a statement of which all three terms are distinctly un-Emersonian: study, development, and—in Browning's sense—the soul. The heights Emerson sometimes attains—never, I think, the depths he sounds—causes his missing true greatness in poetry to arouse a sense of frustration. He seems to have rented a lodge on the slopes of Parnassus and never to have taken the fee of it, and his home is elsewhere. Well, then, on Olympus, perhaps? Certainly of the two, yes. Even so, he should have left some masterpiece, whereas in no one of the formal categories of poetry can he be enrolled as a master. His place is with the wisdom writers of the world, not with the poets. And just as, had he been a great writer, his essays would have been constructed by toil however "degrading," some at least of his poetry, had he been a great poet, would have had a monumental character — whereas his whole work, his *œuvre*, is rather a cairn than a structure, with of course dire loss from a monumental point of view. Of all the shortcomings of his poetry, indeed, the greatest, I think, is this lack of any architectonic quality commensurate with his vision and vitality. A great poet who never wrote a great poem is an anomaly. One who never tried to is not fundamentally a poet, however poetic the angle from which he viewed the universe and whatever the radiance that plays about it in the interpretation he essayed. Emerson's real greatness appears in the Essays in which, of course, imaginative art is less essential and which his poetic fancy lifts as much above "Proverbs" as his formal poetry falls below "Job."

VII

THE Essays are the scriptures of thought, the Virgilian Lots of modern literature. To open anywhere any of the volumes (including "Representative Men," which very strictly belongs with the Essays) is to be at once in the world of thought in a very particular sense. The abruptness of the transition is a part of the sensation—like that of landing from a steamer or leaving a city train at a country station with the landscape stretching out green and smiling in the morning sunshine. The completeness of the contrast deepens as you go forward with Emerson into the day, and surrender yourself to his influence in the spirit of his surrender to his inspiration. This is the mood in which to read him—the one, that is, in which he wrote. Soon you are thinking almost in his diction. Any approach to the contentious spirit you feel would affront opportunity and denounce your denseness to the benignity around you. Even the critical spirit with its scrupulousnesses is far behind, its most delicately balanced scales a rude apparatus, and the thought of *weighing*, an impertinent blindness to the imponderable iridescence that shimmers in the atmosphere, electric with uplift and aspiration. For it is the world of moral thought that you are in. The phenomena around you lose their usual aspect and individual meaning, and what you are beholding is their relations in principle and law, now clear, now confused, now co-ordinate, now conflicting, but always significant and superior to "mere understanding and the senses."

It is this that most saliently characterizes the Essays—the way in which in spite of *lacunæ* of rhetorical connection the relations of things are elicited, their relations to each other, to the cosmos, to the individual. Every statement stimulates thought because it is suggestive as well as expressive. Everything means something additional. To take it in you must go beyond it. The very appreciation of an essay automatically constructs a web of thought in the weaving of which the reader shares. All its facts are illustrative, all its data examples. The world of phenomena is lifted to the plane of principle where if it loses the material substance with which, through the imagination, art and poetry

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deal, it is the object of a classifying vision that distributes and arranges it in accordance with mutual affinities and general laws, and in this way draws out its utilities for the mind. Every thought is pollent rather than purely reflective. And if Emerson does not preach action and ignores emotion, the state of mind he induces is of an energetic and exhilarated character, out of which such emotion as aspiration may be called and such action as resolve may implicate issue of themselves. He stimulates a mood at all events, in which effort seems needless, compunction useless, conscience superfluous, logic a fetter, consistency negligible, fear contemptible, courage instinctive, culture exotic, and what normally we recognize as unattainable within easy reach of one's hand—a mood, that is to say, that dissipates all possible criticism of him. To those who can convert such a mood into a permanent state of mind and habit of thought, or even make it occasionally the springs of conduct and performance, the Essays are a priceless possession. Those who cannot can hardly fail to find it exhilarating that, instead of walking crowned with inward glory and finding merely his own content in meditation, he should have walked and meditated his daily stint out of reach of the working world and out of touch with its concerns—beholding them in the wise candor of perspective—and should nevertheless have had the naiveté or the sapience—which is it?—to take this exceptional, this unique experience and procedure as normal enough to be preached practically and commended confidently to weary and struggling mankind.

And scarcely less notable than the method that gives it such vitality is the material of the Essays. Emerson's mind is as spacious as it is active, and as stored as it is spacious. Not a scholar in any strict sense, he read as much as he reflected, and, owing to his extremely catholic appreciativeness, as widely. His extraordinary power of assimilation and conversion somewhat obscures the opulence of his spoils. Whatever his depreciation of culture and its results to his philosophy, the tapestry of the Essays is wonderfully figured with it. Dr. Holmes gives the number of citations they contain as 3,393, taken from 868 writers. And the abundance of this harvest of his reading is less impressive than the aptness and fecundity of everything—*everything*—quoted. One almost sees it in its process of transformation into the proverbial manifold enrichment of good seed, and views as seed the grain but freshly reaped from the ripest fields of the world's thought. He dips into the bins of every storehouse and draws on all treasuries, though with an eclecticism so personal and a usage so prompt that one fairly loses sight of the origin of the material with which he sows and builds. It is there nevertheless—an encyclopædia of others' thought, however combined, developed, refined, and utilized by, as well as embedded in, his own. And the lessons of experience he drew from every source from the most familiar as well as the most recondite. As he said of Plato he kept "the two vases, one of ether and one of pigment, at his side" and illustrated his own assertion: "Things used as language are inexhaustibly attractive." Consider merely the titles of the ten volumes of Essays. They form a *catalogue raisonné* of wisdom, of wisdom divined and wisdom garnered, and the whole beautifully and winningly as well as pungently alembicated by an indisputably great mind. And if the Essays are, as they seemed to the wisest English critic of the nineteenth century, the most important work in English prose of that century, it is because they are the work of the master genius of wisdom among the writers of his time.

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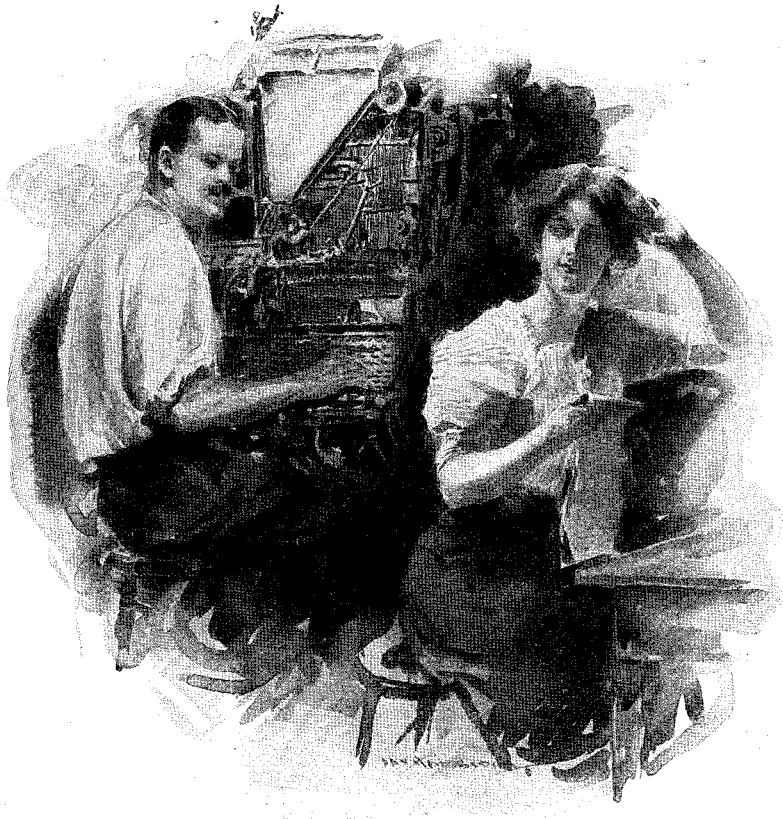

"Well, really, Mr. Parlow," was the young creature's reply.—Page 626.

"MAKE WAY FOR THE YOUNG"

By Henry B. Fuller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

I

OF the twenty and more typesetters in the composing-room of the *Semicolon*, the youngest and sprightliest was Frank Parlow. Daily, for the allotted number of hours, he would chasten his nimble spirit by a sturdy clanking at his linotype, as he reduced to print the innumerable small scraps of manuscript that reached him from the copy-chopper. His recompense came later. Then he would light a little black pipe, unfold the perfected issue of the day's endeavor, bring down his cocky gray eye to a narrow squint, and treat himself—in a tone of airy tolerance that was but one remove from cynicism—to a review of the crudities, futilities, and insincerities of the "highbrows" down-stairs. His comments were always tart and jocular and were frequently enough to the point.

These comments fell, as often as elsewhere, upon the head of Leopold Golson. Golson was one of the editorial writers and was responsible for the make-up of the editorial page. He was a tall, lean man of saffron complexion and atrabilious temperament, and passed for a philosophical anarchist. It was the torment of his life that the *Semicolon* would not permit him an adequate expression of his ideas; and it was the chief joy of his none too happy existence to

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circumvent, wherever the least opportunity offered, that unwary man, his employer.

This individual—known to varying departments of the business as the "old man" and the "lord proprietor"—was a representative of the capitalistic class. He addressed the prosperous and the satisfied, and his paper upheld the *status quo*. The tariff was not to be disturbed; the railroads could do no wrong. His richly appointed office, to which few of his employees ever penetrated, took cognizance of many interests beyond those of mere newspaper routine, and often knew private conferences with personages whom more radical journals handled with but scant respect.

In these circumstances Golson did the best he could. If instructions were positive, he would be as bourgeois and reactionary as possible—only to upset the apple-cart slyly in his concluding paragraph. If his proprietor were absent from town for a day or two, the other members of the staff kept their eyes open for a subversive germ set here or a revolutionary petard planted there. If warned or cautioned, the hapless man would take refuge in subjects that were altogether nugatory, and would treat them with an anæmic æstheticism than which nothing could have been more futile. He was too clever and well-informed to be dismissed, and so averse to change as to dread seeking employment elsewhere; but there was little wonder that, playing thus at cross-purposes with himself and his work, his utterances often enough took on a cast of the ineffectual and the insincere.

"*He* an anarchist?" observed Parlow one day to the head-line man. "He's a dub. I'm ten times more of an anarchist myself." Which, from a practical point of view, was pretty close to the truth; for an airy yet determined avoidance of rule and regulation was the very warp and woof of the young fellow's nature.

Another of the *Semicolon* staff whom Frank Parlow held in but low esteem was Avis Mathilde Grahame, editor of the art department. She was a tall and slender blonde, past her first youth; she wore gold eyeglasses and wrote a ladylike hand. She was Golson's immediate neighbor, and for a year or more they had sat back to back in their respective dens. It was Miss Grahame's cheerless vocation to make a Saturday afternoon half-page out of the limited local doings in the field of painting and sculpture; and she was obliged (in the manufacture of her tale of bricks with so slight a provision of straw) to magnify mezzotints and cry up china decorating, and to turn to the fullest account every peripatetic exhibition that visited the town. She had never held a brush in her hand, and she was the victim of a languishing admiration for Botticelli and Velasquez—an admiration which, from the very nature of things, could not be given an hebdomadal airing in the paper. She was also strong on the pontificate of Julius the Second and wrote too much—though less than she would have liked—about it. So that, whenever Frank Parlow met her in the corridor or in the elevator, he would say, as likely as not, yet gravely and respectfully:

"Good-day, Miss Grahame. How is the Renaissance?"

The result of all this was that Avis Grahame turned back upon herself—her emotional potentialities struck inward. And she often made herself declare, with feeble pointlessness, that, after all, the great art was life itself.

This sentiment was welcomed pleasantly enough in the genteeler suburbs, but it irritated Frank Parlow. "Oh, fudge!" he would say to the young woman who was obliged to proofread this dolorous matter, "I don't see how you can stand up under it." And on one occasion he added—for their acquaintance was becoming almost an intimacy: "I can get more out of life in one evening than this puling old girl has got out of it in the last thirty-odd years. And so, I expect, can you."

"Well, really, Mr. Parlow," was the young creature's reply, as she rolled back her large yellow wave from her forehead with a fair, ringed hand: "I don't quite know what you mean. If you had only said that I could do ten times as much with a paint-brush as she can"—a pathetic allusion, this, to the frustration of a higher career—"I might grasp you."

"Oh, I guess you 'grasp' all right," returned Frank. "Or, if you don't, you soon will."

II

Golson was a bachelor. His private life was correct, and as a citizen he was no less exemplary. He hated the law—or so he

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Tried to inject interest by picking a quarrel with the guard.—Page 628.

thought—but he submitted to it. Property was theft, and matrimony was a worn-out form. Yet everybody held him to be honest; and it was assumed that if he ever entered the double life it would be on the banal basis of a marriage license. He had never been, however slightly, "in contravention of the law"—as the Latins so grandiloquently express it. If the policeman hectored too stationary a crowd, it was not Leopold Golson who expostulated or resisted; no, he docilely "moved on." If some officer drew attention, during the illness of the janitor, to the heavy snowfall on the front sidewalk and called upon Golson's landlady, occupant of the first flat, to remove it, no protest ensued. "I need air and exercise," Golson would declare; "I'll shovel it off"—and more than once he had done so. He felt the weight of autocracy, but——

To Frank Parlow, on the other hand, whatever was was substantially right. He made no great claims to be a thinker; he had no ambition to reform the world. Nothing mattered much so long as he was free, during his unemployed hours, to let his young blood have such full course as it demanded and required. If the police came into relations with *him*—this happened now and again—he would cajole, dupe, hoodwink, jolly, and generally slip away. If he reached work late some morning, and was perceived to sit pensive at the loom on which he helped weave the ephemeral tissue that was to drape the fleeting form of the Day, none of his mates took notice, but all of them knew why: the re-

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form movement had caught him at some prize fight or in some gambling raid; and nothing, after the failure of his usual wiles, had been able to loosen the hold of justice save the intervention of some high power in his ward. For Parlow was as active politically as every good citizen should be, and had once or twice been more effective in shaping local events than many of Golson's editorials could claim to have been. Again, if Parlow came down with a suppressed swagger in his gait and a scratch on his temple or just a shade of discoloration near his eye, it was tacitly understood that some difficulty had developed at a dance-hall—that he had disposed satisfactorily of the other fellow and still stood high in the opinion of the "lady."

"Ay, he's a tough little nut," the old Scotch foreman would now and then declare.

About Golson's attitude toward the sex little definite was really known. It was understood that there was an intermittent platonic dalliance between him and Avis Grahame, and that sometimes, when there were spare tickets for theatres or concerts, or when the regular critic was overtaken by the embarrassment of conflicting dates, he escorted her to an entertainment of sufficing intellectual calibre.

"Them concerts would be too swift for me," declared Frank Parlow, on a return from one of his dances.

His companion was the young proof-reader. She had yielded to his blandishments and had consented to accompany him to Harmony Hall, where they had footed it industriously until nearly two in the morning. Up to the present hour they had had little but the shop in common, and as they sped along homeward in the half-empty car the talk drifted back, with automatic ease, to the associates in their daily work.

"Too swift? Same here," returned Myrtle Race, concisely. "No 'symphonic poems' for me. I wonder," the girl went on, knitting her brows to call up an image of the absent Miss Grahame, "if she knows anything more about music than she does about painting?"

"As much," returned Parlow, "as he knows about a primary, or a twenty-four-foot ring." And the young man's tone made it clear that Golson was ignorant of "life" indeed.

"I could do her work," Myrtle Race continued. "If papa had only made out a little better last year, I shouldn't have had to drop my studies at the Art Academy and take up with proofreading."

"Papa" was the proprietor of a small weekly "down state"; and his daughter—before the call of art had lured her to the city—had made herself useful about his office.

"In that case," observed her escort, fondly, "where should I have come in? Don't forget little Frank."

Myrtle had gone to the dance with a fearful joy. She had heard various tales of her young knight's prowess, and knew that, so far from "side-stepping" life—as he himself expressed it—he welcomed its rush with outstretched arms and a hearty hug. She had anticipated becoming a bone of contention—the envied object, perhaps, of a scuffle on the open floor. But nothing of the sort had ensued. Parlow had taken her to quite the choicest of his resorts, a place against which no "lady" could bring the slightest objection. The evening had passed pleasantly, but uneventfully. Parlow himself had felt this lack of saliency and had tried to inject interest by picking a quarrel with the guard on the home-bound train. The man had wearily refused to make much of him, and the young fellow was still suffering from a sense of vague dissatisfaction.

"You don't think we've had a slow time?" he asked her anxiously, at parting.

"Oh, no; not at all," replied Myrtle, feeling in her pocket for her night-key. "I *love* refinement, and have to thank you for a very pleasant evening."

III

On that same evening, though at an earlier hour, Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame were attending a concert. An anarchistic symphony by a new and notable Russian composer was the principal number on the programme, and Golson sat before a golden shell within a certain ivory-tinted temple, well pleased. For this daring composition undertook not only a transvaluation of all musical values, but also—with the help of a great body of exegetical comment which was to be mastered in advance—a transvaluation of all moral values. Golson had mastered the com-

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ment, thanks to some general musical reading and to a fortnight's close study of the immediate matter in hand. He knew, therefore, just to what extent the sensational Slav, in *his* turn, was upsetting the ethical and æsthetical applecart, and he was gratified in proportion. A full cadence was a weak banality—and so was the practice of Christian charity. A plain passage in thirds or sixths was a feeble futility—and so was that flat old notion of monogamy. Welcome to the strong man who would banish pity and strangle decency and would do in all things as he willed. Golson was immensely uplifted, and during the short intervals between the movements he endeavored, by means of hurried and eager exposition of the composer's aims and practice, to help his companion share his delight. Here, he declared, was a great and daring soul—one who would sweep away the conventionalities and timidities and injustices that fettered the modern man and would help to make all things fair and hopeful and new.

The next morning at nine, purged of all asperities, he was writing away in his little editorial den with a patient self-control that promised soon to become habitual.

Avis Grahame was deeply affected by this hour of revolutionary harmonies. She, too, felt the need of wider horizons and of greater freedom of action. As they parted that evening, she invited him to accompany her, the next afternoon, to an exhibition of German paintings which had been sent across the water to jar the complacency of the prosperous bourgeois and to raise the loud shout of rebellion in a new and alert society.

"What I hear is the loud trumpeting of a band of high-mettled young individualists."—Page 630.

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Golson wrung his hand with delight as his quick eye swept over these insurgent canvases. He hardly needed the exposition his companion was so desirous of making—surely the revolt of such men spoke for itself. "Secession!" he cried, from the middle of the room. "'Secession' is all too weak a word. What I hear is the loud trumpeting of a band of high-mettled young individualists, rearing, tugging, straining at their traces, and determined to overtake and trample down the tyrannous academics of whatever established order. My brothers, I salute you!"

"Get the color scheme," panted Avis Grahame, determined that the technique of these revolutionaries should receive due recognition, too. "It is a tonality completely new. And note the brushwork—knife-work, thumb-work, what you will. Even at this distance it is like a fist-blow in the eye. See that pig wallowing in the sunflecked stream—it is like a wild pattern in oil-cloth. Note that woman contorting in the moonshine—she is like all the seven deadly sins in one. The composition—how chaotic! The anatomy—how independent! The lightning—how wilfully perverse! Oh, it is all so new, so different, so vivid, so vital, so stimulating! . . ."

They left with reluctance these halls through which the winds of freedom were circulating in such a tornado. On the outside steps Miss Grahame said:

"And now, I suppose, I must go up to Oliver Dent's and look at his portrait of John M. Woodward and see if I can get a photograph of it for a half-tone."

IV

Leopold Golson had never been in the habit of regarding himself as likely to become the subject of a tender passion—he led a life too starkly intellectual. Nor was he likely to extend consciousness, on this point, to another man's heart and mind unless that other offered himself with the completest unmistakableness. Frank Parlow now "offered"—if the consensus of the composing-room was any guide: it was generally assumed that, in his own peculiar fashion and according to his own peculiar lights, he was paying court to Myrtle Race. Golson set aside his own "ideas" and resolved to speak.

He caught the young fellow in the corridor late one afternoon and talked with him about mending his ways. Parlow, who was conscious enough of laying siege to one a peg above himself, and who enjoyed the universal appreciation of his nerve, listened with unexpected docility. He had listened on previous occasions to some of Golson's tempestuous theorizings, and did not quite understand how a man could be so loose in the abstract yet so exigent in the concrete; but he patiently gave ear.

"Come, Frank," said this mentor; "get in line behind Falstaff: 'purge and live cleanly.' If you are meaning to marry, search your heart and scrub your morals. Different hours, with different company, in different places. Fewer young fellows about you, and those of higher aims. Fewer young women, and those of—well, you understand me"—as Frank blinked rapidly, once or twice—"of less dubious character. Set a higher mark for yourself—and keep to it. Raise the general average; don't lower it."

"Oh, say, now," replied the young man, with a gulp; "if a fellow's going to live in this world, he's got to know it. If a man's to stand between the world and a—a family, let him begin by understanding the thing he's got to face. I can't say I looked for a sermon from *you*. Thanks, just the same, though. I hope to come out all right, pretty soon—ever so many other fellows have."

Golson moved on in some little confusion. "I trust *you* will, too," was all he could say.

At about the same time Avis Grahame was moved to address a few words to Myrtle Race. She was some twelve or fifteen years the girl's senior and felt she might make the venture. There had been hours, of late, when Avis had allowed herself to open a little under the influence of one or two advanced writers who were inclined to maintain that the single woman of thirty-five might be justified in taking matters into her own hands. Yet many women, after all, would have to take such a course before she could agree to follow it. The rule for the advanced was still the same as for the young—and about that rule there was no matter of doubt.

But her chief support in addressing Miss Myrtle came from the fact that, during the last vacations, she had done the "Answers for the Anxious." The "tone" still clung; and it was now employed with Myrtle, as with her predecessors.

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"Come, Frank," said this mentor; "get in line behind Falstaff."—Page 630.

In answering her correspondents, Avis Grahame had made the assumption, common to the office, that all her young women stood alike on one social plane. That plane was her own, and she made them gentlewomen without exception. In a few cases she may have done harm; but in most, doubtless, she worked only good. The young female of the middle sort was brought face to face with the ladylike ideal. The girl must never descend to the young man; the young man must always rise to her. No weak concessions; no lowering of standards. "He will think all the better of you for it in the end," Miss Grahame had often added.

Myrtle Race, when this method came to be applied to her case, was piqued and almost saucy. But she saw that the motive was of the best, and she kept her temper. After the first minute or so she was listening quietly and with the deepest deference, as to one who was immensely older and possessed of all the wisdom of the ages.

"Thank you, my kind friend, for your deep interest"—this, with a little reverence, was all her retort; and Avis Grahame came away feeling for wrinkles in her face and almost prepared to find her first gray hair.

But the passage of a few weeks seemed to show these efforts as all in vain. One forenoon Golson's galley-proofs came to him queried in a new hand, and he soon learned that Myrtle had forsaken the *Semicolon*. Closer inquiries disclosed her return to her native town. Her father had lapsed into invalidism, and if his paper was to continue publication his daughter must lend her help. So Myrtle had removed her covetous eye from the position of art editor, and leaving Avis Mathilde

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"Well, Miss Grahame, and how is the Renaissance."—Page 633.

Grahame in undisturbed possession had gone back to Central City.

A fortnight later another familiar face was missing; Frank Parlow had left the *Semi-colon*, too. During his last few days his expansive and communicative manner had quite failed, and nobody understood with complete clearness where he had gone, or why.

"This is a world of change," remarked Golson. "And a newspaper office is the very heart of it."

V

But no particular change came for Leopold Golson and Avis Grahame. A year and more passed, and they still sat back to back in adjoining dens. The one was engaged, as before, in perfunctory and spiritless comment on the happenings of yesterday or in comment upon comment on the happenings of the day before. The other was still endeavoring to swell local talent to the proportions and significance of genius, and was still wondering if she should ever be able to round out life to a completeness artistically satisfying. Yes, the art of life was the great art, as always; but how it slipped through one's fingers!

The first afternoon edition was off the press; errors had been lamented and corrected; and all hands in the editorial department were engaged on a languid miscellany of minor matters for the morrow. It was a day in early May. On Avis Grahame's desk stood a spray of lilac in a tumbler. Its odor persisted against the smells of lubricating oil and of printer's ink that always clung round the building, and it helped some obscure sixth sense within her to register the approach of youth and hope and success and joy—of youth triumphant,

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hope fulfilled, success accomplished, and joy abundantly bestowed.

She had lost all sharp sense of time and place, when a tumult (as it seemed to her suddenly restored consciousness) sounded just outside her door. There was a scuffling of many feet—as many as eight or ten, perhaps—and she knew, with nothing more to tell her, that prosperity was in full advance, that self-confidence was forging ahead under rapidest momentum, that General Satisfaction and Boundless Complacency sat high, side by side, in their chariot, and that the long corridor of the *Semicolon* building had been chosen as a Via Sacra by the latest of triumphing conquerors.

Avis Grahame shook herself to alertness and glanced through her open door out into the hall. She saw a young man, a young woman, and a very young baby. The man was Frank Parlow; the woman was Myrtle Race; and the baby—well, the baby filled in the historical hiatus and indicated the precise relationship between the other two.

Success and self-satisfaction sat upon the young couple like a double aureole. Each was proud of the other and of the baby, and of the position—presently explained—which their united efforts and talents had gained for them in the world. Their progress was taking them from the city room, where they had exhausted the admiration of the few late lingerers, on toward the private office of the lord proprietor, whom they were gallantly purposing to meet on terms of unblinking equality. An unoccupied copy-boy was at their heels admiringly; a casual window-washer was glad of their notice; and the youth in charge of the elevator had delayed his descent as long as he dared.

The little party paused at Miss Grahame's door and looked in on her with all possible friendliness. Myrtle, a paragon of high fashion, explained that they had come to town for a few days to look up old friends; she was cordial, but she made it clear that a wife and mother was addressing an unattached spinster. And Parlow himself said, with beaming condescension:

"Well, Miss Grahame, and how is the Renaissance?"

Miss Grahame smiled wanly—less, perhaps, at Parlow than at the baby. The Renaissance had not yet taken place.

In the next compartment Golson had just shut his desk and put on his hat with the idea of stepping over to the public library and getting some figures about the iron trade. He was as lean and gaunt as ever, and Dissatisfaction was still openly claiming him for her own. Parlow caught him on the threshold and greeted him with gusty complacency. He even reached down into a well-stuffed pocket and handed out a card, and Golson learned that he was face to face with the editor and proprietor of the Central City *Clarion*.

"Her father's health got bad," said Parlow, jerking his plump thumb toward Myrtle, "and a practical man was needed. Pretty soon he was glad to let me buy him out—on easy terms. Central City is humming, and the *Clarion* with it. You're still doing editorials, I suppose?"

"Still doing editorials," replied Golson, suddenly overcome with a sense of life's futility.

"And still single, I presume?"

"Still single," said Golson, patiently, but with a crescent sense of the emptiness of the universe.

"Your hair's grizzling, I see . . ."

"It's much the same, I think," returned Golson, with a flat tone from which all vibrancy had vanished.

"Get married," counselled the young man, "and have somebody to take care of you. It's the only way to live." He left his wife and infant son and drew a step or two nearer the other. "Come," he said, in an undertone, with a slight gesture toward Miss Grahame's door; "she's a fine woman—and Myrtle says so, too. Ain't you ever going to throw the bomb?"

Miss Grahame came out into the hall, dressed for the street and busily pencilling the finish of some brief memorandum. In her modish gray gown and her gold eyeglasses she seemed the perfected expression of good taste and "gentility."

"Going my way?" asked Golson.

"I'm going to the library, to look up some of the later French impressionists."

"That's my way. We will go together, if you like."

"Do," Parlow advised genially, as he moved along, with his little family, toward the secluded and well-guarded quarters that were sacred to the proprietor of the paper. "Well, good luck; and good-by. I must say 'Howdy' to the Old Man, and ask him out to lunch with me to-morrow."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

I HAVE lately been condemned—and yet I have committed no crime—to read the greater number of the better sort of novels published here and in England during the last six months. The severe sentence passed upon me was not commuted; no amount of good behavior has made the least difference, and I have worked out my time. Of the adventures I have thus suffered, the trials I have passed through, the dangers I have escaped, I say nothing. Plot within plot, wheels within wheels are indeed whizzing recklessly in my mind, scores of tales falling together and affording in kaleidoscopic fashion new and preposterous combinations, but this I do not mind. That which staggers me is the number of characters I have encountered, many of them wearing a familiar look betokening old acquaintanceship. I have met dozens of people, in all stages of creation, finished, unfinished, and hardly begun, and I feel that I have now emerged from an awful limbo, full of the unseeing eyes and the vacant faces of those coming to be. I have wandered among detached expressions, fragments of thought that fit no mind, feelings hunting for bodies to inhabit. The secret horrors of the novelists' very inner workshop have been opened to me; the materials, the methods, have been betrayed. Here and there, in that monstrous laboratory where the stores of earlier novelists are utilized with shrewd economy, I encountered fragments of old friends, bits of Maggie Tulliver, *disjecta membra* of Colonel Newcome, small pieces of Diana of the Crossways and of David Copperfield. A vivisection against which there is none to protest is taking place; a surgery surpassing that of modern specialists is proceeding unashamed. What is the skill of him who can transfer the liver of a rabbit to a monkey, or graft a dog's leg upon a goat, beside that of him who can take out a bit of some well-known and loved personage of earlier fiction and piece it upon the body of another, or remove the lobe of the brain of some great character and insert it into a head that would be otherwise brainless? The very heart of Richard Feverel I have seen in recent fiction beating within a lifeless mechanism, as I have seen in a laboratory the naked heart of a frog attempting to perform its functions upon a wooden frame; in more than one modern tale I have found a small cross-section of the mind of Jane Eyre grafted upon a body that could not work it; innumerable are the pale shades I have encountered clutching alien characteristics to uncreated bosoms.

The Manufacture of Characters

To be serious, nothing in this late experience has struck me so vividly as the almost mechanical dexterity wherewith the people of fiction are manufactured nowadays. There is a knowingness in handling the tools, a facility in collecting and arranging materials, a quickness in disposing of appropriate characteristics that suggests a combination of the methods of the surgeon and of the milliner. What if this or that trait is not quite fresh? It will do nicely once again. This bit may be a trifle shopworn, but it will look well on the head. You want a modern villain? Take part of an old one and give him a different setting. Put him in the Stock Exchange, and let him hold all the railroads of the country in one hand, while the other is thrust into the bosom of his coat. You want a worldly woman? She is dressed and furnished while you wait: so much cold heart, so much shrewd brain, so many elaborate clothes, so many cruel schemes. Old types, with the fine touches eliminated, decked out in modish garments, are thicker than blackberries; nothing strikes one so forcibly in meeting this congregation of fictitious folk as the lack of original insight and of fresh contact with existence. Study of literature rather than of life has gone into them, and observation of imaginary rather than of real people. They suggest skilled practice rather than penetration, and you come to think of them as the result of a process of hand work for which, presently, factories might be substituted to turn out a larger product.

As you meditate on this aspect of the matter you begin to wonder if these factories have not already come into existence. Great numbers of the young are taught this art in college classes; in many an institution it leads to the B.A. degree. There you have them in the large English electives, an hundred analyzing like one. They are taught acuteness, drilled in penetration, examined in insight, and marked

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down for failing to have it. In many an academic office, on the day when the themes come in, you may wade knee deep in subtle discussions of human nature. Talk of the machinery of the plot! It is nothing to the machinery of character manufacturing in our colleges, either in the form of exposition or of fiction. Laws are laid down for the discovery of characteristics and for the expression of results; all literature is rifled in order to see how to do it. One shudders to think of the hundreds pouring out each year from our institutions of learning, experts in pulling people apart and putting them together again.

But this is not all. Were the deliberate teaching of the art confined to our colleges, that would be one thing, but this is far from being the case. So popular is this diversion that, in literary centres, little handbooks are published telling just how to concoct this or that type of personality. Gravity itself characterizes these directions, showing how this trait manages itself, how that characteristic works out toward certain results. I have seen recipes for the tyrannical father and for the benevolent uncle; absolutely sure prescriptions for bringing about tragic consequences from the failing of the former, happy results from the virtue of the latter. One might perhaps rejoice in this evidence of interest in human nature and in making it known, were it not for the fact that the handbooks treat this not as an art but as a paying industry, and present knowledge of human nature as valuable only in proportion to the number of dollars it will bring.

But whither has fled that old fashion of portrayal of character for the love of it, that affectionate delineation of remembered or imagined traits that we associate with many a beloved novelist of the past? Where is that slow intimacy of an author with his hero, of Fielding with Parson Adams, Goldsmith with his Vicar, embodiment of lifelong gracious memories, of Sterne with Uncle Toby? Where is the novelist's careful scrutiny of his imagined friend, as he watches with delighted eagerness for new manifestations of personality, whether great or small? Who nowadays walks and talks with his people as Thackeray did with Becky Sharp and with Colonel Newcome? This widespread talk about humanity, this air of knowingness about its ultimate characteristics, does not seem to betoken any deep love of it, or any profoundly original insight into the heart of man. He is indeed a poor creature nowadays who cannot discuss you a motive, dissect you a tendency, analyze an action, and discern results, and yet you cannot help the feeling that he undertakes his task, not because he must, impelled by inner motive, but because it is good for trade. As one reads the modern novels in large numbers, one is impelled to wonder if we have not nowadays more analysis of character than we have character to analyze.

Literary Allusiveness

A VERY funny complaint was made not long ago by one of the "patrons" of an organ of culture for the million. "Why," said this complainant, "do your writers keep on making allusions to things that I have not read, allusions, consequently, which I do not understand? Why do you quote with admiration similar allusions? You profess to be a magazine for the people, of, and by the people. Why keep shooting over the heads of the people and giving them just grievances against you?" And the organ of culture responded, with quite equal funniness, not by telling its subscriber to go and acquire some elementary knowledge before resorting to criticism, but by virtually acknowledging the justice of his strictures, and promising not wittingly to do so any more. It promised, in effect, to become, to the best of its ability, a blind leader of the blind, and to accompany the most illiterate of its subscribers "into the ditch."

The main funniness is the notion that, by taking thought, one can detract a cubit from his literary stature. How can an educated man possibly know at what precise point he becomes unintelligible or irritating to an uneducated man? The educated man may consider himself a plain, blunt man, "that only speaks right on," and makes no allusion to matters that are not of common notoriety. Even so he is liable to excite the opposition of those who have not heard of those matters, and who so curiously resent the assumption that they have—instead of being flattered by it. One imagines one of them even turning and rending the instructor for using or quoting those five words we just now put in quotation marks, without explaining, in the old-fashioned eighteenth-century manner, whence he quoted them.

It is a heart-breaking requisition, and quite impossible of fulfilment. For it is in effect a requisition that the instructor shall make it his business to "harden ignorance in contempt." One who knows anything beyond the alphabet and the current slang must systematically and

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successfully forget it in order to write down to his assumed audience. And that is quite out of the question. The only way to secure the result is to secure writers as ignorant as the most ignorant of the readers.

As a matter of fact, it is not the ignorant who desire instruction who resent allusions to what they do not understand. It is only the ignorant who resist instruction. To recur to our Johnson, "ignorance" must be "hardened in contempt." The simple man who has not been spoiled by conceit is flattered by being assumed to know what he does not in fact know. Rufus Choate, it is traditionally related, used to tell a common jury, "Of course, gentlemen, you remember that line of Homer's," and thereupon rap it out to them in the original Greek, whereupon they all sat up and looked knowing and pleased. (To be sure this is a legend of a Bostonian jury.) One may say that, even in print, a reader whose ignorance is not hardened in contempt is pleased to have it assumed that that is intelligible to him which is in fact unintelligible, provided it does not, as with good writers it never does, cause him to lose the thread of the narrative or the argument he is following. One remembers Macaulay's remark upon Milton's proper names: "They are not always more appropriate or more melodious than other names. But they are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas." But then, it is true, Macaulay had the university or at least the English public-school "public" in his mind. There is no association of ideas with Milton's names on the part of an immigrant into the United States from north-eastern Europe or north-western Asia. If such an immigrant yearns to appreciate Milton, a long preliminary course of study is indicated for him. But unless his ignorance is hardened in contempt, he will not make the unintelligibility of the poet to him a grievance against the poet. Or take Thackeray's famous and just laudation of Macaulay's own style:

"Take at hazard any three pages of the 'Essays' or 'History,' and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, as it were, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score, of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Why is that epithet used? Whence is that simile drawn? How does he manage, in two or three words, to paint an individual, or to indicate a landscape? Your neighbor, who has his reading, and his little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

That "glimmering below the stream of the narrative" is a particularly happy touch. One can follow the course of the narrative even without detecting a single one of these partly submerged and "glimmering" allusions. But how his delight is enhanced the more of them he detects. And the perfect enjoyer would detect them all. Such a reader the literary writer writes for. Considering the painful research of the toilsome scholiasts upon Tennyson's "classical allusions," the blunt prose of the poet in a note to the posthumous edition becomes even comic: "My paraphrases of certain Latin and Greek lines seem too obvious to be mentioned." But the paraphrases are delightful, even to the reader to whom not one of them is "obvious." Doubtless every detection of a paraphrase is an added delight to the detective. At any rate when a refractory Telemachus scolds his Mentor for giving him something he does not understand, he hardens ignorance in contempt, and when Mentor takes the scolding meekly, he abdicates his office. He ought to recur to his Johnson: "Sir, I have found you a reason: I am not bound to find you an understanding."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE HUDSON-FULTON EXHIBITION OF DUTCH PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

THE occasionally recurring festivals and celebrations which mark the commemoration of some historical event or achievement possess, among other advantages, that of recalling facts of interest contemporaneous to those thus specifically signalized; and the various exhibitions, now in progress in connection with the Hudson-Fulton ceremonies seem particularly to suggest this beneficent result. The human mind loves to wander through productive periods of the past; and in this case while the fancy plays around the material significance of achievements like those of the two figures in whose honor the recent demonstrations have been made, the doors of our art collectors have incidentally been thrown open revealing veritable treasures of painting of the best period of Dutch art, that of about Hudson's time.

At just this moment in the practice of painting when subtlety of seeing is so opening a new world that the painter in his elation at the vision is sometimes neglectful of his means, it is singularly propitious to be given access to an unusual collection of what is perhaps the soundest method of painting recorded in the annals of art. As it is of the genius of rectitude in any activity that its meliorative attributes are widespread, the art connoisseur and amateur have peculiar cause for congratulation that the present occasion happens to commemorate the enterprise of the Dutch at an epoch particularly rich in the art of painting. Earlier than this the art of Holland had not the distinct national note that at this moment it reached.

The painting of few nations indeed offers so interesting a study as that of Holland, for we know of none so little derivative, so essentially characteristic of the people who produced it, so eminently direct and personal—in fact so entirely indigenous and original. Fully to appreciate and enjoy it one need not study the craft of immediate predecessors, but should rather bear in mind the political and social conditions which preceded this flowering of an art born of a large leisure purchased by a past of strenuous combat with nature at home and oppression from abroad. These obstacles, this discipline, this long abstinence from the lighter moments of existence, this repression of the spiritual side of humanity seems to have prepared the ground for a rich harvest when the time arrived in which these people could look about them in security and comfort. This land they had saved from the sea, these homes they had established through privation and hardship became objects of delight and pride; and when they sought subjects upon which to lavish their artistic skill it was these familiar things that appealed to them—the things they loved.

Holland had by this time cast off the Spanish yoke, the Italianate influence of travelled painters and of its Flemish neighbors, and had become its own independent self looking honestly in the face of nature and reporting her with an integrity that to the knowing ones is simply admirable. These interiors and the life of the home, as may be noted in the work here of de Hooch, Terborch, Metzu and others, furnished subject enough—their art ceased to be that of mere picture-making and religious imagery which until now outside influence had largely stimulated; while in the splendid school of landscape they founded may be discovered the forerunners of the Rousseaus, Troyons, Daubignys of a later day in France.

The Dutch also celebrated themselves, their personalities—they were so essentially national that guilds, corporations, charitable institutions, municipal bodies and public buildings encouraged portrait painting, and it may be to this fact that they owe the noble school of portraiture of which many fine examples may be studied here, and which adds such lustre to their art.

The richness of the holdings of Dutch pictures by a few discerning collectors in this country will be a matter of surprise to many visiting these galleries, and they will be moved to an expression of appreciation to the owners of these treasures for their public spirit in collecting them and permitting them to be shown. The extent of the collection is so unlooked for that it may be well to mention that of the seven Vermeers owned in the United States, five are here on view, while some thirty Rembrandts, and in the neighborhood of twenty Franz

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Hals; many of finest quality, are distributed among this profusion of lesser, but still brilliant lights of the time.

As mere demonstrations of how to paint one need look no further than to certain examples of Hals, for instance; and there are others among these who might serve as exemplars of sane and wholesome technical methods, although none, save Hals, perhaps, so obviously demonstrates the actual application of pigment—this, too, in his case, in conjunction with intelligent composition and often good, if not great color. There are others again who in perfection of seeing and doing elude definition and enter into the mysteries of the circumambient air. In these particular canvases there appears no thought of clever accomplishment, they simply exist as the world about us exists bathed in that all-enveloping atmosphere which the Dutch were first to successfully render. The consciousness of drawing, technique, methods, is lost in the unconsciousness of satisfied vision. Of the producers of these marvels of painting Rembrandt ranks supreme, but there are painters of works of smaller size who, from the standpoint of perfection rank little lower than he.

To the lover of processes alone, then, there is material in these galleries for boundless enjoyment. One may go from canvas to canvas with varying emotions, but unvarying delight. The beautiful veracity of Vermeer, the competency of Van der Helst, unerring vision of Hals, mysterious "enveloppe" of Rembrandt, suavity of Dou, Terborch, Metzu and de Hooch, dignity and impressiveness of Ruisdael, versatility of Cuyp, simplified breadth of van Goyen, vitality of Jan Steen, and homeliness of van Ostade are some of the qualities peculiar to a few among this host of masters.

One may discuss only a small portion of this stately whole and then with feelings of regret that much must necessarily be ignored. But as we are on the search for some representative examples where so many appear to represent adequately, can one do better than to hail with pleasure the Vermeer entitled: "Woman Writing a Letter!" This is one of those canvases whose perfection is almost elusive, but which may be appreciatively approached by comparing it with it matters little what modern master of genre. Something of the magic of Holland's softened light seems to have filtered through the aperture by which this figure with the still-life objects on the table is illuminated, although the window is not seen. This is a Vermeer that places him near the great Rembrandt himself in its rendering of graduated light. This light plays from object to object with the inevitableness of nature, and so perfect is its management that the spectator forgets to analyze the source of its undoubted charm. When one seeks to account for this wonderful result it is found perhaps in the perfect adjustment of the figure to its surroundings. The theme is trivial enough, which only goes to prove that art can make any moment great. The melting into the background and the material itself of the ermine bordering the yellow sacque the figure wears, the quiet merging of the hand with the objects it touches are all demonstrations of a vision as fine, as subtle and as true as one can recall in the whole range of painting. This is not painting in the sense of Hals, of van der Helst, it is an emanation of a sensitive personality using pigment as a medium. If space permitted a fuller discussion—"The Lady with Guitar," "The Music Lesson," "Girl Playing a Guitar," "Young Woman at Casement," should each and all be reviewed, for this painter is one of the rarest.

"The Music Party," by Pieter de Hooch, is less naive in its presentation than the above-mentioned works, more sought-for as a tableau, not so genuinely felt as he is sometimes in his earlier works where the less formal occupations of home-life engaged his brush. He is still interested, however, in varying cross-light and scrupulous in his attention to detail.

A larger method of painting and probably of seeing is to be noted in the picture by Gerard Terborch, "Lady Pouring Out Wine." This group of three persons is given with a breadth more often found in life-size work than in a canvas of this dimension. All is painted with a free touch, the figures in half-tone strongly put in, the still-life of truthful observation, while the salient figure of the woman in the foreground is of a mastery quite delightful. This is not of Terborch's most usual subjects, but it reveals the large competency and painter-like quality which gave such value to his transcriptions of the interiors of the patrician class of Holland, and his glimpses of the domestic life of the Dutch merchants. He displays high accomplishment in the practice of painting in this work, which may also be remarked in "Interior with Soldiers," and in the portrait of a man and one of a woman to be seen here.

Had Cuyp been less varied in subject, had he pursued, for instance, out-door light exclusively, such as we see in his "Landscape with

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Cattle" one feels that he would have gone farther and have exerted a more potent influence on his school. His very versatility seems to militate against surpassing excellence in any one direction, he is spread over too large a field to strongly impress in any; but in these landscapes with living interests he is at his best, and this makes one regret that his curiosity did not here penetrate deeper, for the unmistakable sensitiveness to surface-light remarked in this picture as it plays on the hides of the cattle and touches the various substances of earth and vegetation goes to prove that here is a painter who by happy disposition and lightness of touch seemed destined to vivify the art of painting, who had something to say, something to reveal concern'ng the world of sight that for the time in which he worked was new and stimulating.

We will now turn to Jan Steen, who is here with, among other things, a "Dutch Kermess" full of a rollicking vitality and tipsy mirth, and of excellent color. He certainly could give movement, and the spirit of the scene, as may be observed in his "Dancing Couple," "Drunken Family," and "Grace Before Meat."

Adrian van Ostade's "The Old Fiddler" is, from our present-day ideas of such a scene, rather conventionally lighted, the foreground foliage kept somewhat arbitrarily in half-tone with the evident intention of emphasizing more effectually the central incident. The color, however, is good, and the painting solid.

Of the group of landscapists, Jacob van Ruisdael comes out with the strength that is his own. It is not difficult to detect here the fountain-head of that splendid stream of technical influence which inspired later the Fontainebleau school. One picture, entitled "Landscape," showing a foreground pool where float swan and water-plants and edged with well observed sedges, at the foot of a knoll where tosses a wind-driven tree, is of a tonality that compels admiration. Other "Landscapes" attest the solemn sentiment and dignity of this painter, who, if not brilliant in his color or facile in his touch, is profound in temper, and a master of drawing and terrestrial construction.

As already suggested, it was typical of the Dutch at this period, that they devoted themselves to portrait painting as well as to landscape and genre. If nature outside and indoors appealed strongly to them, so did the men who made the State, the women who ruled the home. Portraiture pure and simple probably never reached a higher level of accomplishment than at this time through the genius of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, van der Helst, Ravesteyn, Flinck, Santvoort and Bol, all of whom sought this human characterization with much directness and vitality.

It will be impossible to speak fully of the masterpieces of this side of their art, to be met with in this exhibition, but a number must be signaled as among the finest examples.

Perhaps for emphasis of personal identity there never painted a man more marvelously equipped than Franz Hals. Not only is he the most dexterous, but with celerity and sureness of touch he managed to preserve the sentiment of the presence of the subject before him to an extraordinary degree; while for the address and precision with which he treats various articles of human attire, the damasked pattern of a silk, for example, obeying the laws of perspective in its design, and of construction in its retreating folds there has yet to be found so consummate a master. Trinkets, ornaments, filmy cuffs, fluted collars, books of devotion, or what not, these are observed and given with a fidelity of vision and an obedience of hand little short of miraculous. His wizard touch is no less noted in the constructive planes of the head, the hands, the superficies of the flesh of his sitters, while he preserves always a breadth of treatment which never degenerates into useless detail. He is the King of practitioners in the virtuosity of his performance, but he does not sacrifice the personality of his subject to the exhibition of his skill. We find portraits here which exemplify these observations concerning his method of painting. His "Woman with a Rose" is an instance of this splendid *bravura* of brushwork, this swift but accurate differentiation of textures, tactful emphasis of the important, and the discriminating subservience of the secondary incidents of sight. The amplitude of stroke in broad passages and planes of the dress, the quick but decided touches that suggest the detail of ornament and pattern so justly given that they sustain their rightful surface in the constructive modelling of the gown, all this, with largeness of gesture and of pose mark this canvas as a sumptuous example of the painter. The portraits of Heer and Vrouw Bodolphe are of that intimacy of likeness which seems a documentary record of an existing type, almost ethnical in its searching definition of race. They are painted with a sobriety of statement that is in contrast to the "Woman with a Rose" as befits the presenta-

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tion of elderly persons of settled condition, and which goes to prove that Hals is possessed of a valuable artistic judgment which equals that of his technical superiority. "Portrait of a Man Standing" is one of the broad, crisp, but fluent, examples of his dexterity.

After all is said, even he, it must be admitted, sometimes plays with his brush in a way not too edifying from the point of view of art; so that for all his excellence he is to be admired with reserve, and, at his best, hailed a master.

As if to point the lesson that superlative performance may still lack that something which is almost incommunicable but of undoubted power, surpassing in its profundity the achievements of his most accomplished fellows, Rembrandt stands in this brilliant circle of painters as the one possessed of this gift divine.

This solitary, living practically apart in an atmosphere of his own creation, appeared in his higher moments to wrest secrets from the surrounding air. Without losing the concrete quality of substance all objects existed for him in an intervening world of light where they lost certain accents of outline that guide lesser men to the conservation of the contours which developed this outline, and to which they resorted as a necessary convention for the interpretation of form. Rembrandt did not, as a rule, depend on this to give reality to the figures he painted—they seem to emerge into visibility as images of this thought; this thought potential enough to become real, and real enough to touch the profound. Neither "The Gilder" nor the "Portrait of an Old Woman" is of this phase of his art, superb as they are; but "The Savant" emits this note of profundity and becomes, so to say impalpably real. This spacious canvas is of a sentiment and significance quite other than may be felt in his portraits mentioned above. Those are of this world, of conventional existence—the Savant is of Rembrandt's own.

One would like to dilate on the "Young Man Putting On His Armor," "Lucretia," "Hendrickje Stoffels," and many more, but we may only call attention to the vivid although restrained canvas named "The Noble Slav," with its unctuous painting and concentrated chiaroscuro causing it to stand out by some apparent illumination peculiar to itself. This voluminous presence is seizing in corporiety, while in the painting of the chain about the shoulder and the sacrifice of needless accessories it is one of Rembrandt's most characteristic moods of vision and production. "The Portrait of Himself" is in the sentiment of this kind of evolution of a figure in a costume of no particular date, but sitting there, staff in hand, a clothed entity of serious mien betraying the ravages of life on a stalwart frame, vital still in its decline. It is haunting in its personality telling of a life passed in seeking to embody plastically its thought. Massively pathetic, yet of a splendor of presentation which appeals to the connoisseur, announcing that he is confronted by not only a great figure of the past, but by that ever present joy—a work of art. When painting thus freely and unhampered by a commission, there is observed something in Rembrandt's treatment of the apparel of his subject that is peculiarly his own. The dress is of no particular time, nor is it quite recognizable as drapery—it clothes his thought and drapes the person painted; but one forgets these matters in experiencing a sense of satisfied vision. He is a creator in more ways than one, and at these times it is as though some brooding and elemental sentiment became invested with a form which he evolved; became indeed in his hands, as I have said, a thing of art.

Among the deductions that occur to one who has examined this exhibition with attention and a certain familiarity with the processes of painting are these; these Dutch can still hold their own, nay, we may learn much from them about frank, solid and sincere manipulation of paint—their work is done to stay, to withstand the deterioration of time, it is of honest execution so far as the medium is concerned, and in some respects mere painting cannot be better done. Where perhaps we moderns have surpassed them is in our manner of seeing, of using the eyesight, in which, with the years, we have developed an almost new sense of sight; so that a lighter, more subtle, more amusing aspect of nature seems to have been revealed to us, permitting us, through painting, to touch a now wider range of emotions through painted art. And even this advance is more appreciable in the field of landscape painting than in that of figure work and portraits.

If these two qualities, then, could be united, sanity of method and subtlety of sight, there would burst upon this age of art a splendor of achievement which might rival that of Haarlem and of Amsterdam. FRANK FOWLER.

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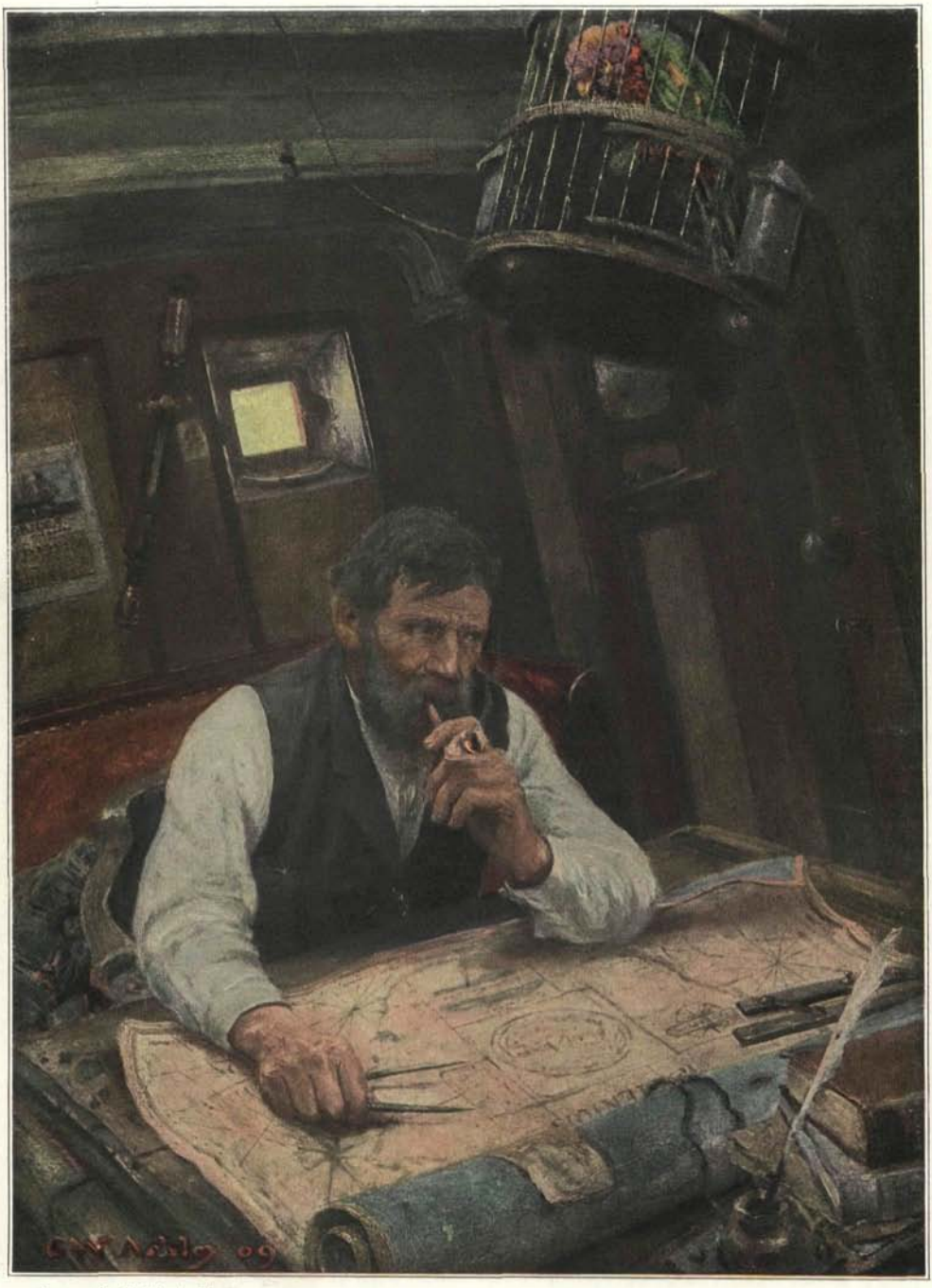

Drawn by C. W. Ashley.

THE CHRISTMAS EXILE.

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